

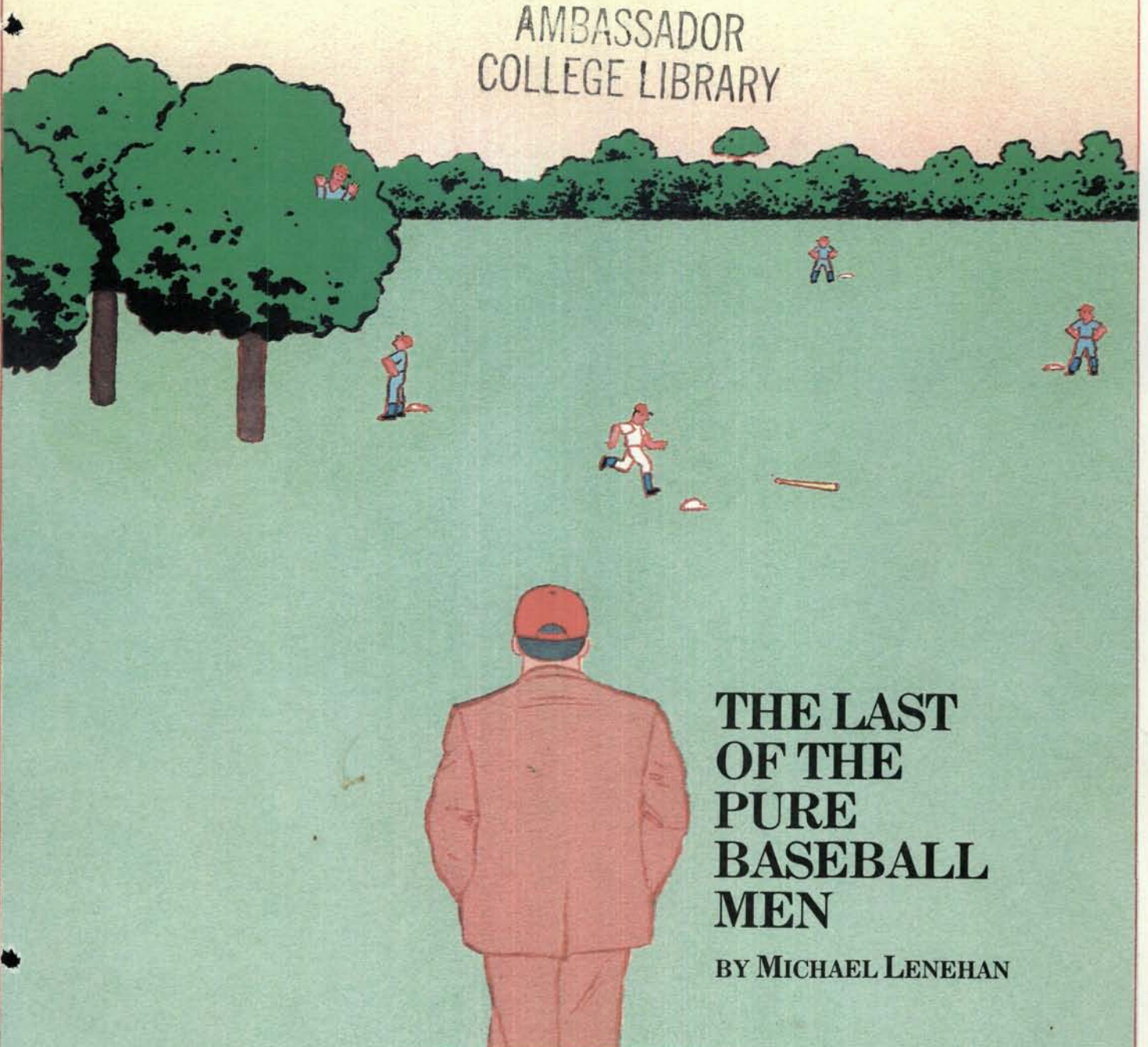
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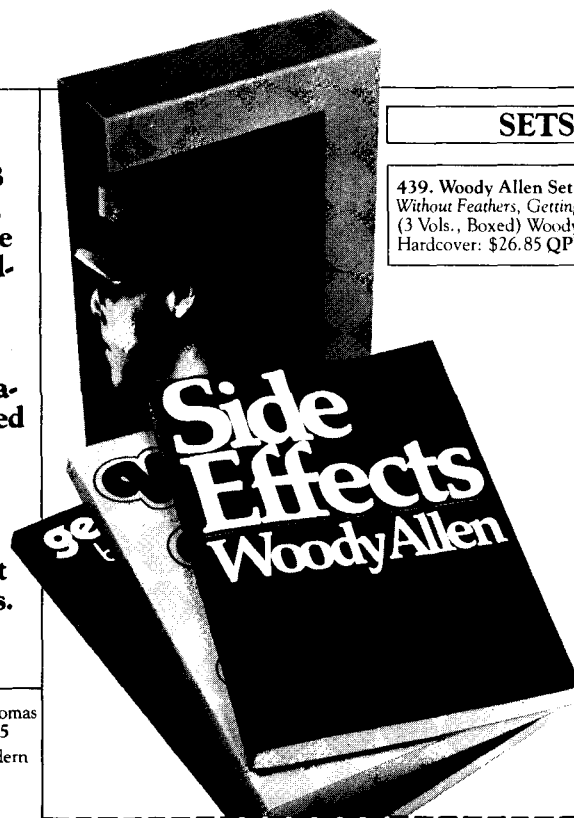
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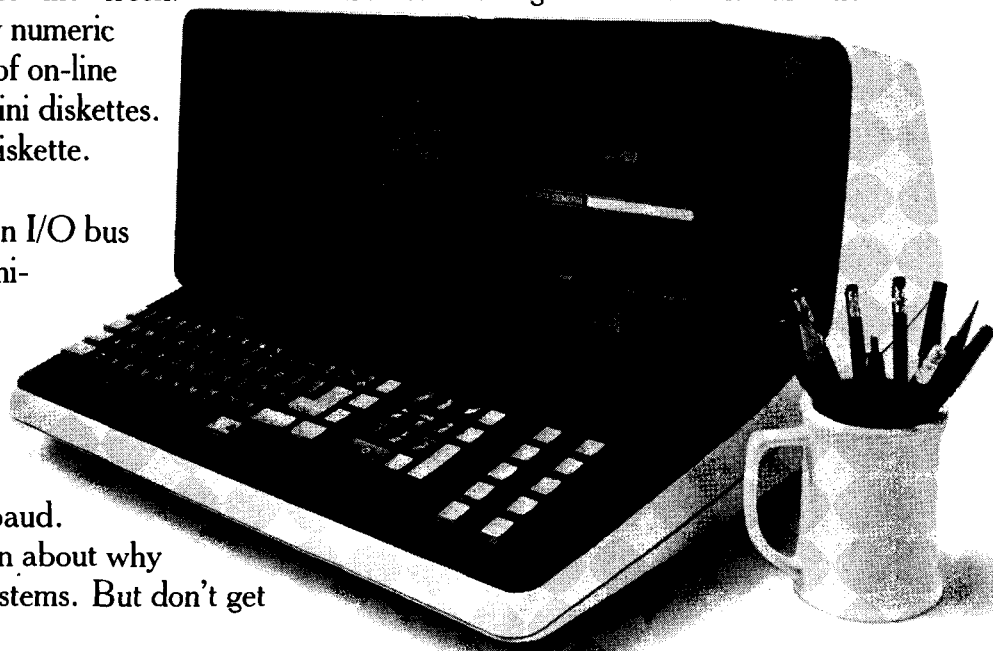
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TALES OF THE M-16

In his enlightening and factual article "M-16: A Bureaucratic Horror Story" (June *Atlantic*), James Fallows called the turn on the bungling of the U.S. Army Ordnance Corps and its successor organizations.

I was a civilian adviser with the ARVN Ordnance Corps when the decision was made not to give South Vietnamese forces the AR-15 because "it would add too many parts to the supply system." However, recognizing that the M-1 rifle (the Vietnamese were not furnished with the M-14) was a bit unwieldy for soldiers averaging five feet tall, a weapons expert recommended that several inches be sawed off the stock. The experiment failed because, as any GI who ever carried the M-1 knows, the butt plate could not be reattached.

ALAN WILLIAMSON
San Antonio, Tex.

Our M-16s, regardless of model or manufacturer, are all junk. We call them "jam-a-matics, jams first time, every time." We have found that if you keep the M-16 surgically clean, wrap it airtight in plastic, and allow no contact with dirt, sand, or mud (i.e. battlefields), the first two or three rounds will fire with a fair consistency.

PAUL COYLE
Fort Bragg, N.C.

I was stationed on the Cambodian border from November 1967 to June 1969, with the 4th Inf. Div. Army. We used the M-16, the only weapon for jungle warfare, and much superior to the unreliable AK-47. During the six months of monsoon (rainy) season, the M-16 was totally reliable. You could submerge it under water, pick it out, and fire with no problem. During the six-month dry season, when the dust was four inches deep on the ground, you had to clean the weapon on a daily basis. Pulling out two clips broke the weapon in half for easy cleaning.

My M-16 never jammed.

DAVID KELCO
Jacksonville, Fla.

According to the Defense Department, the weaponry of the Soviet Union is at least equal to ours. One of our capable aircraft such as the F-14 Tomcat or the F-15 Eagle costs about \$30 million. The way to obtain comparable or superior aircraft is to make the following offer to any and all pilots in the Air Force of the Soviet Union: Tax-free \$15 million for any Soviet aircraft comparable to the F-14 and F-15 which is safely landed at a U.S. airport.

The taxpayer would thus save half the cost of vastly expensive aircraft and, according to the Pentagon, would be defended by a plane at least as good as those the U.S. has produced.

STEVAN L. DAVIES
Dallas, Pa.

VICIOUS INEGALITARIANISM

In your June, 1981, issue, C. Michael Curtis reviews my book, *The Pursuit of Inequality*. His main point (in a review that never mentions the discussions of the division of labor under capitalism, sexual inequality, affirmative action, and government intervention that together take up most of the book) is that I label as "pernicious," "potentially vicious," and a "repudiation of the entire ethos of liberal democracy" the argument that, in his words, "some component of our measurable intelligence is genetically inherited, rather than a product of environmental conditioning."

I indeed would have been very narrow-minded or even stupid to attach those labels to an assertion that (at least with the word "probably" attached) is so uncontroversial. But I did not. Those phrases, misrepresented by your reviewer, actually refer to an entirely different point.

In the sentence that *precedes* the one from which your reviewer takes all those quotes, I refer to "arguments" that "taken together, might be called the weak version of egalitarianism." Then come the quoted phrases. They are intended, as any reader can plainly see, to characterize a particular set of *inegalitarian* arguments carefully iden-

tified on the previous page, none of which is remotely recognizable as the assertion concocted by your reviewer. (I do mention "the question of the genetic influence on intelligence," but do not characterize it as an "argument," inequalitarian or otherwise; nor, then or later, do I reject it out of hand, as your reviewer so inventively has me doing, though I certainly deny that it has any implications for social policy.)

What are these "vicious" arguments, then? I identify them as follows:

"... Arthur Jensen's notorious argument that their genetic structure renders American black people, on the average, inherently less equipped to reason abstractly than American whites; ... Richard Herrnstein's associated argument ... that egalitarian policies aimed at eradicating poverty can merely rigidify class lines; ... Steven Goldberg's ... compendium of the arguments that characterize the anti-feminist backlash. ... " These are summed up by me as "those sociobiological arguments which have attempted to persuade us variously that blacks *naturally* cannot be the equals of whites, nor women of men, nor the poor of the well-to-do."

With respect to *those* arguments, I'm happy to stand by my adjectives.

PHILIP GREEN
Northampton, Mass.

Michael Curtis replies:

I'm relieved to know that Professor Green now considers the concept of heritable intelligence uncontroversial, though perplexed that he finds the issue "entirely different" from the "inegalitarian" arguments he says are the true object of his wrath.

WIN SOME, LOSE SOME

Bobbie Ann Mason's nostalgic pick struck a precious seam in her story "Detroit Skyline, 1949" (June *Atlantic*). Her marvelous mining of recall through those years, with its people, problems, and dialogue of the times, assayed beautifully from beginning to end, shining softly with a sweet gentle "aye" for the human race.

ROBERT J. CURCIO
Tuolumne, Calif.

Iwish to point out that Philip Roth's otherwise excellent story (May *Atlan-*



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tic) was marred by a serious error in fact: Popeye has no biceps.

ROBERT MARTIN
Mansfield, Ohio

ADVICE & CONSENT

In "Repenting at Leisure in the 1950s" (March *Atlantic*), Al Alvarez shows a previously unsuspected talent for creative writing.

He tells us that he was forced to abandon the "insular British virtues" and I presume that the first of these was Truth.

As his first wife, I was represented as a fool in his book *The Savage God* and have now been further demoted to a moronic Messalina. An image that has taken him twenty leisurely years to construct.

For me to defend myself to your unsuspecting readers would be as absurd as the piece itself. Suffice it to say that I never cut the crusts off my toast.

URSULA CREAGH
Siena, Italy

Claudia Wright's report "A Risky Bet on General Zia" (June *Atlantic*) is developed on an inherently faulty thesis and, consequently, draws fallacious conclusions.

To interpret the U.S. offer of economic aid and military sales to Pakistan as a "bet"—risky or otherwise—is to naively dismiss objective realities that dictate states' policies. A dispassionate analysis of those realities could lead to but one conclusion: Pakistan's security is vital for the stability of Southwest Asia and the Persian Gulf region. No one who has an interest in that stability can afford to ignore this perception.

Painting the scenario of Pakistan "raising the prospect of yet another military confrontation" with India is equally misleading. Students of subcontinental affairs know that grave imbalance of power, and not the strengthening of one country's ability to defend itself, has led to armed conflicts. A defenseless Pakistan has been in the past, and will be in the future, the gravest threat to peace and security in the region.

Claudia Wright has also made the oft-repeated allegations about Pakistan's nuclear program and even spoken of negotiations for cooperation

with Turkey for a nuclear test site. Like most other reports on the subject, this too does not have an iota of truth. The Turkish government has already denied all such reports as being totally baseless and void of any sense.

ISMAIL PATEL
Pakistan Mission to the
United Nations
New York, N.Y.

Dr. Thomas's fine article on "Medicine Without Science" (April *Atlantic*) is certainly correct in attributing most medical fads to reliance on anecdotes, tradition, economic factors, unquestioned authority, and other "idols of the tribe." However, the theory of focal infection does not, I believe, quite fit the article's main thrust.

Advocates of the theory had what appeared to be solid evidence from both clinical and laboratory animal studies to support the idea that hidden, asymptomatic "foci" of bacteria (usually alpha-hemolytic streptococcus) could cause multisystem disease. Carefully done experiments by Billings in 1912 and Rosenow in 1914 demonstrated that when animals were injected with streptococci from the tonsils of patients who had arthritis, peptic ulcer, nephritis, appendicitis, and other illnesses, the animals developed inflammatory lesions in many parts of their bodies. Then, to satisfy Koch's postulates, the animals' lesions were cultured, and, lo and behold, streptococci grew.

The data mounted over the next ten years and helped justify such iatric nightmares as the attempts to treat psychoses by doing colectomies. Physicians thought the apocalyptic devastation of the pathetic little alpha-hemolytic streptococcus had its analogy in the insidious course of tertiary syphilis and gonococcal arthritis; and the experiments they did seemed to prove it.

This is not quite the same situation as Jacobi concluding that brandy cured a case of meningitis, or thousands of unquestioning physicians embracing the immemorial tradition of bleeding. The scientific method, especially in bacteriology, was in full flower by the time the theory of focal infection opened wide and said "Ahh."

Also, doesn't Dr. Thomas commit a small sin of the kind his essay decries when he states that "Most psychiatrists of my acquaintance are skilled in therapy . . ."? How does he know? What sci-

entific data is that statement based on? It seems more like a condescending crumb being tossed to those benighted, "unscientific" acquaintances. What is "skilled therapy"? Outcome data in mental health is, as Dr. Thomas knows, usually an embarrassment. If, as he implies, he thinks the psychiatrists he knows treat patients as friends, or as Patroclus treated Achilles (with a countertransference so monumental that it cost him his life), then perhaps Dr. Thomas (or the psychiatrists he knows) needs to learn more about psychiatry.

STEPHEN J. BITTNER, M.D.
Weston, Conn.

Humanitarian values aside, Garrett Hardin's theory of population control by starvation fails to convince on factual grounds ("A Conversation with Garrett Hardin," by Harold Hayes, May *Atlantic*).

I have just returned from a trip to India, where I was told by the Director of the Orissa State Seeds Certification Agency that, for the past seven years, India, far from experiencing the starvation Mr. Hardin describes, has in fact been exporting rice to Bangladesh and China. This remarkable development is the product of modern science, including the introduction of a strain of more nutritious and hardy rice.

One flying over India today sees vast tracts that are, it is true, dry and barren. But experiments with irrigation, transportation, and new farming methods may see those acres also one day turned green. That has happened in China. The China whose future Mr. Hardin now calls "brighter" than India's seemed a half-century ago hopelessly sunk in the cycle of hunger.

Human effort in the world's two most populous nations has achieved much in a short time span. Isn't this therefore entirely the wrong historic moment to propose such a cruel doctrine vis-à-vis other suffering nations?

ELEANOR MUNRO
New York, N.Y.

CORRECTION

In the June *Atlantic*, Sanford J. Ungar was incorrectly identified. He is host of the program *All Things Considered*, on National Public Radio, not National Public Television.



REPORTS & COMMENT

WASHINGTON

DEFENSE, TAXES, AND THE BUDGET

*There are still fears
that Reagan's plans will increase
inflation instead of controlling it*



CERTAIN BASIC PRINCIPLES have gone unstated during the economics debates in Washington, perhaps because experts consider them too obvious to mention and non-experts may be embarrassed to ask. Two of the principles, however, have a direct bearing on the Reagan Administration's plans to restrain inflation while increasing the defense budget and reducing federal taxes.

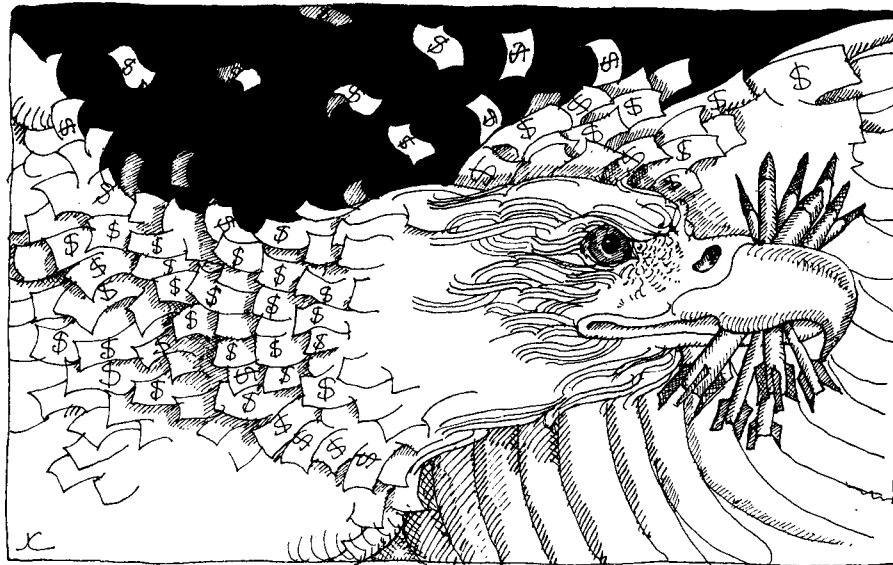
The first principle is that defense spending is inherently more inflationary than other kinds of government spending—a fact of some importance, considering the administration's proposals to raise the military budget by 50 percent, measured in constant dollars, within four years. The problem with military spending, simply put, is that it adds to the demand for goods without adding to the supply. When public money is used to build bridges, subways, airports, it adds to the economic structure upon which other productive activity depends. When it is used to operate schools, clinics, and even some regulatory agencies, it contributes to a higher level of production than would be possible without a healthy, educated work force or an orderly market. The productive effect may be direct, as when the government develops higher-yielding

hybrids at agricultural-experiment stations, or indirect, through tax incentives that encourage private businesses to invest in new machinery. Such public spending adds to demand (by providing wages to employees and profits to contractors) and helps increase the supply of goods and services on which money might be spent.

To a degree, that productive effect is also true of the military. Economic activity ultimately rests on an army to defend against invasion, in the same sense that it rests on a police force to maintain order and a department of public health to prevent epidemic disease. But when it comes to the "marginal" effect that is so often stressed by conservative economists these days—the effect of the next dollar, or, more realistically, the next billion dollars, that the government spends—paying a soldier or building a submarine will not add to the supply of goods. Other types of government spending, such as build-

ing a dam or giving a tax write-off for a new coal mine, will. Military and non-military spending does not add to supply.

In its failure to add directly to productive capacity, military spending resembles the category of spending with which it is most often contrasted—welfare and the various pensions and subsidy programs that together are known as "transfers." As recently as ten years ago, the "unproductive" nature of defense and welfare was not considered a fatal liability, because the prevailing economic doctrine held that the only limit to the nation's production was how much the public could afford to buy. John Maynard Keynes himself had said during the 1930s that a government might prudently pay people to dig holes and fill them back up again, since the wages they received and spent would generate prosperity throughout the rest of the economy. When people spoke of "war booms," such as the crash



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production effort for World War II that finally ended the Great Depression in the United States, they were referring to the ability of military spending—though it is not productive in itself—to stimulate the economy.

In the past decade, the major schools of political-economic thought have, with predictable differences in emphasis, all grown apprehensive about the effects of Keynesian “demand management” through spending that does not add to productive capacity. The economists who dominate the Reagan Administration have rejected such practices on principle, saying that increasing the supply of goods, rather than merely stimulating demand, is the crucial factor in restoring the nation’s economic health. (This is the origin of the term “supply-side economics.”) Most liberal economists agree in practice, conceding that America’s low rate of savings and reinvestment has aggravated inflation and eroded the nation’s ability to compete with the Germans and the Japanese. Both sides argue that less money must be consumed—or spent “wastefully”—and more reinvested in productive machinery. Every dollar spent for the military, or for welfare, is a dollar unavailable for that purpose.

The administration has made the case for increasing supply rather than demand as it applies to many domestic programs of the federal government. The same logic applies even more forcefully to military spending, because the peculiar structure of the defense industry means that increases in the defense budget often generate more inflation than the same amount of money spent anywhere else, including welfare.

Nearly every student of the subject, most recently Jacques Gansler in his book *The Defense Industry*, has pointed out that defense contracting operates outside the realm of normal patterns of supply and demand. There is only one purchaser, the government, and only a handful of suppliers. Because of complicated technical and bureaucratic obstacles, few new companies can freely enter the field. Therefore, when demand goes up—because the government has decided to spend more on the military—the most immediate result is that prices go up too. Only later, and to a minor degree, does increased demand draw new, competitive producers into the market and thereby moderate the

increases in price. Time and again, government reports have emphasized that inflation among defense producers is chronically worse than in the rest of the economy, and that higher budgets drive that level up more. In 1980, for example, the overall price of parts, labor, and overhead for the military rose by 25 percent. So, not only does increased defense spending fail to add to the supply of goods but it also provokes an important industrial sector to behave in precisely the inflationary fashion the government is trying to thwart.

THE SECOND PRINCIPLE is that the administration’s hopes for reducing inflation through its supply-side policies rest on an iffy assumption. This assumption is not the one that has been most broadly publicized—that reductions in the tax schedules will encourage people to work instead of relax, and to save instead of consume, because they will be able to keep more of their rewards. Rather, the administration assumes that even if the federal government has to spend more money than it takes in, the damage to the economy will be slight.

According to the purest version of supply-side theory, this will never happen. Apostles such as Paul Craig Roberts, the former editorial writer for the *Wall Street Journal* who is now the assistant secretary of the treasury for economic policy, point out that the greatest engine of federal spending is the series of pensions and automatic benefit programs whose costs are driven out of control by two factors: unemployment, which makes more people eligible for benefits, and inflation, which raises the cost of Social Security and every other transfer program that is “indexed” to the inflation level. These apostles contend that cutting tax rates is the best way to restrain federal spending, since it will hold down unemployment (by inspiring new entrepreneurial efforts) and reduce inflation (because more goods will be produced). That is why the true supply-siders view tax cuts and budget cuts not as contradictory efforts—one tending to increase the federal deficit and the other to reduce it—but as complementary policies that together can reduce federal spending. It is also why the supply-siders have emphasized tax cuts as the fundamental element in the administration’s economic program, whether or

not the budget can be cut enough to offset revenue lost through lower taxes.

But suppose for a moment that something does not work out exactly as predicted. Suppose that the tax cuts do not inspire as much new activity as they should. (The cruel fact is that even if tax rates are reduced by the full 30 percent of the “Kemp-Roth” plan, marginal tax rates for most people will be higher in 1984 than in 1980, because inflation will push people into higher tax brackets, and because sharp increases are already scheduled for Social Security taxes.) Or suppose that the stimulative effects are felt only after an unforeseen delay. In such cases, the government will likely take in less money than it is paying out. That is the definition of a federal deficit, and the crucial argument concerns its significance.

IN PRACTICAL TERMS, two things happen when the government spends more money than it takes in. One is that the money supply may expand—in effect, the government can print the money it needs to pay its obligations. The other is that the government can borrow money to cover its deficit by issuing Treasury notes or other securities. Increasing the money supply represents “inflation” in the classic sense, since it leads to more money chasing a fixed amount of goods. When the government takes the other course, borrowing money, it raises interest rates, because it is competing for the same pool of savings that industries draw from when they issue stocks and bonds and that homebuyers draw from for mortgages. This phenomenon is known as “crowding out.” Higher interest rates, in turn, can devastate industries that rely on credit—especially housing, automobiles, and many small enterprises—and raise prices in all other industries by increasing the cost of one important “raw material”: credit.

It is because of these risks that Democrats, long the partisans of deficit spending, have opposed the administration’s tax cuts. The administration has argued that there is no risk, and has rested its case on assumptions about will and about equilibrium. “Will” in this case is that of the Federal Reserve Board. Technically, a deficit can lead to inflation only if the Federal Reserve prints money to cover the government’s debts. Many in the administration say that if the Fed had the will to restrict

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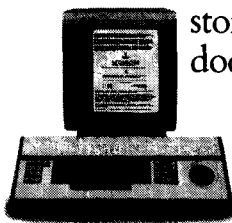
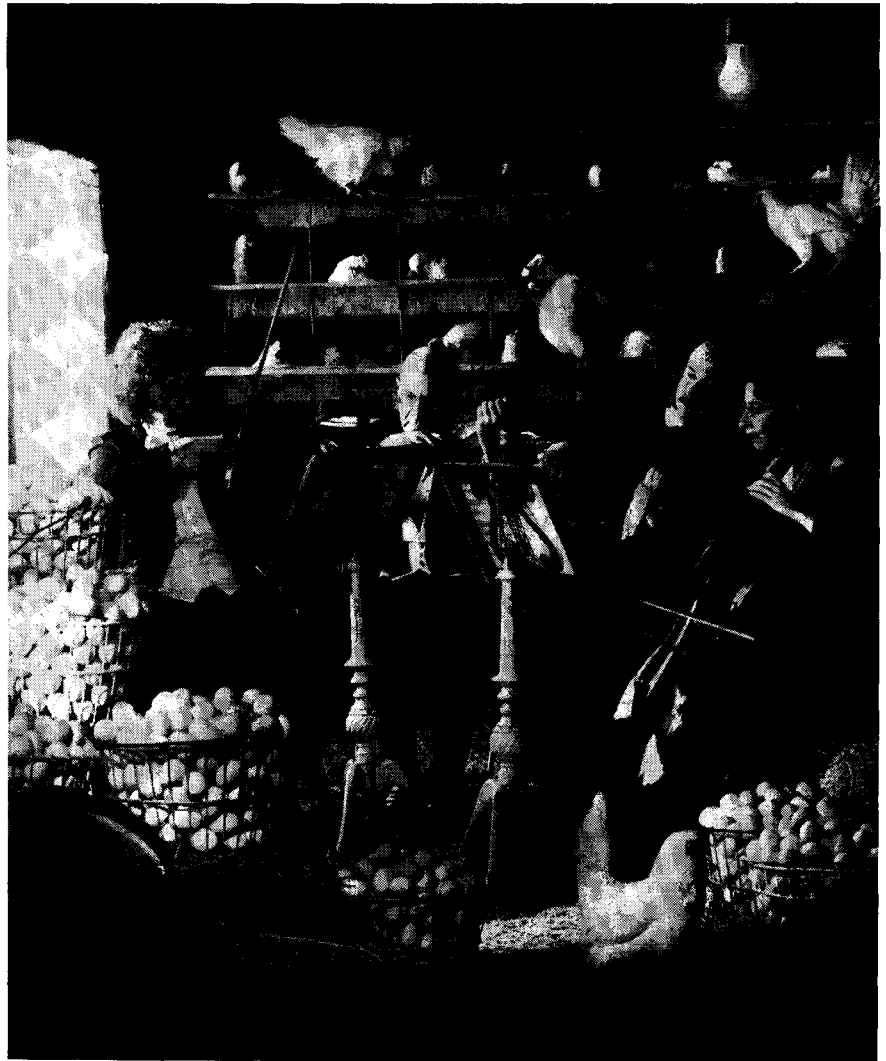
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YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY DOING SIMPLE CAR MAINTENANCE YOURSELF.

Gasoline or diesel fuel usually costs less at a self-service station. But too many people think that filling a fuel tank is all there is to self service. You'll do your automobile the most good if you also include a few simple maintenance procedures.

Most self-service pumps have easy-to-follow directions printed right on them. Before you drive into a self-service station, it's helpful to know whether your car takes leaded gas, unleaded gas, or diesel fuel, and also where your fuel tank is located, so that you can pull up to the proper pump and have the fuel tank close at hand. The type of fuel your car requires should be printed on the instrument panel, and the fuel tank location can be found in the owner's manual.

If you don't find instructions on the pump, here's what to do at most stations: 1. Turn off the engine. 2. Remove the fuel cap. 3. Remove the nozzle from the pump and turn the pump lever to "ON." 4. Place the nozzle in your fuel tank and squeeze the trigger. 5. When the trigger clicks off, remove the nozzle from the tank and turn the pump lever to "OFF." 6. Replace your fuel cap.

There are some things, however, that the directions may not tell you. Fuel fumes are highly flammable, so you should never smoke at a service station. Also, fuel caps are easy

to forget and lose, so when you remove the cap try to wedge it in between the door to the tank and body of the car, where you're not likely to forget it. All 1981 and most older General Motors cars have fuel caps that twist on and then click when secure.

When you're filling up, try to avoid topping off your tank, since it may overflow. If fuel does spill on your car, you should wash it off as soon as possible, to avoid paint damage.

After you fill your tank, remember to clean your windshield. If you've been driving in bad weather, be sure to wipe off your side mirrors and headlights, too.

A quick-maintenance inspection can help you spot potential trouble. You don't need any expensive tools—just a good quality tire gauge, a rag or paper towel, an oil can spout kept in a plastic bag, and a jug of premixed windshield washer fluid, such as GM Optikleen.

To check your engine oil, pull out the dipstick, wipe it clean, insert it again, then pull it back out. The oil should be between the marks labeled "FULL" and "ADD." If it's below "ADD," add a quart of the oil recommended in your GM owner's manual.

You should also check the coolant level. Most GM cars have a see-through recovery tank. If the level looks low, add coolant to this tank. Never remove the radiator cap when the engine is hot, because pressurized coolant may overflow and burn you.

Periodically check your brake, transmission, and power steering fluid levels. Your

owner's manual tells you how. Remember to keep the windshield washer reservoir filled with fluid, too, especially in the winter when you use it most often.

Most GM cars are equipped with maintenance-free batteries. But it's still wise to make sure their cables are on tight and the ends aren't frayed. Look for fraying, cracks, or other signs of wear on belts, too.

Look at tires for signs of wear or worn-out edges which can indicate improper inflation or the need for alignment. Once a month, you should use a tire gauge to check the pressure. In GM cars, the recommended pressure is on the left front door edge or inside the glove compartment. Recommended pressure is for cold tires, so check them before you drive more than a mile.

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the supply of money, there would be no need to worry about inflation. "Equilibrium" refers to the effect of interest rates on the desire to save. The administration's theorists assume that if interest rates rise because of "crowding out," the supply of savings will increase as well. There will be some equilibrium point at which people will be willing to save exactly the amount of money that the federal government and private companies want to borrow.

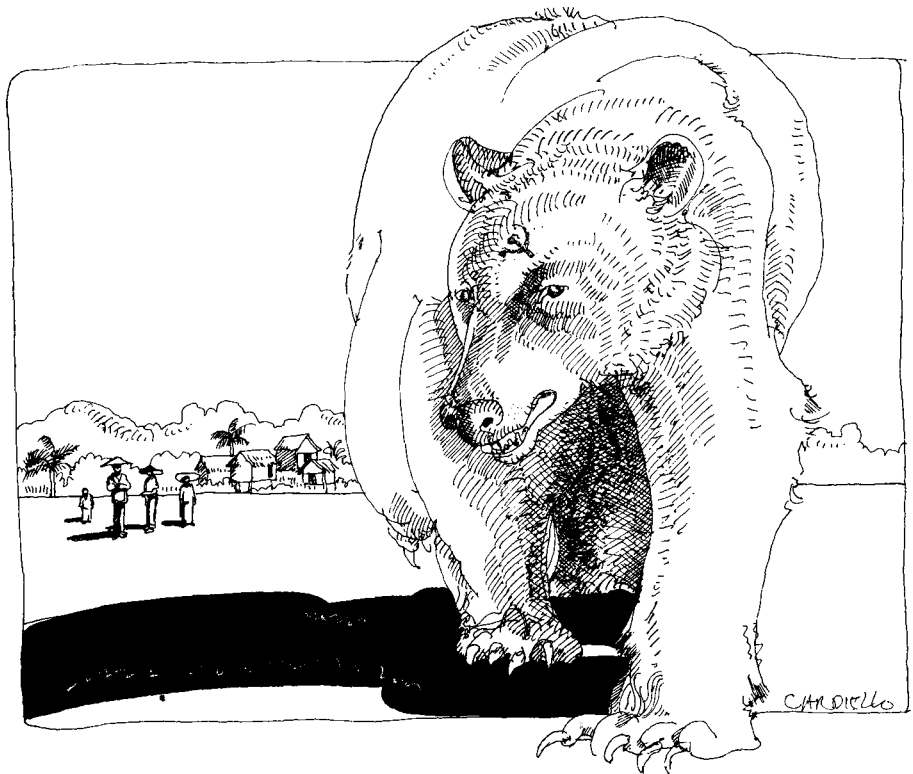
Perhaps the administration's fearless assumptions will be borne out; if so, they will have overcome several practical obstacles. For instance, many people consider that the "will" of the Federal Reserve Board is a less serious issue than the technical difficulty of knowing exactly what the money supply is at any given moment, or of controlling it with any precision. To give just one example, there are about a trillion dollars in the currency known as "Eurodollars"—American money used for trade outside the United States but capable of flowing back into the country at any time and upending efforts to "hold the line" on the supply of money.

Prospects for ideal equilibrium are similarly chancy. The history of economics is full of "natural" equilibriums that turned out not to exist. Keynes made his name by showing how pessimism about economic prospects could destroy one kind of equilibrium: interest rates could go so low that people would have no incentive to save, and yet not be low enough to encourage businessmen to borrow and invest. That was the story of the Great Depression. It is possible that chronic inflation could produce another form of disequilibrium: interest rates could go so high that no one could afford to borrow and invest, and yet not be high enough to persuade people to save rather than consume.

The administration's economists are assuming that there will be an equilibrium point, as they are assuming that increased defense spending will not be wildly inflationary, and that the Fed will "hold the line." If they are right, better times lie ahead for all of us. If they are wrong, the consequences hardly bear thinking about, except perhaps by campaign strategists of the Democratic Party.

—James Fallows

James Fallows is author of the recently published *National Defense*.



HANOI THE PROBLEMS OF PEACE

*Vietnam finds that
waging war was simple compared
with running an economy*



THE VIETNAMESE COMMUNISTS struggled stubbornly for a generation, defeating France and later the United States, to unify Vietnam under their control. Their achievement was the triumph of will over power. But now, six years after victory, they are internationally ostracized for their invasion of Cambodia and are threatened by China, their traditional enemy, which seeks for its own interests to curb Vietnamese ambitions in Southeast Asia. Worse, the Vietnamese regime failed to cement relations with the United States, and was thus forced into uncomfortable dependence on the Soviet Union. That alliance has further contributed to Vietnam's isolation.

But government newspapers and radio broadcasts in Hanoi focus ceaselessly on Vietnam's internal economic crisis, and high-ranking Vietnamese discuss it with extraordinary candor. Recently, as I was ritually sipping tea with a senior leader, I asked why the regime has been unable to cope with the

economic challenge as effectively as it faced its foes on the battlefield. "Ah," he replied wearily, "waging war is simple, but directing an economy is complicated."

A walk through Hanoi shows what he means. Except for the mausoleum displaying the embalmed body of Ho Chi Minh, almost nothing new has been constructed for decades. Nor is much being done to maintain the buildings that stand. Handsome villas, remnants of the French colonial era, have slid into decrepitude, their windows broken and their walls mildewed. My hotel, the Thong Nhat, once the famous Metro-pole, is the best in town. Yet paint flakes from its ceilings, and its plumbing fixtures, still bearing the proud emblem of Jacob Delafon, a French company of the 1920s, are cracked. Hardly anyone notices when a rat scurries across the dining-room floor.

The Vietnamese themselves illustrate the country's poverty. A few peasants, who have drifted into the city with no place to sleep, huddle on the streets at night, and beggars are occasionally visible. But even though their clothes are drab and often threadbare, most people are remarkably cheerful. The city's favorite joke, for instance, is about a Vietnamese request for additional aid from the Soviet Union. Rejecting the plea, Moscow cables: "Tighten your belts." Hanoi responds: "Send us belts."

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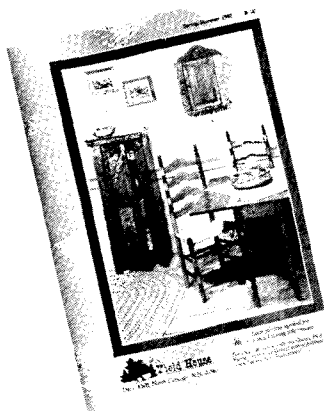
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grain to meet its needs. After a recent visit here, a team from the UN Food and Agriculture Organization estimated that the present rice deficit of 4 million tons could result in malnutrition for 6 million people. The current cereal ration, recently reduced to an average of thirteen kilograms a month, consists mostly of wheat, tapioca, and similar starches, which the Vietnamese detest. The meat ration, half a kilo a month, is often unavailable. Thus, while there is no evidence of starvation, the Vietnamese appear to be preoccupied by one subject—eating. As a consequence, they pay exorbitant prices for unrationed food on the free market. A young office employee told me that he is frequently so hungry after work that he spends the equivalent of his daily wage on an afternoon snack. He can afford it, he explained, only because he lives with his family, and his expenses are minimal. Conditions may deteriorate further. The Reagan Administration, determined to punish Vietnam for its occupation of Cambodia, has launched a campaign to persuade international organizations to cut aid to the Vietnamese.

Meanwhile, Vietnam cannot produce enough export commodities to earn the hard currency it needs to import the equipment, oil, and raw materials necessary to spur even modest industrial growth. Recent statistics indicate that the country's foreign-exchange reserves are down to some \$80 million, the equivalent of only a few weeks of imports.

What few industries Vietnam has cannot produce enough, because they lack trucks, conveyors, and other machinery. Output at the Hon Gai coal mines has not risen in years. Plastics factories in Ho Chi Minh City are paralyzed, because there is no money to import polyethylene. Such ordinary items as soap, needles, and cloth, which could be manufactured locally, are scarce. Luxuries are out of reach. For instance, Hanoi's only department store displays television sets in its windows, but my interpreter would have to save for fifteen years at his present salary to purchase one.

THE CAUSES OF Vietnam's economic problems are complex. War disrupted the society, and successive seasons of bad weather have damaged crops. Apart from Soviet assistance—

most of it military—of roughly \$3 million a day, Vietnam has received little foreign help since China cut off aid in 1978; the United States stopped underwriting the South in 1975, when Saigon fell to the Communists. The devastation of war notwithstanding, Vietnam's population has more than tripled since 1930. Rice production has barely doubled.

Communist spokesmen now admit that economic setbacks have resulted in large part from doctrinaire policies that discouraged rather than inspired the Vietnamese, a dynamic and inventive people. Hoang Tung, editor of *Nhan Dan*, the Party daily, puts it frankly: "We have made mistakes. We have not used economic levers, or material incentives. Our economic egalitarianism has sapped the enthusiasm of good workers." A recent confidential International Monetary Fund study suggests that Vietnam took the wrong tack in 1976, when, in textbook Marxist fashion, it launched a five-year plan designed to build steel mills, chemical plants, and other heavy industries while relying for food on "cooperatives," as collective farms are called. But the regime could not generate adequate investment capital, because of its inability to export. And it was unable to increase grain production, particularly in the fertile Mekong Delta of the South, because peasants resisted collectivization.

Ngo Vinh Long, a Vietnamese historian who lives in the United States, observed some of the adverse impact of collectivization during a seven-month visit to Vietnam last year. He found that the best cadres had been killed during the war, leaving in charge incompetent zealots who tried to coerce peasants into joining collectives. Villagers slaughtered their buffalo and oxen rather than have them confiscated, thereby losing draft animals and fertilizer. Of the 2,600 cooperatives officially created in Hau Giang province, Long reported, only 400 were actually operating, and large tracts of land were fallow.

So the plan ended in failure. Instead of attaining a 14 percent growth of gross domestic product, the economy grew by only 2 percent a year over the period—less than Vietnam's annual population growth of nearly 3 percent. Or, as the International Monetary Fund has concluded, "highly ambitious" ob-

jectives led to an "excessive strain on resources," which culminated in a "disappointing" performance.

The Vietnamese economic planners evidently made the mistake of counting on \$3.2 billion in reparations, which President Nixon secretly promised in 1973 in order to persuade Hanoi to agree to a cease-fire. The Vietnamese overlooked the elementary fact that Nixon had no right to make the pledge without the approval of Congress. Besides, Washington would later assert, the Communists lost the claim by violating the cease-fire.

The regime probably also erred in believing that it would get large revenues from the discovery of oil off the Vietnam coast. West German, Italian, and Canadian groups have spent huge sums to explore the South China Sea near the resort town of Vung Tau, but without success. After signing a protocol accord, the French oil company Elf-Aquitaine suspended negotiations on a drilling contract, apparently because Vietnam refused to agree to basic terms. The Soviet Union is expected to begin to drill for oil next year, but Western experts doubt that it has the technology to succeed.

ALARMED BY THESE setbacks, the Communist hierarchy two years ago conducted a sweeping review of its options. Pragmatists prevailed, and introduced a broad program of liberalization aimed at increasing production by encouraging a measure of private initiative.

Since then, the economic emphasis has shifted drastically, and even formerly sectarian officials now extol the "profit motive" as if they have just discovered the term. As long as the individual farmer fulfills quotas, which co-operatives negotiate with the government, he may now cultivate his own crops and raise livestock to sell in free markets. Small traders and craftsmen are also allowed to pursue their own activities, and state factories have switched to paying employees on a piecework basis. In addition, the entire economic system is being decentralized, in an effort to give more autonomy to enterprises. The regime will, of course, continue to set policy, but as Communist Party First Secretary Le Duan said recently: "It is necessary to widen the power and responsibility of localities."

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DRIVING THROUGH THE countryside, I saw numerous village free markets, where peasants peddled their surplus meat, vegetables, and fruit. But, speaking with the head of one cooperative near Hanoi, I surmised that the new approach has its drawbacks. In order to hold prices down, the government wants to buy produce at low prices from the peasants, and offers in exchange inexpensive fertilizer, textiles, household utensils, and other goods. The arrangement is largely theoretical, though, because such goods are scarce. The output therefore flows into the free market, and inflation keeps rising.

In Hanoi, entrepreneurs of all kinds are emerging. Tiny coffeehouses, with nicknames such as "Maxim's" and "Café de la Paix," cater to young people who listen endlessly to rock music blaring from Japanese stereos. I dined frequently at a little bistro, known only as "the French restaurant," that is obviously tolerated by the authorities. Situated in a squalid alley, the restaurant serves superb soupe à l'oignon, pigeon aux champignons, and bananes flambées, accompanied by a respectable Bulgarian Cabernet, to a clientele of foreigners and privileged cadres capable of paying the outrageous prices. Tastes are changing. Girls now wear lipstick and eye shadow, and men who can afford colorful sports shirts prefer them to gray tunics. Bicycle brands have become symbols of status, and skillful mechanics turn out counterfeit Peugeots, the most sought-after signs of prestige.

Even if the regime has relaxed restraints, it is plainly concerned that "capitalistic" influences from the South, where the consumer mentality implanted by Americans during the war has remained intact, are creeping northward to contaminate the sector of Vietnam that has been under Communist rule since 1954. In a recent editorial, for example, *Nhan Dan* warned that the "neo-colonialist culture" of the South is being "expanded to the North," where it is "spoiling our younger generation and thereby ruining our revolution."

It would be an exaggeration, however, to conclude that the regime is in danger. Apart from isolated signs of unrest, especially in the South, serious political opposition seems minimal. Yet many Vietnamese, disappointed that peace has not meant prosperity, appear

to be dispirited and cynical, and their loss of faith is reflected in their constant wheeling and dealing to make ends meet. "For most peasants," a village official says, "the best ideology is the one that gives them full meals."

If Vietnamese leaders are disturbed by the search for personal gain, they are even more worried by disaffection and corruption in the bureaucracy—not only because such misbehavior could eventually alienate the population but because it undermines the effort to improve the economy. *Nhan Dan* recently made the point sharply, charging that some officials are "confused" by economic difficulties, while others "have become degenerate and deviant, benefiting from their positions to misappropriate state property, accept bribes [and] oppress the masses." The political danger, as another official publication declared, is that "bad elements" can "take advantage of the situation to incite the masses to sow division among us and attack our leadership in order to weaken the organization of our party and state."

NO PLACE I VISITED illustrates the confusion and corruption more vividly than Haiphong, the principal Vietnamese port in the North. About 30,000 tons of freight a day are discharged there. According to a European technician on the spot, roughly half the cargo is stolen or left to rot on the wharves. I saw machinery that had been unloaded upside down, and other equipment rusting from neglect. A complete French cement plant, still uncrated, has languished in Haiphong for two years. Much of the material arrives damaged. "Since they know it is doomed," the European technician explained to me, "dockers at the embarkation points load the stuff carelessly."

Congestion at the harbor is terrible. Only bribes speed operations. Japanese ships, which pay a few thousand dollars to lubricate the process, are unloaded in three or four days. Soviet ships often wait a month, and Vietnamese ships frequently ride at anchor for six months before their cargo is discharged. Port directors are replaced regularly, but Nguyen Lam, chairman of the State Planning Commission, concedes publicly that the harbor's main problem is mismanagement.

In many ways, then, Vietnamese leaders are confronted by a classic

dilemma, which also faces their comrades in Eastern Europe: they realize that they must increase flexibility in order to stimulate the economy, but they also realize that pragmatic policies could erode the ideological structure on which their power is founded. My guess is that the regime will zigzag, tightening the reins when its authority is jeopardized, and loosening up when production drops.

VIETNAMESE POINT OUT that the country's mood has changed since the war, when people made enormous sacrifices. I had thought that Vietnam's dispute with China, which erupted in border clashes two years ago, would generate some of the same nationalistic sentiment. Today I sense a different feeling, however. The Vietnamese have been defending themselves against China for 2,000 years, and their quarrel may go on for another millennium. Thus, despite the recent frontier skirmishes and the possibility of more to come, the conflict seems to lack urgency.

This feeling was confirmed recently when I visited Lang Son, just a few kilometers from the Chinese border. In February of 1979, determined to punish the Vietnamese for their invasion of Cambodia seven weeks earlier, the Chinese drove into the town, blew up several buildings, and departed. Nothing has been rebuilt since then, presumably because the Vietnamese want foreign visitors to see the signs of Chinese aggression. Soldiers are visible here and there, and military camps dot nearby hillsides. Periodic exchanges of artillery, like faraway thunder, can be heard in the distance. Yet the town appears to go about its business as usual. I suspect that smugglers even move back and forth across the frontier, as they have for centuries.

The sight of Lang Son evoked in me the absurdity of the strategy that drew the United States into the Vietnam War. That strategy stemmed from the theory that the Vietnamese Communists were satellites of Peking, whose alleged ambition to dominate Southeast Asia had to be "contained." But it was clear as far back as the Geneva Conference of 1954 that the Chinese and the Vietnamese Communists were pursuing divergent goals. Thus America's tragic commitment in Vietnam evolved out of ignorance.

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I discern little nationalistic enthusiasm among the Vietnamese for the occupation of Cambodia. This is not to suggest that the campaign is unpopular. On the contrary, the Vietnamese support it as a defensive maneuver against the Chinese, who are perceived to be trying to encircle Vietnam by arming the Pol Pot guerrillas. So in the eyes of the Vietnamese the Cambodian venture is a necessity, and, with the Russians paying for the weapons, it is cheap. But their alliance with the Soviet Union is costly to the Vietnamese in other respects.

The Soviet Union furnishes Vietnam with two essentials, oil and grain. Some 2,000 Russian advisers are engaged in a number of projects, such as modernizing the railway between Hanoi and Haiphong and some offshore oil surveys.

But Moscow is not philanthropic. Soviet assistance comes in the form of loans, which the Vietnamese must repay with agricultural products, handicrafts, and other commodities. This curbs Vietnamese ability to export to the West, which can provide the kind of technology that the Russians cannot. The Vietnamese are trapped in the Soviet economic orbit, and the Russians drive hard bargains. After tense negotiations, they recently raised their price for oil, and they have also demanded a larger voice in the management of the Vietnamese economy.

Last year, sources in Vietnam say, Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev reduced aid for Vietnam's new five-year plan, explaining that the Kremlin had its own economic problems. In retaliation, the Vietnam regime has been as tough with the Russians as it is with other foreigners: Soviet technicians are restricted in their movements around the country, and Soviet warships must submit to lengthy procedures before they are permitted to use the Cam Ranh naval base, built by the United States during the war.

So the link between Vietnam and the Soviet Union is not happy. In addition to its economic drawbacks, the link imposes diplomatic limitations on the Vietnamese, who, apparently under pressure from the Russians, must express support for Soviet involvement in Afghanistan and for Moscow's policies toward Poland. That obligation weakens Vietnam's chances of improving its ties to the West.

PARADOXICALLY, THE VIETNAMESE show no postwar rancor toward Americans. For one thing, their propaganda teaches them to blame the United States government, not the American people. Young Vietnamese have a misty vision of America as a consumer cornucopia, spewing out blue jeans, rock-music records, and other goods they dream of owning. This "cultural" attraction may be superficial, but it is real. As I browsed through a foreign-language bookstore, which features only volumes by Marx, Engels, Lenin, Ho Chi Minh, and other Communist giants, the store's stereo played a rock tune called "Fantasy Island."



The regime would like to establish relations with the United States as a counterweight to its dependence on the Russians. Indeed, a large gray villa on Hai Ba Trung Street, a busy avenue, was to be the American Embassy before the discussions about normalization were postponed two years ago. Cleaned and renovated, the villa still awaits its tenants, even though the prospect of a diplomatic tie is now remote.

The villa is still empty, in my opinion, because of a Vietnamese blunder. Former Assistant Secretary of State Richard Holbrooke, a Carter Administration official, eagerly sought normalization when he first went to Paris in May of 1977 to meet with Vice Foreign Minister Phan Hien. Holbrooke, who began his career in Saigon, saw the potential relationship as a step toward healing the wounds of war. But Phan Hien, a sophisticated diplomat who was equally eager for normalization, was under orders to insist on American war reparations and cited President Nixon's secret letter pledging aid: Vietnam needed the money for its economic

plans. When Phan Hien made public Vietnam's demands, Congress immediately passed a series of amendments prohibiting any aid to Vietnam.

In the fall of 1978, however, the Vietnamese dropped their condition, presumably because they wanted to offset a move they had just made toward the Soviet Union. Talks between the United States and Vietnam resumed. Holbrooke, operating under the direct instructions of Vance and Carter, met with Vietnamese Foreign Minister Nguyen Co Thach twice in New York in September and October. The stage appeared set for detailed discussions of personnel, communications, and embassy sites, and Thach waited in New York to continue the talks.

Unfortunately, at this point Zbigniew Brzezinski, Carter's national security adviser, was keen on playing the "China card" against the Russians. Arguing that the American connection with China deserved priority, he further claimed that Vietnam, which had just signed a treaty with the Soviet Union, was in Moscow's pocket. Brzezinski was backed up by Carter's domestic political aides, who made the case that American public opinion was still hostile to Vietnam because of the war. At this moment worldwide attention was focused for the first time on the forced exodus of Vietnamese boat people, and American intelligence picked up unmistakable signs of the impending Vietnamese invasion of Cambodia. The administration decided to shelve movement with Vietnam as it continued a secret negotiation with China that would lead to recognition, on December 15, 1978. Since then, the Vietnam dossier has been gathering dust. It is not likely to be reopened until Vietnamese forces withdraw from Cambodia.

It is easy to sympathize with the Vietnamese. They are imaginative and enterprising, and, given incentives, could match and probably even surpass the phenomenal success of their Asian neighbors, whose economies are booming. But their history plunged them into a generation of war; their geography continues to test them with tensions; and their regime has not yet found the formula to improve their lives.

—Stanley Karnow

Stanley Karnow is working on a television series based on the history of the Vietnam War.



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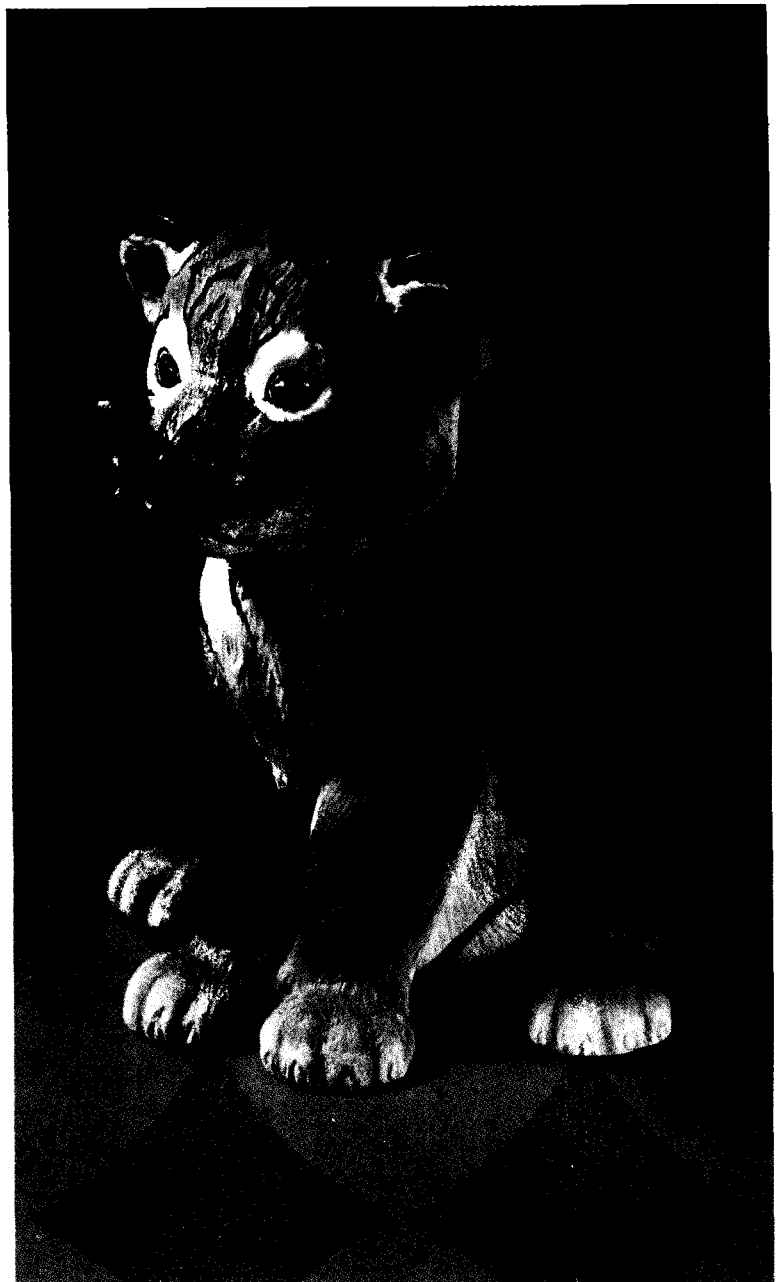
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ON CHEKHOV

BY VLADIMIR NABOKOV



*Vladimir Nabokov, who died in 1977, came late to his American reputation. But long before the publication of *Lolita* brought him fame—in 1958, eighteen years after his arrival in this country—he had achieved local renown at Wellesley and at Cornell, where during the 1940s and 1950s he lectured on Russian and European literature. This essay on Chekhov, which has never previously been published, is drawn from Nabokov's lecture notes for his masterly course on the poets and novelists of his native country.*

ANTON CHEKHOV'S QUIET AND SUBTLE HUMOR PERVADES the grayness of the lives he creates. For the Russian philosophical or social-minded critic he was the unique exponent of a unique Russian type of character. It is rather difficult for me to explain what that type was or is, because it is all so linked up with the general psychological and social history of the Russian nineteenth century. It is not quite exact to say that Chekhov dealt in charming and ineffectual people. It is a little more true to say that his men and women are charming because they are ineffectual. But what really attracted the Russian reader was that in Chekhov's heroes he recognized the type of the Russian intellectual, the Russian idealist, a queer and pathetic creature that is little known abroad and cannot exist in the Russia of the Soviets. Chekhov's intellectual was a man who combined the deepest human decency of which man is capable with an almost ridiculous inability to put his ideals and principles into action; a man devoted to moral beauty, the welfare of his people, the welfare of the universe, but unable in his private life to do anything useful; frittering away his provincial existence in a haze of utopian dreams; knowing exactly what is good, what is worthwhile living for, but at the same time sinking lower and lower in the mud of a humdrum existence, unhappy in love, hopelessly inefficient in everything—a good man who cannot make good. This is the character that passes—in the guise of a

doctor, a student, a village teacher, many other professional people—all through Chekhov's stories.

What rather irritated his politically minded critics was that nowhere does the author assign this type to any definite political party or give him any definite political program. But that is the whole point. Chekhov's inefficient idealists were neither terrorists, nor Social Democrats, nor budding Bolsheviks, nor any of the numberless members of numberless revolutionary parties in Russia. What mattered was that this typical Chekhovian hero was the unfortunate bearer of a vague but beautiful human truth, a burden which he could neither get rid of nor carry. What we see is a continuous stumble through all Chekhov's stories, but it is the stumble of a man who stumbles because he is staring at the stars. He is unhappy, that man, and he makes others unhappy; he loves not his brethren, not those nearest to him, but the remotest. The plight of a Negro in a distant land, of a Chinese coolie, of a workman in the remote Urals, affects him with a keener pang of moral pain than the misfortunes of his neighbor or the troubles of his wife. Chekhov took a special artistic pleasure in fixing all the delicate varieties of that pre-war, pre-revolution type of Russian intellectual. Those men could dream; they could not rule. They broke their own lives and the lives of others, they were silly, weak, futile, hysterical; but Chekhov suggests, blessed be the country that could produce that particular type of man. They missed opportunities, they shunned action, they spent sleepless nights in planning worlds they could not build; but the mere fact of such men, full of such fervor, fire of abnegation, pureness of spirit, mor-

The material in this essay will appear in Nabokov's Lectures on Russian Literature, which will be published in November by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich/Bruccoli Clark.



al elevation, this mere fact of such men having lived and probably still living somewhere somehow in the ruthless and sordid Russia of today is a promise of better things to come for the world at large—for perhaps the most admirable among the admirable laws of Nature is the survival of the weakest.

It is from this point of view that those who were equally interested in the misery of the Russian people and in the glory of Russian literature, it is from this point of view that they appreciated Chekhov. Though never concerned with providing a social or ethical message, Chekhov's genius almost involuntarily disclosed more of the

blackest realities of hungry, puzzled, servile, angry peasant Russia than a multitude of other writers, such as Gorki, for instance, who flaunted their social ideas in a procession of painted dummies. I shall go further and say that the person who prefers Dostoevski or Gorki to Chekhov will never be able to grasp the essentials of Russian literature and Russian life, and, which is far more important, the essentials of universal literary art. It was quite a game among Russians to divide their acquaintances into those who liked Chekhov and those who did not. Those who did not were not the right sort.

I heartily recommend taking as often as possible Chekhov's books (even in the translations they have suffered) and dreaming through them as they are intended to be dreamed through. In an age of ruddy Goliaths it is very useful to read about delicate Davids. Those bleak landscapes, the withered tallows along dismally muddy roads, the gray crows flapping across gray skies, the sudden whiff of some amazing recollection at a most ordinary corner—all this pathetic dimness, all this lovely weakness, all this Chekhovian dove-gray world is worth treasuring in the glare of those strong, self-sufficient worlds that are promised us by the worshippers of totalitarian states.

CHEKHOV COMES INTO THE STORY "THE LADY WITH the Little Dog" (1899) without knocking. There is no dilly-dallying. The very first paragraph reveals the main character, the young fair-haired lady followed by her white Spitz dog on the waterfront of a Crimean resort, Yalta, on the Black Sea. And immediately after, the male character Gurov appears. His wife, whom he has left with the children in Moscow, is vividly depicted: her solid frame, her thick black eyebrows, and the way she has of calling herself "a woman who thinks." One notes the magic of the trifles the author collects—the wife's manner of dropping a certain mute letter in spelling and her calling her husband by the longest and fullest form of his name, both traits in combination with the impressive dignity of her beetle-browed face and rigid poise forming exactly the necessary impression. A hard woman with the strong feminist and social ideas of her time, but one whom her husband finds in his heart of hearts to be narrow, dull-minded, and devoid of grace. The natural transition is to Gurov's constant unfaithfulness to her, to his general attitude toward women—"that inferior race" is what he calls them, but without that inferior race he could not exist. It is hinted that these Russian romances were not altogether as light-winged as in the Paris of Maupassant. Complications and problems are unavoidable with those decent hesitating people of Moscow who are slow heavy starters but plunge into tedious difficulties when once they start going.

Then with the same neat and direct method of attack, with the bridging formula "and so . . .," we slide back to

the lady with the dog. Everything about her, even the way her hair was done, told him that she was bored. The spirit of adventure—though he realized perfectly well that his attitude toward a lone woman in a fashionable sea town was based on vulgar stories, generally false—this spirit of adventure prompts him to call the little dog, which thus becomes a link between her and him. They are both in a public restaurant.

He beckoned invitingly to the Spitz, and when the dog approached him, shook his finger at it. The Spitz growled; Gurov threatened it again.

The lady glanced at him and at once dropped her eyes.

"He doesn't bite," she said and blushed.

"May I give him a bone?" he asked; and when she nodded he inquired affably, "Have you been in Yalta long?"

"About five days."

They talk. The author has hinted already that Gurov is witty in the company of women; and instead of having the reader take it for granted (you know the old method of describing the talk as "brilliant" but giving no samples of the conversation), Chekhov makes him joke in a really attractive, winning way. "Bored, are you? An average citizen lives in . . . [here Chekhov lists the names of beautifully chosen, super-provincial towns] and is not bored, but when he arrives here on his vacation it is all boredom and dust. One could think he came from Grenada" (a name particularly appealing to the Russian imagination). The rest of their talk, for which this side-light is richly sufficient, is conveyed indirectly. Now comes a first glimpse of Chekhov's own system of suggesting atmosphere by the most concise details of nature, "the sea was of a warm lilac hue with a golden path for the moon"; whoever has lived in Yalta knows how exactly this conveys the impression of a summer evening there. This first movement of the story ends with Gurov alone in his hotel room thinking of her as he goes to sleep and imagining her delicate weak-looking neck and her pretty gray eyes. It is to be noted that only now, through the medium of the hero's imagination, does Chekhov give a visible and definite form to the lady, features that fit in perfectly with her listless manner and expression of boredom already known to us.

Getting into bed he recalled that she had been a schoolgirl only recently, doing lessons like his own daughter; he thought how much timidity and angularity there was still in her laugh and her manner of talking with a stranger. It must have been the first time in her life that she was alone in a setting in which she was followed, looked at, and spoken to for one secret purpose alone, which she could hardly fail to guess. He thought of her slim, delicate throat, her lovely gray eyes.

"There's something pathetic about her, though," he thought, and dropped off.

The next movement (each of the four diminutive chap-



ters or movements of which the story is composed is not more than four or five pages long), starts a week later with Gurov going to the pavilion and bringing the lady iced lemonade on a hot windy day, with the dust flying; and then in the evening when the sirocco subsides, they go on the pier to watch the incoming steamer. "The lady lost her lorgnette in the crowd," Chekhov notes shortly, and this being so casually worded, without any direct influence on the story—just a passing statement—somehow fits in with that helpless pathos already alluded to.

Then in her hotel room her awkwardness and tender angularity are delicately conveyed. They have

become lovers. She is now sitting with her long hair hanging down on both sides of her face in the dejected pose of a sinner in some old picture. There is a watermelon on the table. Gurov cuts himself a piece and begins to eat unhurriedly. This realistic touch is again a typical Chekhov device.

She tells him about her existence in the remote town she comes from and Gurov is slightly bored by her naïveté, confusion, and tears. It is only now that we learn her husband's name: von Dideritz—probably of German descent.

They roam about Yalta in the early morning mist.

At Oreanda they sat on a bench not far from the church, looked down at the sea, and were silent. Yalta was barely visible through the morning mist; white clouds rested motionlessly on the mountaintops. The leaves did not stir on the trees, the crickets chirped, and the monotonous muffled sound of the sea that rose from below spoke of the peace, the eternal sleep awaiting us. So it rumbled below when there was no Yalta, no Oreanda here; so it rumbles now, and it will rumble as indifferently and hollowly when we are no more. . . . Sitting beside a young woman who in the dawn seemed so lovely, Gurov, soothed and spellbound by these magical surroundings—the sea, the mountains, the clouds, the wide sky—thought how everything is really beautiful in this world when one reflects: everything except what we think or do ourselves when we forget the higher aims of life and our own human dignity.

A man strolled up to them—probably a watchman—looked at them and walked away. And this detail, too, seemed so mysterious and beautiful. They saw a steamer arrive from Feodosia, its lights extinguished in the glow of dawn.

"There is dew on the grass," said Anna Sergeievna, after a silence.

"Yes, it's time to go home."

Then several days pass and then she has to go back to her home town.

"Time for me, too, to go North," thought Gurov as he returned after seeing her off.

And there the chapter ends.

THE THIRD MOVEMENT PLUNGES US STRAIGHT INTO Gurov's life in Moscow. The richness of a gay Russian winter, his family affairs, the dinners at clubs and restaurants, all this is swiftly and vividly suggested. Then a page is devoted to a queer thing that has happened to him: he cannot forget the lady with the little dog. He has many friends, but the curious longing he has for talking about his adventure finds no outlet. When he happens to speak in a very general way of love and women, nobody guesses what he means, and only his wife moves her dark eyebrows and says: "Stop that fatuous posing; it does not suit you."

And now comes what in Chekhov's quiet stories may be called the climax. There is something that your average citizen calls romance and something he calls prose—though both are the meat of poetry for the artist. Such a contrast has already been hinted at by the slice of watermelon which Gurov crunched in a Yalta hotel room at a most romantic moment, sitting heavily and munching away. This contrast is beautifully followed up when at last Gurov blurts out to a friend late at night as they come out of the club: If you knew what a delightful woman I met in Yalta! His friend, a bureaucratic civil servant, gets into his sleigh, the horses move, but suddenly he turns and calls back to Gurov. Yes? asks Gurov, evidently expecting some reaction to what he has just mentioned. By the way, says the man, you were quite right. That fish at the club was decidedly smelly.

This is a natural transition to the description of Gurov's new mood, his feeling that he lives among savages where cards and food are life. His family, his bank, the whole trend of his existence, everything seems futile, dull, and senseless. About Christmas he tells his wife he is going on a business trip to St. Petersburg, instead of which he travels to the remote Volga town where the lady lives.

Critics of Chekhov in the good old days when the mania for the civic problem flourished in Russia were incensed with his way of describing what they considered to be trivial unnecessary matters instead of thoroughly examining and solving the problems of bourgeois marriage. For as soon as Gurov arrives in the early hours to that town and takes the best room at the local hotel, Chekhov, instead of describing his mood or intensifying his difficult moral position, gives what is artistic in the highest sense of the word: he notes the gray carpet, made of military cloth, and the inkstand, also gray with dust, with a horseman whose hand waves a hat and whose head is gone. That is all: it is nothing, but it is everything in authentic literature. A feature in the same line is the phonetic transformation which the hotel porter imposes on the German name von Dideritz. Having learned the address, Gurov goes there and looks at the house. Opposite is a long gray fence with nails sticking out. An unescapable fence, Gurov says to himself, and here we get the concluding note in the rhythm of drabness and grayness already suggested by the carpet, the inkstand, the illiterate accent of the porter. The unexpected little turns and the lightness of the touches are what places Chekhov, above all Russian writers of fiction, on the level of Gogol and Tolstoy.

Presently he sees an old servant coming out with the familiar little white dog. He wants to call it (by a kind of conditional reflex), but suddenly his heart begins beating fast and in his excitement he cannot remember the dog's name—another delightful touch. Later on he decides to go to the local theatre, where for the first time the operetta *The Geisha* is being given. In sixty words Chekhov

paints a complete picture of a provincial theatre, not forgetting the town-governor who modestly hides in his box behind a plush curtain so that only his hands are visible. Then the lady appears. And he realizes quite clearly that now in the whole world there is none nearer and dearer and more important to him than this slight woman, lost in a small-town crowd, a woman perfectly unremarkable, with a vulgar lorgnette in her hand. He sees her husband and remembers her qualifying him as a flunkey—he distinctly resembles one.

A remarkably fine scene follows when Gurov manages to talk to her, and then their mad swift walk up all kinds of staircases and corridors, and down again, and up again, amid people in the various uniforms of provincial officials. Neither does Chekhov forget “two schoolboys who smoked on the stairs and looked down at him and her.”

“You must leave,” Anna Sergeievna went on in a whisper. “Do you hear, Dmitri Dmitrich? I will come and see you in Moscow. I have never been happy; I am unhappy now, and I never, never shall be happy, never! So don’t make me suffer still more! I swear I’ll come to Moscow. But now let us part. My dear, good, precious one, let us part!”

She pressed his hand and walked rapidly downstairs, turning to look round at him, and from her eyes he could see that she really was unhappy. Gurov stood for a while, listening, then when all grew quiet, he found his coat and left the theatre.

The fourth and last little chapter gives the atmosphere of their secret meetings in Moscow. As soon as she would arrive she used to send a red-capped messenger to Gurov. One day he was on his way to her and his daughter was with him. She was going to school, in the same direction as he. Big damp snowflakes were slowly coming down.

The thermometer, Gurov was saying to his daughter, shows a few degrees above freezing point (actually 37° above, Fahrenheit), but nevertheless snow is falling. The explanation is that this warmth applies only to the surface of the earth, while in the higher layers of the atmosphere the temperature is quite different.

And as he spoke and walked, he kept thinking that not a soul knew or would ever know about these secret meetings.

What puzzled him was that all the false part of his life, his bank, his club, his conversations, his social obligations—all this happened openly, while the real and interesting part was hidden.

He had two lives: an open one, seen and known by all who needed to know it, full of conventional truth and conventional falsehood, exactly like the lives of his friends and acquaintances; and another life that went

on in secret. And through some strange, perhaps accidental, combination of circumstances, everything that was of interest and importance to him, everything that was essential to him, everything about which he felt sincerely and did not deceive himself, everything that constituted the core of his life, was going on concealed from others; while all that was false, the shell in which he hid to cover the truth—his work at the bank for instance, his discussions at the club, his references to the ‘inferior race,’ his appearances at anniversary celebrations with his wife—all that went on in the open. Judging others by himself, he did not believe what he saw, and always fancied that every man led his real, most interesting life under cover of secrecy as under cover of night. The personal life of every individual is based on secrecy, and perhaps it is partly for that reason that civilized man is so nervously anxious that personal privacy should be respected.

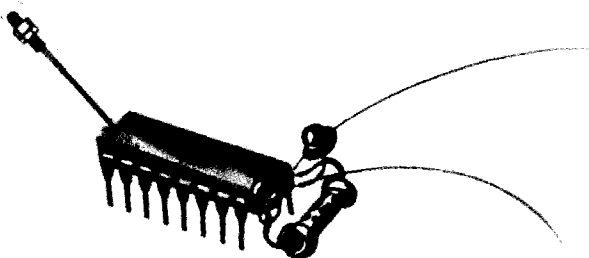
The final scene is full of that pathos which has been suggested in the very beginning. They meet, she sobs, they feel that they are the closest of couples, the tenderest of friends, and he sees that his hair is getting a little gray and knows that only death will end their love.

The shoulders on which his hands rested were warm and quivering. He felt compassion for this life, still so warm and lovely, but probably already about to begin to fade and wither like his own. Why did she love him so much? He always seemed to women different from what he was, and they loved in him not himself, but the man whom their imagination had created and whom they had been eagerly seeking all their lives; and afterwards, when they saw their mistake, they loved him nevertheless. And not one of them had been happy with him. In the past he had met women, come together with them, parted from them, but he had never once loved; it was anything you please, but not love. And only now when his head was gray he had fallen in love, really, truly—for the first time in his life.

They talk, they discuss their position, how to get rid of the necessity of this sordid secrecy, how to be together always. They find no solution, and in the typical Chekhov way the tale fades out with no definite full stop but with the natural motion of life.

And it seemed as though in a little while the solution would be found, and then a new and glorious life would begin; and it was clear to both of them that the end was still far off, and that what was to be most complicated and difficult for them was only just beginning.

All the traditional rules of storytelling have been broken in this wonderful short story of twenty pages or so. There is no problem, no regular climax, no point at the end. And it is one of the greatest stories ever written. □



Debugging the computer "Eagle"

THE ULTIMATE TOY

BY TRACY KIDDER

"LA MACHINE," SAID ED RASALA, ONE DAY IN THE spring of 1979. "The machine. It's what everyone calls it. That's the whole thing, to build the machine."

Rasala's machine was the new 32-bit minicomputer, nicknamed Eagle, that Data General's Eclipse Group was building. By January of 1979, after about six months of intense labor, the team had designed Eagle and two prototypes had been assembled. But computers are complicated, and theirs was more complicated than many. As expected, Eagle's design was far from perfect. The prototypes did not work. The Eclipse Group had to find and repair the flaws in their creation; they had, as they said, to "debug" it. A debugging could be harrowing, in part because it had to be performed with great thoroughness. The hardware, the actual circuitry, of modern computers is remarkably reliable, and needs to be. Eagle would do a cycle of work every 220 billionths of a second. If they left in the machine bugs that caused it to fail only once in every billion cycles, Eagle would be a very unreliable contraption indeed.

The debugging of Eagle did not go well at first, and the Eclipse Group's leader, Tom West, fretted, his stomach queasy, for a couple of months. Gradually, the team surmounted the first barriers to success, and in March West declared, "Most of the fear is gone now." But the debugging was not nearly finished. In effect, West merely passed on the responsibility for worrying to his lieutenant, Ed Rasala.

Computer engineers, like poets, usually blossom early, and Ed Rasala was at thirty-five an old and experienced

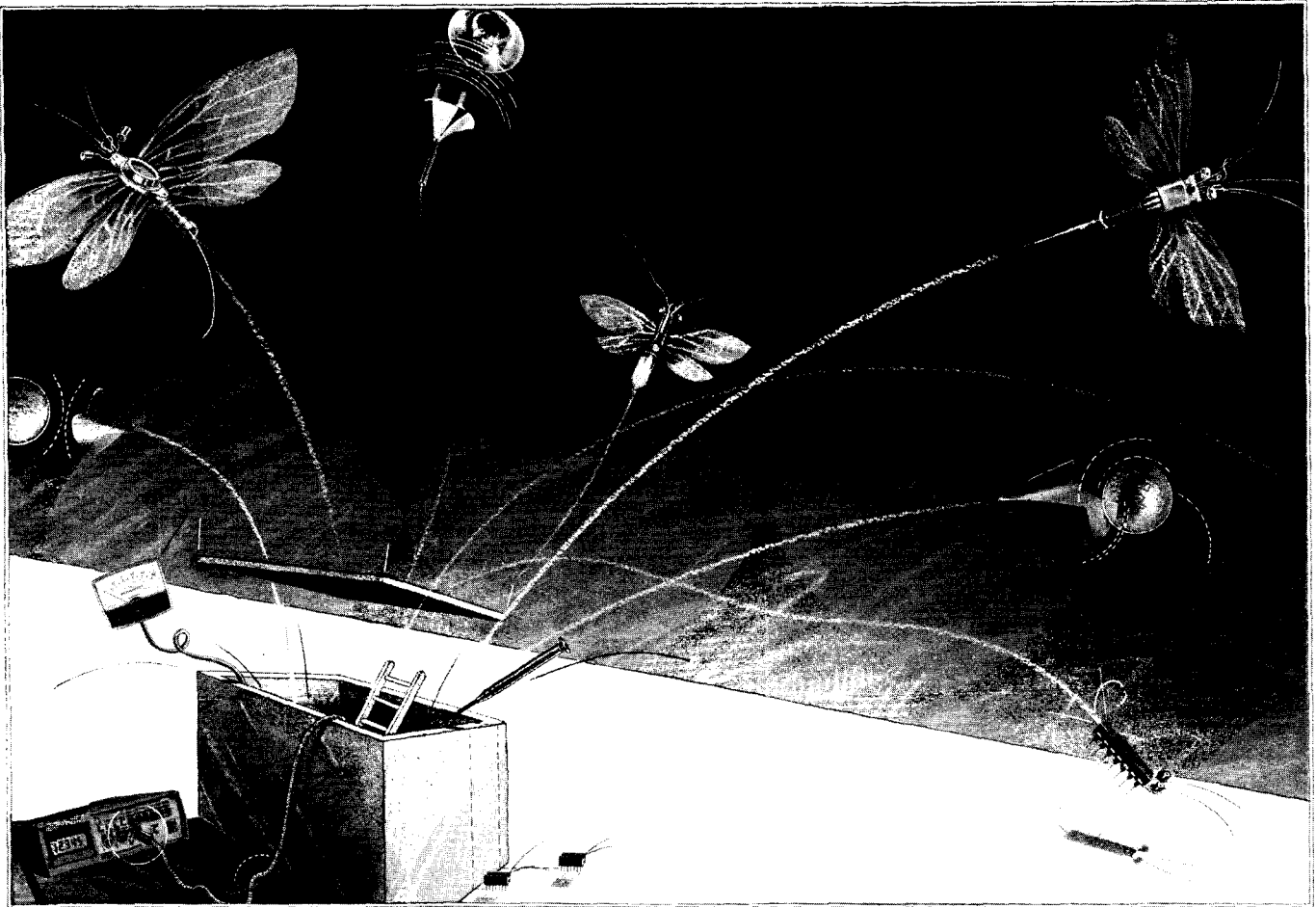
tradesman. He was the captain of "the Hardy Boys," a dozen or so engineers who worked on Eagle's hardware. When the debugging began, Rasala's Hardy Boys virtually went to live with the prototype Eagles, in a small and windowless laboratory, behind locked doors, at Data General's headquarters in Westborough, Massachusetts. Soon most of the crew were spending the majority of their waking hours in the lab, for six days of every week, and even when they went elsewhere, in their minds they continued to grope around inside the new, still defective machine. For the people who were building it, the incipient computer defined a small world. Rasala was the leader of the debugging; it was, in effect, his job to see that this little world was rid of uncertainty.

From the top of his head, which was bald, to his feet, which were usually shod in construction boots, Rasala looked big. He wore a thin beard. He delivered firm handshakes, and he spoke rapidly. "It's almost a speech impediment," said one of his oldest professional friends. "Sometimes I feel like giving him a shot of Valium and then telling him, 'Okay, Ed, say it again.'"

Of Ed Rasala Tom West once said, "His biggest strength is, the guy does not give up." Rasala's parents were immigrants from Poland; he grew up in modest circumstances in Brooklyn. It was his misfortune to have a brilliant older brother, against whom all of his teachers measured him. "From grade school on, it was always my rap, I never lived up to my potential," Rasala told me.

Rasala had been reluctant to work on Eagle when the project began; he had just completed another computer and he wanted a rest. Some months later, I asked him why he had changed his mind. He ticked off the reasons on his fingers. "I was looking for opportunity, responsibility, visibility."

Tracy Kidder is a frequent contributor to this magazine. His new book, The Soul of a New Machine, will be published this month by Atlantic-Little, Brown.



What did those words mean to him?

Rasala shrugged his shoulders. "I wanted to see what I was worth," he said.

Rasala got along well with most of the Hardy Boys. Often he jokingly insulted them, and they replied in kind. Rasala liked a slightly contentious atmosphere. "Smart, opinionated, and *non-sensitive*, that's a Hardy Boy," he declared. Above all, he wanted around him engineers who took an interest in the entire computer, not just in the parts they had designed.

One evening at the end of January, on the lower level of Data General's headquarters building, Rasala walked up to a doorway labeled "RESTRICTED AREA." He unlocked it and led me down a corridor, around a bend, through another door, and into a chamber about the size of a living room. The floor was linoleum-tiled; the ceiling was a network of heating pipes and steel girders, from which many thick black electrical cables hung; the furnishings were gray metal. The chief attractions, standing side by side at shoulder height along a wall of cement blocks, and surrounded by a variety of adjunctive devices, were the two prototype Eagles. Their blue metal frames housed a multitude of wires. "Here are two state-of-the-art computers, sitting there," Rasala said. "They're not too impressive at this point in time." In each machine was a shelf filled with "wire-wrapped" prototype circuit

boards. On these boards, which were rectangular and about the size of an atlas, were implanted the essential hardware of the computer. They rendered an accurate visual impression of what the debuggers confronted. One side of each board contained orderly looking rows of small boxes. A nest of tiny wires covered the other side.

The Hardy Boys were debugging Eagle by exercising the prototypes and by fixing them when they didn't work. "Exercising" meant running programs, which are the linked lists of instructions and data that direct a computer's actions. These exercise programs were called "diagnostics." They were designed to make the prototypes fail on account of both glaring and subtle bugs. When a failure occurred during the running of a diagnostic, the Hardy Boys searched for its cause and invented a repair. Often, their repairs required alterations in the wiring of one or more boards. Rasala had made it a rule that they perform this labor promptly, and he had come to the lab this evening to enforce his commandment and to participate in the process itself.

Everyone, including Rasala, disliked this part of the job. Altering the wires was dreary labor that strained the eyes. Rasala sat down to work on a board. In a little while he retrieved with a pair of tweezers a tiny strand of wire. Holding the tweezers aloft, he explained that it was very easy to drop a piece of wire into the nest of wires on

a board, and an extraneous piece of wire could cause the machine to commit failures of the "flaky" variety; debuggers could spend hours, even days, searching for the cause of such a problem.

"We do this ourselves rather than have a wire person do it," said Rasala. "We may be a little more cautious." He turned back to the board he was working on, and added, with characteristic humility toward the gods of chance, "Then again, we may not be."

Rasala maintained that he was not the most inventive of the team's engineers. "But I'm a good designer, I think, and I'm a better debugger. I may not be the smartest guy in the world . . . but I'm dumb enough to stick with it to the end."

In the first months of debugging, Rasala's main technical role was to play the brake on the Hardy Boys' enthusiasm. The sheer physical complexity of the computer required that they plod sometimes; otherwise, they would never gain control over this machine. Were signals just barely making their appointed rounds in the 220 nanoseconds that lay between two ticks of the computer's clock? If so, Rasala would make the engineers return to problems they thought they had solved. Was there a lot of noise inside the prototypes? "Noise," Rasala explained, is what makes the TV go haywire when the blender is turned on; it consists of stray voltages that are propagated through the machine. Too much noise fouls performance.

Once in a while, a Hardy Boy would find a problem, fix it temporarily, and move on. The engineer would plan to make a proper repair later, but, absorbed in new bugs, he would forget to do so, and weeks afterward his oversight would cause some mysterious failure. Such omissions were inevitable. By April, constant handling of the prototype was beginning to make unreliable some of the thousands of connections among components on the boards; loose wires and sockets began to cause some flaky failures. These were often hard to diagnose; as the debuggers liked to say, it's hard to fix something when it's working. Now and then an improperly manufactured component impeded their progress. "Just stuff you never account for in a schedule," Rasala said. "You assume it's not going to happen, and it always does."

In addition, the Hardy Boys were unearthing many flaws in the logic of their design. "We went with an imperfect design," said Rasala, early in the spring. "We knew we were pushing it." When debugging had started, in January, Rasala's boss, West, had promised the front office that Eagle would be finished in April. Rasala was skeptical, but, believing in the need for haste and being a loyal lieutenant, he had worked up a debugging schedule for that date. However, by March it was clear that they would not finish by April. So the group's leader had named a new deadline, and then another, and for each revised deadline Rasala had drawn up a new debugging schedule. In May, when his third revised schedule was

hanging on a wall in his cubicle, Rasala remarked, "The way to stay on schedule is to make another one." Asked to evaluate the team's progress, he said, "It's coming, it's coming." He added, "There's still a good chance that we've totally blown it."

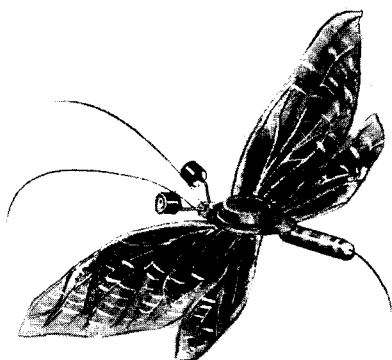
Near the beginning of the debugging he had said, "I believe there's always a focal point in any machine." And by May, the focal point of the problems had identified itself to him. It was the part of Eagle known as the instruction processor, or IP.

WHEN A COMPUTER RUNS A PROGRAM, THE MACHINE has to perform, again and again, two general sorts of tasks. First, it has to find and prepare an instruction; then it has to execute that instruction. Often a great deal more time is consumed in the preparation than in the execution. In order to make Eagle a fast computer, its designers arranged for it to perform the two operations simultaneously. The IP was, in the local idiom, an "accelerator." Instructions fall into oft-repeated patterns; the IP was designed to recognize the pattern and to figure out what, at any moment, the next instructions would be. In the 220 billionths of a second that lay between two ticks of Eagle's clock, the IP would send one instruction out for execution and at the same time make ready the next several instructions that the program is going to require.

The IP was a complex device, obviously; it was a sort of computer inside the computer, and like every computer, the IP had its own storage compartment, called the "I-cache." Another part of Eagle, called the "system cache," also contained a storage compartment, considerably larger than the I-cache. The system cache kept on hand commonly used instructions, so that if the IP made a wrong assumption and did not have the next instruction in its I-cache, it could get that instruction quickly from the system cache. Eagle had other storage compartments, including a "main memory," and all of these storage compartments had to be kept consistent with one another. Consistency, however, was not easily achieved. As Eagle maneuvered through a program, the IP and the system cache were constantly throwing out blocks of instructions and bringing new ones into their storage compartments. Although Eagle's designers had created mechanisms for preserving consistency among storages, they could not foresee all the possible sources of trouble. And the bugs that arose were particularly troublesome and devilishly hard to diagnose.

If some unforeseen electronic event should cause the I-cache to contain a block of instructions that "looked" the same but was in fact slightly different from a block of instructions in the system cache, Eagle would be bound to fail. Sooner or later, the IP would draw upon the outdated, inconsistent block of instructions in its cache and would order the computer to execute a wrong instruction.

Usually, the IP would place this wrong order a long time after its cache had become inconsistent with the rest of the memory system. Then the debuggers would not be able to identify the problem by examining the failure. It would be as if a time bomb had been placed inside the machine.



NOT LONG AFTER DAWN ONE MORNING IN THE MIDDLE of May, Ken Holberger turned his brown Saab down the road toward the red-brick, fortress-like Data General building. At the beginning of the debugging, it had been dark when he drove in and dark when he left. The slow daily ascent of the morning sun across his windshield was one of the principal means by which he kept track of outside, planetary time. For the past few months, he had found himself incapable of reading newspapers. "We're deep in the debug. Yeah, underground," said Holberger. "Burn-out city."

Holberger was short and very handsome. He wore a neatly trimmed black beard. Rasala called him "a sharp cat." He was considered to be a first-rate circuit designer, and at this point the only member of the group whose understanding of the details of the hardware approached completeness. Though only in his mid-twenties, he had chief responsibility under Rasala for the creation of Eagle's hardware, and he shared Rasala's general attitude toward an engineering project. "It doesn't matter how hard you work on something," Holberger once said. "What counts is finishing and having it work."

Holberger had devised significant parts of Eagle, including some of the IP. He said he was not worried about that piece of hardware. The machine was like a crossword puzzle; he and the other designers had invented it, surely they could solve it. "I'm getting quite good at it," Holberger said. "I can track a problem back into the twilight zone quite well."

Holberger went right to the lab, to see how the machines had performed the night before.

Some weeks previously, the Hardy Boys had run a diagnostic program called "Eclipse 21," and the prototypes had failed occasionally. The debuggers had hypothesized that the problem was likely of the flaky sort, the result of a loose connection or noise, and they had moved on to other diagnostic programs. Now, however, the pro-

totypes had successfully completed all of the basic diagnostics except for Eclipse 21. So Holberger had decreed that it was time to return and clean up that bug. Accordingly, the previous night he had asked that when they departed the lab, the second shift of debuggers leave both prototypes running Eclipse 21.

One characteristic of the diagnostic programs was extreme repetitiousness. They directed the computer to perform many sequences of operations and to do so over and over again. When the machine completed the entire program, it was said to have performed one "pass," and if left running all night, it would perform many passes. If the computer failed to execute an instruction properly, the program would tell the machine to send an error message to the system console, a large device with a typewriter-like keyboard. Then the program would tell the computer to continue its exercise. In the morning, the debuggers could find out right away, by placing an order through the console, how many passes a machine had completed during the previous night and how many times it had failed.

When Holberger came into the lab, a tall and fairly husky young man named Jim Veres was sitting at the console of the prototype called Gollum. (The Hardy Boys had christened one of their prototypes "Coke," and Holberger had named the other "Gollum," after the sinister, spidery creature in Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*.) Veres had already examined the results of the nighttime exercise. Turning to Holberger, he said that Gollum had run 921 passes of Eclipse 21 and had committed only thirty failures. Coke, Veres added, had performed in identical fashion.

Holberger made a dour face. In 921 passes, thirty was a very small number of failures. Noise or a loose connection could produce such a result, but flaky problems usually created failures in no discernible pattern. If the problem was noise, then why had Coke and Gollum performed identically? Veres was thinking along the same lines. To himself, Veres said, "Either that noise is remarkably consistent, or we've got a real problem in the logic somewhere."

Holberger and Veres swapped a few theories about noise, but they were really just taking deep breaths. "Okay," said Holberger at length. "Time to fix it."

Between Holberger and Veres there existed a technical understanding of these machines that speech could not encompass. Most of the debuggers shared this specialist's ESP, but not all debugged well together. Holberger and Veres did. Like many of the Hardy Boys, Veres was just a year out of engineering school; Holberger called him "one of the stars." Veres had designed a large part of the IP, with Holberger's assistance, and he had quickly developed his own technique of debugging.

In talking to Veres, one found him listening intently, sometimes with a stern look on his face. He had his own small computing system. Sometimes, after a long day in

the lab, he would go home and play with it. "I like to tinker," he said once. "I like to build things." In his senior year at Georgia Tech, he became interested in digital clocks. "I built four or five. Then it was computer terminals. I built one. Then I decided I ought to have a computer to hook it up to. So I got a microprocessor and then I figured it was not worth much without an operating system, so I wrote a small operating system. I did a number of all-nighters building this computer junk." Veres was enjoying the Eagle project; his only complaint was that lately his managers had been scheduling work in the lab in such a way that he could not always get his hands on Gollum for as much time as he desired.

Holberger and Veres hooked the probes of two logic



DURING THE WAR

I was one of those who sees something cross the moon
and is never again the same person.

I was one of those who fought for an envelope, for a stamp.
I was one who felt the pain of the potted plant
and the loneliness of the tree.

It was all in my mind. It was an idea I had!
Was it such a bad idea?
Did it hurt anyone? Did it even delay for a minute
a father thousands of miles from me
fleeing a tank from my own beloved country?

Did it hasten the deaths by bombing?
Did it quicken the suffering of the homeless?

Certainly not. Absolutely, unequivocally, the answer is No.
My love for the tree did not interfere
with one decision of a committee, one staff meeting.
My joining forces with the mysterious
did not blot a single marching order, nor break a rifle.

The world went on without me. To its mind,
I was no part of it, but to my mind I was too much a part.
I put it all down on paper but in code.
Even at night, I watched the skies like a spy
for the intersection of a planet and the future.

—Marvin Bell

analyzers to various parts of Gollum. They "put on a trace." The analyzers were the Hardy Boys' windows into the computers. Each analyzer had a little screen; in essence, the analyzer served as a camera. Used artfully, it could take pictures of what was going on inside and between the circuit boards.

Holberger and Veres backed up the diagnostic program just a short distance from the point of failure. They ran the program. Gollum did not fail.

This was, as Veres put it, "another clue." In a machine with accelerators, history is important. Often it is some complex combination of previous operations that leads to a later failure. So they set Gollum running the diagnostic program from the beginning, and went to the cafeteria for coffee. About fifteen minutes later, when they were sitting in front of Gollum again, they saw flashes on the screens of their analyzers. Gollum had failed. They pulled up their chairs and began to study pictures.

What instruction did Gollum fail to execute? That was the first question.

"Okay. It's doing a JSR and Return."

The diagnostic program was telling Gollum to take a short detour off the main road of the program. Gollum was supposed to "Jump" while remembering how to get back ("Save Return") the stream of instructions that it was executing and get a new instruction. This new instruction should have directed Gollum to return to the mainstream of the program. This small series of operations was a spot quiz, as it were. Further study of the pictures on the analyzers' screens and of the various documents scattered across the top of the table told them that Gollum had in fact jumped to the right instruction and had returned to the right place. But when it returned, it executed the wrong instruction.

"Is it hitting the I-cache?" asked Holberger. Was the instruction that Gollum was supposed to execute, after making its jump, residing in the IP's storage? They examined more pictures and decided that Gollum was indeed hitting the I-cache. When they examined the contents of the I-cache, they discovered that it contained a wrong instruction where the right one should have been.

HOLBERGER AND VERES SAT BEFORE GOLLUM. THEY had completed their preliminary investigation of the bug in Eclipse 21, and now the main question lay before them: Why was there a wrong instruction at the right place? The morning and half the afternoon had slipped away. It was two o'clock, and Jim Guyer had just come into the lab. He put down his motorcycle helmet, pulled up a chair, and started asking questions.

Guyer, at twenty-six, was a relatively old hand among Hardy Boys. His brown beard made an oval frame around his face. As a rule, he was very cheerful, much given to laughter, and he had become one of Rasala's favorites, largely because he took an interest in every

THE WASP

BY EDWARD SOREL



part of the machine. Although he had had nothing to do with designing it, Guyer had been studying the IP assiduously of late. Indeed, he had been blaming the IP, sometimes incorrectly, for practically everything that went wrong inside the prototypes.

In the past month or so, the IP had been found responsible for a number of bugs. This fact bothered Veres. It did not matter that the IP was a much more complex piece of hardware than many others in Eagle, nor that when he had helped to design it Veres had been a novice and pressed for time. Like most members of the team, Veres felt what Holberger called "the peer pressure": "If I screw up this, I'll be the only one, and I'm not gonna be the only one."

Though they were friends, Veres was a little annoyed with Guyer, and Guyer knew it. So Guyer did not feel inclined to blame this latest bug on the IP. It appeared that either the IP or the system cache was responsible for the failure. Another engineer in the team had designed the system cache, and he wasn't in the lab that afternoon. Laughing about their choice, Veres, Holberger, and Guyer decided to interrogate the system cache first.

They hooked up analyzers to the circuits of the system cache and took some pictures, but they received no immediate enlightenment. Weary after more than ten hours in the lab, Holberger and Veres departed, leaving Guyer alone with Gollum. He spent the night with it.

Some time after midnight, Guyer was sitting in front of a couple of logic analyzers, peering into their screens, when suddenly he touched his mouth, wheeled around in his chair, and started flipping through one of the large bound volumes on the lab table. He had discovered that the diagnostic program periodically changed the location of the target instruction, the one that Gollum failed to execute. Maybe the IP wasn't getting the word to change the instruction's location. The system cache was supposed to see to it that the IP did so. Maybe the system cache was indeed to blame. With mounting enthusiasm, Guyer recorded his theory in the log book and returned to the machines to gather evidence. By three that morning, however, he had found none, and his enthusiasm for his theory had waned. He felt, he said, "sort of neutral." It was beginning to look more complex, he thought on his way out of the lab.

Around dawn, Veres sat down in front of Gollum again. He examined Guyer's entries in the log book. These deepened Veres's suspicions that the problem involved one of the figurative time bombs that they had been encountering frequently in the past several weeks. One way to approach such a difficult bug was to follow clues back through the diagnostic program. First, Veres found out exactly where in the program the failure initially occurred. Next, he examined "addresses." One could imagine the machine's memory system as a collection of mailboxes, organized in neighborhoods. Like each

mailbox, each neighborhood has a unique address; that address is a number, which is called a "tag." At the moment of failure, Veres discovered, the I-cache contained a collection of mailboxes identified by the tag 21. But in the system cache at that moment, the tag for what should have been the corresponding collection of mailboxes was 45. Which was the right number? The answer would reveal whether the IP or the system cache was at fault. Veres hooked up logic analyzers to Gollum once again.

Old hands in the group had used oscilloscopes for debugging previous machines. Veres once said, "An oscilloscope is what cavemen used for debugging fire." Analyzers were newer, more versatile tools; one of their important features was that they had memories. They could take and save pictures of electronic events that occurred in 256 different cycles of the computer's operation. Veres ran the diagnostic program all over again. Then he started looking back through the pictures that his analyzers had taken and saved. He had scarcely begun this tedious search when Holberger arrived, and when Holberger saw what Veres was up to, he retreated, to work with another Hardy Boy on Coke.

Nothing turned up. By the time Guyer came in that afternoon, Veres had not found a single new clue. Holberger held a short conference. "We need ideas. We're going to defer it," he said. So Guyer worked on other problems that night. But Veres went home with the two tags on his mind. One was right, the other wrong. Obviously, there had to be a way of finding out which was which.

Veres was up early the next morning. He didn't want any interference; he wanted time alone with this bug. He got into the shower and his working day commenced. "I get quite a lot of work done in the morning while taking a shower," Veres remarked later on. "Showers are kind of boring things, all things considered." That morning, he conceived a new approach. Evidently, the cause of the failure lay further back in the diagnostic program than a logic analyzer could look. So why not search from the other direction, forward through the program, instead of backward? He would run the diagnostic up to the start of the fourth pass, and then every time Gollum performed a JSR and Return, he'd have the computer halt so that he could get a picture with the analyzer and certain printed information on the system console. This technique would take some time; but he was willing to try it.

Holberger entered the lab a few hours after Veres did. The scene that greeted him made him smile wryly. Nearby Gollum, on the floor, lay a great heap of computer paper, and Veres was sitting beside the pile. "I found it," he said to Holberger.

At iteration 122 of the subtest in question, the I-cache contained the block of instructions numbered 21. Millions of ticks of the computer's clock and thousands of instructions later, at iteration 151 of the subtest, Veres had observed the system cache telling the IP to replace tag 21

with tag 45. He had exonerated the system cache. The IP must have disobeyed the order, because at iteration 158 Veres had found the I-cache still harboring tag 21. "Which, I'm very sorry to say, is wrong."

Holberger and Veres moved swiftly. They hooked up analyzers. Seen at such a moment, among their machines, flicking switches, speaking cryptically in a language that even another computer engineer, from a different project, would have found largely incomprehensible, they resembled airline pilots in a cockpit preparing for takeoff. In fairly short order, the crucial picture appeared on the small blue screen of one of the analyzers.

"There it is."

"Yup."

They saw the IP throwing out tag 45 and keeping the old, invalid tag 21. A few more pictures showed that the IP was, quite literally, getting its signals crossed. The IP received from the system cache the signal to throw away tag 21, but before the IP could obey, the signal from the system cache was altered, by another signal coming from another part of the machine. The solution lay in delaying the arrival of that second signal, so that the IP would always have time to clear out an old collection of mailboxes before it was asked to perform some other task.

The solution took the material form of a circuit that cost eight cents wholesale. This circuit produced a signal. Writing up the engineering change order, Holberger christened the signal "NOT YET." Other engineering teams used formal, technical names for signals. The Eclipse Group usually looked for something simple that fit, and if they couldn't come up with an appropriate title they'd use their own given names. That, Holberger noted, defined the Eclipse Group's style. It was a way—a small one, to be sure—of leaving something of oneself inside one's creation.

They were having fun now. They installed the new circuit. They ran the diagnostic. Holberger wrote in the logbook, "With this ECO installed, Eclipse 21 runs 10 passes." Just one more routine chore remained. They had to make sure that the new circuit didn't foul up some other operation. So they started running the other diagnostic programs that Gollum had already mastered, and everything was proceeding satisfactorily when all of a sudden the console started scratching out an error message.

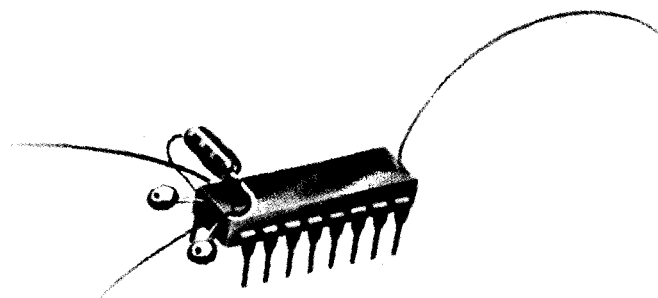
"We didn't do it," said Holberger. "We didn't do it right."

It seemed to Holberger that they were on the brink of another lengthy search, and he had no appetite for it. They hooked up analyzers and studied some pictures, but in a desultory way. The problem looked complex. Then Veres remembered that they had forgotten to do something basic.

He took out the new circuit. They ran the failing program. Gollum committed the new failure anyway. So it

was not the new circuit that had caused this problem. Greatly relieved, smiling now, Holberger pointed out that they had placed the IP circuit board out on the "extender." The IP was hooked up to Gollum, but it was sitting in a small frame of its own, outside the main frame of the machine. Use of the extender is standard debugging practice; it makes the board easy to get at. But computers aren't created with extenders in mind, and in some cases a perfectly good circuit board won't function correctly while out on an extender. They put the IP board back in its proper place, among the other boards, and the failure no longer occurred.

That afternoon, Gollum was made to perform all of the basic diagnostics, including Eclipse 21. The machine did not fail once. They had reached a milestone, but it was one that they had thought they had reached before. The trickiest diagnostic programs lay ahead. Veres said he had "a feeling of accomplishment." He added, "But then again, there's lots more feeling of accomplishment to go."



MANY OF THE ENGINEERS IN THE ECLIPSE GROUP were tinkerers when they were growing up. They remembered taking apart and then reconstructing—often just for the fun of it and sometimes to their parents' chagrin—all manner of things in their childhood homes: lamps, telephones, clocks, radios, TVs, lawnmowers. Some still found a complicated-looking, storebought object an irresistible temptation. Ken Holberger, for instance, had recently bought a new digital watch and a new programmable calculator. He had taken both of them apart, in order to figure out how they worked. "I usually get things back together, too," he remarked. Another of the Hardy Boys called computers "the ultimate toy." One did not have to look far for the source of the delight with which many of them delved into Eagle. Engineering at its best resembles play.

Some members of the team cheerfully professed ignorance about, and little interest in, the ultimate fruits of their labor. Ken Holberger remarked, with a smile, "A sense of the applications is somewhat missing. But it doesn't matter. We say that the ultimate goal is to build a machine to run a multiprogramming reliability test. But I understand that people who buy computers do run other

programs on them . . ." Some worried about what would be done with their machine, but for all, such issues remained comfortably remote; they would have no control over Eagle's ultimate destination.

One of the young engineers remarked, in the middle of the long debugging, "You have narrowed your field of vision to a small world . . . When you're concentrating on that little world, you leave everything else out." He did not entirely approve of this state of affairs, he said, but he did not ask that it be altered. The world that Eagle made for many of them was narrow, but it was also a world of clarity, in which good and bad could be defined. All they had to do was to make this computer come to life, and that was itself such a challenging task that beside it most other considerations seemed dull.

When they had started debugging, the wires on the backs of the prototypes' boards had all been blue. They made their changes with red wires. The backs of the boards got redder and redder.

As the summer wore on, new boards arrived at the lab, ones in which the functions of wires were assumed by metal engravings. Two new prototypes were assembled. One part of the Eclipse Group continued to refine and expand the "microcode," the basic vocabulary of signals that endowed Eagle's circuits with the ability to follow instructions. In another division of the company, a team of software engineers was working to create for Eagle the complex set of programs called an operating system. All phases of the project were proceeding well, but the debugging of the hardware still wasn't at an end. In August, an executive from the engineering division asked Rasala when he thought the Hardy Boys would finish. Rasala looked squarely at the executive and said, "I *don't know*."

Rasala no longer felt able to participate in the scheduling game. It troubled him to make promises that he could not fulfill. On the other hand, he thought they had better finish by the end of September. "Our credibility, I think, is running out," he said, one evening early in August.

They still had a long way to go; they were tired. So was Rasala. He had not been doing much of the debugging, but he had usually participated in the dreary work of altering the boards, and for the past seven months he had made it his policy to be on hand for most of each day's two shifts. Now even the speed at which he talked had decreased. Walking toward the lab, he spoke in short sentences and paused in between them. "The momentum has slowed down dramatically . . . Back in the early days, when nothing worked, it was easy to find things to do . . . Now almost everything works . . . The problems are harder to find . . . They take days . . . The people are more tired, I think . . . The problems may be less interesting . . . Some are more complicated . . . This is the grind part, I think." Experienced members of the Eclipse Group held that when a computer reaches the last stages of its incubation, progress usually comes slowly.

ON SATURDAY, THE FIFTEENTH OF SEPTEMBER, Rasala inaugurated "the last big push." "We're gonna work 'round the clock, Saturday, Sunday," he said. "We're gonna do it all, and bathe in glory, guys." Late on Saturday afternoon, however, while running one of the last diagnostic programs, Gollum came down with what appeared to be a terrible bug.

Guyer, Holberger, and Rasala took it on. After an hour or so, Rasala felt stymied. "It's some complex interaction of the IP, the ATU, microsequencer, and IOC. And probably the ALU, for that matter," he said to himself. In effect, he was thinking, "The whole damn machine is involved." They could not find the cause of the failure, and after many hours of searching, they all went home. Rasala's big push came to a halt.

On Sunday morning, all three engineers gathered around Gollum and Coke again. They discovered that Coke did not commit the error in question, in spite of the fact that Coke was supposed to be identical to Gollum. Rasala and Holberger invented a hypothesis, which they discussed. In the lab, three-way conversations often led to confusion, so Jim Guyer pushed his chair away from his colleagues. He rocked back and gazed absently at Coke. He was staring at the circuit boards that were lined up like a shelf of books inside the machine's open frame. Suddenly, he realized that Coke had one more board on its shelf than Gollum had. Coke had an extra board of main memory. Guyer swore.

"What?" said Rasala.

Guyer was already leafing through the listing that described the steps in the diagnostic program that Gollum was failing. "I don't want to tell you yet," he called over to Rasala. "But I think I've got it."

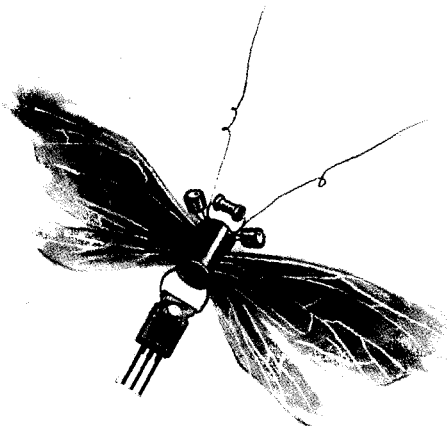
"You tell me now!" said Rasala.

Guyer brought over the document. He reminded Rasala and Holberger that Coke had two boards of main memory installed, whereas Gollum had only one.

Holberger looked at the listing of the diagnostic. "Yup," he said. The person who had written the diagnostic program had inadvertently directed that the computers cross from a section of storage located at the end of one main memory board to a section at the beginning of a second. But in Gollum there was no second board. So when Gollum came to this instruction, it failed. "It fell off the end of the world," said Rasala.

The ratiocination continued. They had stepped into a well-known trap. Diagnostic programs, which are designed to locate bugs, sometimes have bugs themselves. But mainly, the three engineers agreed, they themselves were at fault. They had failed to recognize the error promptly because they were used to thinking in the numbering system that they had employed in their last machine. Eagle used a different system. "And we didn't change our way of thinking," said Rasala.

The problem was easily rectified, but they had lost most of a day. "It's kind of embarrassing," said Guyer.



BY THE EVENING OF SEPTEMBER 20, THE PROTOTYPES had mastered the first but not the second of the multiprogramming reliability tests. That night in the lab, in a confident moment, Rasala and some of the others on the team attempted to make one of the prototypes run the program for a well-known computer game called "Adventure." If the machine ran this program, it would be the first time, after more than a year and a half of labor, that an Eagle had done more than run tests. It would be a launching of sorts. Everyone in the lab gathered around the prototype's system console. Rasala sat at the controls. He typed some instructions, in order to initiate the running of the program. In a moment the console scratched out this message, in reply: "FATAL ERROR."

What was wrong?

"We don't know," said Rasala. "We don't know everything about the machine."

Reaching for some comforting words, an observer said, "Well, at least some of it works."

"Yeah," said Jim Guyer. "And someday we'll know which part."

For the next several days Eagle failed its last multiprogramming test mysteriously. In the jargon of the lab, the computer was "blowing away," "crashing," and "going to never-never land" after every four hours or so of smooth running. But on September 25, Rasala announced, "As of this morning, Eagle ran multiprogramming twelve hours overnight without failing."

The cause of the failures had been trivial; noise had been to blame. The debugging was not finished, however. The most advanced of the prototypes was running all of the toughest diagnostic programs, but it was failing occasionally when asked to perform some of the easier ones. The Hardy Boys would rush to their analyzers, run the low-level test again, and the failure would not occur. Clearly, it was a "flake." But where did the problem reside?

The executive from the engineering division often visited the lab. One evening he came in and was informed about the "flake." At that moment, one of the circuit boards of the most advanced prototype was sitting out on an extender. The executive walked over to the computer and, to the engineers' horror, grasped the circuit board by its edges and shook it. At that instant, the computer failed. The problem lay in that board's sockets. The engineers replaced all of them; when they were done, the flake was gone forever.

Holberger paid this tribute to the executive: "He got it to fail by beating it up."

On October 8, a maintenance crew came into the lab with a large dolly. Onto it they loaded a prototype Eagle, and, accompanied by several members of the Eclipse Group, they wheeled the machine down a hallway to the software department.

The veterans of the Eclipse Group subscribed to a hypothesis called "the theory of the last bug." It stated that no art could remove from any computer all the flaws in its design; a computer would become obsolete or would stop functioning, some centuries hence, because of dust in its circuits, before the last of its bugs appeared. By their own theory, they would never finish debugging Eagle. Nevertheless, when they shipped it to software, they reached an approximate end. In Eagle, in "la machine," order now reigned over chaos. "It's a computer," Rasala declared.

Several months passed before it became apparent that Eagle was indeed a very good and reliable computer and that it was going to bring in a great deal of money. In the interim, Rasala held to his cautious line, as if by naming the worst he could prevent it from happening. "There's still a small but finite chance that there won't be an Eagle," he'd say. Indeed, only a few weeks before the machine's scheduled public debut, a truly terrible bug appeared.

The Hardy Boys spent several days attempting to isolate its cause. They got close enough to know that they were near to the source of the problem, but they could not fully identify it. Then Holberger said that though he could not name the origin of the bug, he knew how to fix it. His solution involved the addition of only one wire to a circuit. Holberger said he didn't know why his repair would solve the problem; he knew only that it would. He added his magical wire to Eagle, in the software department's lab. One software engineer remarked that hardware design certainly was a peculiar art. Jim Veres offered a better explanation. He said, "A computer to the people who built it, it's part of them. You can almost feel what's wrong with it." □



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Calvin Griffith is a holdout against the forces of change

THE LAST OF THE PURE BASEBALL MEN

BY MICHAEL LENEHAN

OPENING DAY

There was no snow on the ground when the baseball season started in Minnesota this year. The air was bright and warm for a change, and, for another change, the advance ticket sale promised a large crowd for the Minnesota Twins' game against the Oakland A's. Calvin Griffith, the president of the Twins, always gets a bit nervous on Opening Day, so he arrived at Metropolitan Stadium early, a little before ten in the morning, and went straight to his baseball museum of an office, down a long corridor lined with photographs of U.S. Presidents throwing out the first balls of baseball seasons past. Most of the photos were taken at Griffith Stadium in Washington, D.C., when his uncle and foster father, Clark Griffith, the originator of the first-ball tradition, was the owner of the Washington Senators. At the Richard Nixon end of the Presidents' gallery (Jimmy Carter never bothered, and Ronald Reagan was indisposed), was an almost-life-size painting of Walter Johnson, "the Big Train," whose legendary fast ball was the Senators' meal ticket from 1907 to 1927; Johnson won the seventh game of the World Series for the Senators in 1924, when Calvin Griffith was the team's bat boy. On an inside wall, a framed newspaper page proclaimed the Twins champions of the American League for 1965; that was just five seasons after Griffith had moved the Senators to the "upper Midwest," as they call it, when the people of Minnesota still loved their Twins and Griffith was Major League Executive of the Year—a long time ago, in other words.

This year's Opening Day was Calvin Griffith's twenty-first in Minnesota, his last in Metropolitan Stadium, and his first as the unlikely new member of baseball's big-spending fraternity. Next season, if construction continues apace, the Twins will move from the "Met," a tidy, comfortable park in the suburban sprawl just south of the Minneapolis-Saint Paul airport, to the Hubert H.



At left, Griffith watches a game from his box at Metropolitan Stadium. Above, Griffith with the Charlotte Hornets, which he managed in the late thirties and early forties.

Humphrey Metrodome, a bowl of poured concrete that is rising out of what used to be called Industry Square, in downtown Minneapolis. It isn't rising very high: only the top tier of seats is above street level, and the playing surface is some forty-seven feet below. Griffith, who still speaks fondly of the days when every game was played in sunlight, is not very enthusiastic about the prospect of watching baseball in a basement, but something had to be done to improve the Twins' pitiful attendance figures, and, after balking and stuttering and giving the developers fits, he finally agreed that the domed stadium might be it. In the summer of

1979, he committed his club to a thirty-year stay in the Metrodome, and then, over the winter of 1980-1981—to give Minnesota's apparently dwindling population of baseball fans something to see in the place—he signed Butch Wynegar, a strong young catcher, and Roy Smalley, a hard-hitting shortstop, to long-term contracts estimated to be worth a total of \$4,650,000.

This was quite a departure from Griffith's stripped-down, Mom-and-Pop, cash-on-the-barrelhead style of operation, and the local press, which for years had been describing him as an anachronism, a cheapskate, and, occasionally, a Neanderthal, reacted with self-satisfied shock. Calvin Griffith was "the last of the pure baseball men": he financed his operation solely on baseball revenues, he depended for his livelihood on what was left over, and he still believed that baseball was a game of sacrifice bunts and runs batted in, not an "entertainment business" of high-salaried stars, tax write-offs, strikes, court battles, and public-relations strategy. With his sister Thelma, co-owner; and his son, Clark, and Thelma's son, Bruce, executive vice presidents; and his brothers Billy and Jimmy, vice presidents; and his nephew Tommy Cronin, sales and advertising manager; and his hot-dog-selling nieces Joie and Kim and Nancy, and who knows how many others, Griffith had held out stubbornly against the forces of change in baseball. Now, it seemed, he had finally realized that he had only two alternatives, and, finding one of

them unthinkable, he had marshaled his meager resources and readied himself for a season of battle with the monied powers of the American League's Western Division: Gene Autry's Angels of California (Golden West Broadcasters), Walter Haas and Roy Eisenhardt's A's of Oakland (Levi Strauss), Jerry Reinsdorf's White Sox of Chicago (Balcro Company, real estate), Ewing Kauffman's Royals of Kansas City (Marion Laboratories, pharmaceuticals), Eddie Chiles's Rangers of Texas (Western Company of North America, oil-drilling services), and George Argyros's Mariners of Seattle (Arnel Development Corporation, real estate). At the age of sixty-nine, after almost sixty years in the game, Calvin Griffith walked into his office on Opening Day, the lone survivor of a doomed species. Sitting down behind a desktop flotilla of inscribed pencil cups, paperweights, and no fewer than four nameplates identifying him as "Calvin Griffith," he reached for an insulated pot on his desk and spilled about two cups of hot coffee into his lap. A team physician, summoned from the basement of the stadium, pronounced the injury not serious—a first-degree burn—and sprayed a sunburn remedy on his legs. Then Griffith changed into a dry blue suit and sat down to start the season.

There wasn't much for him to do. Five or six years ago he did a little bit of everything in the organization, but now an executive committee composed of his son, Thelma's son, and the traveling secretary, Howard Fox, who joined the Griffith family as a farm-team business manager in 1947, handles many of the day-to-day chores. Griffith took a few phone calls and received a few visitors, but mostly he flipped distractedly through his mail and waited. A television crew came in to interview him for a local "magazine" show, and he showed them a baseball autographed by a left-handed pitcher named—as he pronounced it—"Fie-del Castro." He explained that Fiedel had been scouted by the Senators in the forties but didn't have a major-league fast ball; the ball had been obtained by two of Griffith's Cuban players, Pedro Ramos and Camilo Pascual, and the FBI had visited his office once to have a look at the signature. Later came a phone call from Roy Eisenhardt, the new president of the Oakland A's. Griffith exchanged Opening Day good cheer with the rookie owner, telling him he'd have a lot of fun with his new ball club and assuring him that the Kansas City Royals, who had beaten the A's for the Western Division championship in 1980, couldn't possibly have as good a year in 1981. He gripped the phone by its shoulder holder and held the mouthpiece a few inches from his lips—he tends to talk rather loudly on the telephone—and when the conversation was over, he hung up muttering to himself: "Mmmm. That's unusual." He always asked his well-wishers how they were feeling. He always

greeted them by their first names, and they usually reciprocated. He spat into his wastebasket, with the precision that seems to be in baseball men's genes, and said he would feel a hell of a lot better once the damn game got started.

FATHERS AND SONS: CALVIN AND THE OLD FOX

In 1922, not long after he had bought controlling interest in the Washington Senators, Clark Griffith, at the age of fifty-three, set out to acquire himself a son. He and his wife, Addie, were unable to have children of their own, but Addie's sister Jane, in Montreal, had seven of them, and her husband was ill, so Calvin and Thelma Robertson—the second- and third-oldest of the children—went to Washington and became Calvin and Thelma Griffith. Within a year, their natural father died, whereupon Clark Griffith brought the rest of the Robertson clan to Washington and set them up in a house of their own. Calvin and Thelma, though, stayed with him.

As principal owner and president of the Senators, Clark Griffith was nearing the high point of a baseball career that he had begun at the age of seventeen, when he received ten dollars to pitch a local grudge game for a team in Hoopeston, Illinois. He played in several of the underfinanced and poorly organized baseball leagues of his time, including the American Association, the "major" league that folded in 1891. By 1893 he was with the major league—the National League—pitching for the Chicago Colts (later named the Cubs). Clark Griffith was slight and didn't have much of a fast ball, but he was precise and cunning. He claimed to have invented the screwball, and he was reputedly an expert at tampering with the ball, which was then legal. By the time he was twenty-five they were calling him "the Old Fox." When Ban Johnson and Charles Comiskey declared competitive war on the National League, in 1900, they enlisted Griffith's aid in signing name players to their new American League. He was an established star by this time, and (ironically, in view of later developments) he was active in an early players' association that had organized to oppose the low pay and high-handed tactics of the National League monopolists. Promising better salaries and working conditions, Griffith raided the National League teams and relieved them of thirty-nine of their top players. In 1901, as player-manager of Comiskey's Chicago White Sox, he had a record of 24–7 and won the American League pennant. Two years later, the baseball war having ended, Griffith was dispatched to New York to establish a rival to the National League's Giants. He pitched for and managed the New York Highlanders, later called the Yankees, and he stayed there through the middle of the 1908 season. Next he managed the Cincinnati Reds for a couple of years, and then, before the season in 1912, he joined the Senators as manager and 10 percent owner. Seven years later, he borrowed \$87,000 and bought enough stock in the franchise to install him-

Michael Lenehan writes and edits for the Chicago Reader, a weekly. This is his first appearance in The Atlantic.

self as president. In 1921, he passed his field-manager's chores on to a younger man, and a year after that his heirs arrived from Montreal.

Calvin Griffith didn't know very much about baseball when he came to Washington. "They didn't have any baseball for kids up there in Montreal in those days," he has recalled. "Everything was hockey—hockey, hockey, hockey." Clark Griffith, who was also called "Teach" by his ballplayers, began young Calvin's education immediately. Calvin became the Senators' bat boy in 1923, and the following winter he listened in while Clark Griffith plotted the world championship campaign of 1924. "He used to have a habit all winter long of sitting down trying to work out deals with other clubs," Griffith says of his foster father. "He would write lineups—he would write 101 lineups a week trying to figure out, well, we need this guy, we need this guy . . . And he would talk to you about these things, what he was trying to do, why we needed this and why we needed that. I was just a kid, but he would keep on talking. And you'd go to the ball park and he'd tell you about this and about that—look at that guy's feet, look at that guy's arm, when you're catching you're supposed to observe how the people go into the box because you can get a pretty good idea if they're gonna bunt or if they're gonna hit. Every one of them would have some peculiarity, they would give away a lot of things."

Calvin, a catcher, played ball at Staunton Military Academy, in Virginia, and later at George Washington University, in Washington, D.C. He was named captain of the George Washington team in his junior year there, but he was growing impatient with book learning and asked his foster father if he couldn't do some day-to-day baseball work instead. That may have been just what the old man wanted to hear. He sent Calvin to the Chattanooga Lookouts, the Senators' Southern Association farm team, as secretary-treasurer. Three years later, in 1938, Calvin went to the Charlotte Hornets, in the Piedmont League, as club president and field manager; he won the league championship in his first year. He remained a minor-leaguer until the end of Charlotte's 1941 season, when he went back to Griffith Stadium to take over the concessions operation.

Before Griffith left Washington, his older sister, Mildred, working as Uncle Clark's personal secretary, met and married Joe Cronin, the popular shortstop and manager of the Senators, who later became president of the American League. By the time Griffith returned, Thelma had stepped into Mildred's job and had become engaged to the pitcher Joe Haynes. Things were not going as well on the field or at the gate, however. The glow of the Senators' last pennant, won under Cronin in 1933, had long since dimmed. Attendance had never been spectacular in Washington—Griffith says the club drew a million only once in the family's fifty years there—and the Old Fox was developing a reputation for tightfisted-

ness. When Clark Griffith died in 1955, he left Calvin and Thelma majority interest—about 26 percent each—in a troubled franchise. They tried various ways to turn the club around: they brought in the outfield fences to satisfy the fans' appetite for home runs, and they began selling beer, a practice that Clark Griffith had never abided. Calvin Griffith, meanwhile, was receiving eager visitors from the Twin Cities, and he began keeping charts on the Minnesota weather.

When the American League installed an expansion team in Washington and granted Griffith permission to move to Minnesota for the 1961 season, he was greeted there as a hero, the bearer of big-time baseball to a self-conscious city that wanted badly to be "major league." One of the newspapers ran a color spread on the house that he and his wife, Natalie, bought on Lake Minnetonka; Griffith gave speeches and received honorary keys and was named state chairman of the Christmas Seal campaign. The team made money, which Griffith wisely stashed away for the future. Suspecting his 1964 team was a contender, he re-enacted his uncle's canny strategies of forty-one years earlier. He bought Al Worthington and Johnny Klippstein, both relief pitchers, and then sat back to enjoy the glory of his pennant-winning team of 1965, which played out seven games in the World Series before being defeated by the Koufax-Drysdale Dodgers. After the American League split into two divisions, his club won divisional championships in 1969 and 1970, but the euphoria of championship seasons wore off even faster in Minnesota than it had in Washington. In the early seventies, the star players of the Twins' glory days—Harmon Killebrew, Bob Allison, Tony Oliva—were either gone or beyond their prime, and attendance, consistently more than a million in the franchise's first decade in Minnesota, began falling off. Griffith, who was able to boast in the sixties of having one of the highest player payrolls in the league, responded by tightening his belt, trading or releasing established players when their salary demands became too much for him. When baseball's reserve system was abolished in 1976, setting players free to seek their worth on an open market, the Twins became a farm team to the rest of big-league baseball. The sporting press became critical; the fans grew bitter and stayed home. But Clark Griffith had taught his heir only one business, and only one way to run it: "He told me don't do anything unless you have the money to do it." And that, as Calvin Griffith would say, was it.

LOSING STREAK

By the fourth day of the 1981 season, the Twins were in last place in the American League West, with a record of no wins, three losses. The Oakland A's were in first—three wins, no losses. Before that day was over, Ken Landreaux, who had been traded by the Twins during spring training for Los Angeles Dodger Mickey Hatcher—a young, eager, and inexpensive ballplayer, more



At far left, Calvin Griffith's foster father, Clark, in 1912, when he was manager of the Washington Senators. Center, in 1919, he bought enough stock to become president of the club. Below, father and son.

Griffith's type of player—hit a double and a two-run homer to lead the Dodgers to a 3-2 victory over the Houston Astros. Mike Cubbage, who after four years with the Twins had signed on with the New York Mets for \$150,000 a year—more than Griffith thought he was worth—stroked a pinch-hit sacrifice fly in the top of the ninth to drive home the winning run in the Mets' 2-1 defeat of the Chicago Cubs. Rod Carew, the seven-time American League batting champion, traded by the Twins to California in 1979—a year before he became eligible for free agency—stole home with two out in the ninth inning to break a 6-6 tie with the Seattle Mariners, and the Angels went on to win the game, 8-6. In Minnesota, meanwhile, the Twins were up against the scratch-and-run, anything-goes "Billy Ball" of Oakland manager Billy Martin, who was first employed as a major-league manager by Griffith, in 1969. The Twins won the Western Division championship that year, and Martin, wildly popular with the Minnesota fans and press, was fired on October 13, after the World Series.

Only 5,699 people thought the Twins' Sunday-afternoon game worth attending—the 42,658 who had come on Opening Day were rapidly being averaged into oblivion—but Griffith, number-one fan, presided over them as he always does, from a private eight-seat box on the third level of the stadium, over the first-base line. The box is enclosed in glass, with front panels that can be opened when the weather in Minnesota allows—say, June or July. Griffith sat in his regular corner, the one farthest from home plate, and his regular refreshment was wait-

ing for him when he arrived: a can of Fresca, with two cups, one inside the other, the inner one filled with ice. Howard Fox, who seems to be Griffith's most trusted confidant and adviser, was also in the box, with a newspaper and a scorepad. Members of Griffith's extended family were elsewhere, as usual, but as usual plenty of comrades were in the grandstand seats just below the box. The people who sit there seem to be acutely aware of Griffith's presence behind them; when they want someone in front of them to sit down, they yell, "Down in front! Calvin wants to see the game!" or "Siddown, that comes right from the top!" Occasionally, when an umpire makes a questionable call against the Twins, one or two will stand up, turn around to face Griffith, spread their arms wide, and shake their heads vigorously in sympathy, exaggeratedly mouthing some expression of dismay. Often, a couple of teenage boys find their way to the back door of the box and come in to say hello or beg an autograph. "Don't you ever sell this team," they tell him. "We're with you a hundred percent." "I'm for ya," Griffith replies. "I don't want to sell it. Thank you."

There were plenty of distractions that Sunday, but Griffith rarely missed an important event on the field. After the first inning—the A's scored one run on a Rickey Henderson double, a sacrifice bunt, and a single by Dave Revering—Howard Fox passed Griffith his copy of *Parade* magazine, in a way that suggested it was a Sunday tradition, and Griffith pored through it eagerly, commenting on this article and that advertisement. "Mmmm . . . King Hussein has a food taster . . . Can



UPI

At Opening Day game between the Senators and the New York Yankees in the 1950s, President Eisenhower throws out the first ball. Calvin Griffith is to Ike's left, just behind Casey Stengel. Above, Griffith is welcomed to Minnesota in 1960 by Governor Orville Freeman.

you believe that the IRS can pull you out of your own automobile? Look at this"—he held up the magazine—"they dragged this girl right out of her automobile for not paying her taxes. Boy, I knew they were something, but I didn't know they could go that far. I'm gonna have to read this one. C'mon, Jackson, drive a run in in April this year instead of waiting till May."

Griffith had his head buried in a stat sheet when Mickey Hatcher, playing center field after a couple of shaky starts at first base, came to bat in the Twins' half of the third. Hatcher hit a hard grounder down the third-base line, took off for first as Wayne Gross fielded the ball on a high hop, and then, as Gross's throw was speeding across the diamond, stopped in mid-stride and turned back toward the plate. A voice from the back of the box asked what in the world was going on, and Griffith, without having noticeably lifted his eye from his reading material, explained that it was a foul ball.

Whatever kept him on top of the game—the crack of the bat, the reactions of the fans, slight disturbances in the atmosphere—Griffith didn't have to respond to it very often that day. Oakland pitcher Steve McCatty did not allow a single base hit until the seventh inning, when Glenn Adams hit an infield grounder that bounced off McCatty's foot. Adams failed to advance. In the eighth, with the score still 1-0, Griffith began rooting in earnest for his boys to "give the fans a thrill." Mickey Hatcher obliged with a two-out single, but then Danny Goodwin, pinch-hitting for the young catcher Ray Smith, grounded out to end the rally. (Butch Wynegar was sitting out the

first part of the season, recovering from surgery on his throwing arm.) As soon as Rickey Henderson rolled out to finish the Oakland ninth, before the Twins had even come in off the field to take their last turn at bat, Griffith was pleading. "HOSKEN POWELL," he cried, about three notches above normal volume, "LET'S DO SOMETHING RIGHT! Let's get a two-base hit—a two-base hit and a single. . . C'mon, Hosken, give it a chance, get on there and give us a thrill, c'mon. Fans haven't had a good day out here yet, let's go." Powell popped up to the first baseman. Next up was the second baseman, Rob Wilfong, and before Griffith had a chance to plead with him he looped a soft fly over second base. "That's a base hit," Griffith said, while everyone else in the park was still expecting it to be caught. Now the tying run was on and the game was in the hands of Roy Smalley, the Twins' switch-hitting shortstop. "I wish he was hitting right-handed," Griffith said, "with that wind blowing out like it is now." Smalley took a called strike. "What a pitch that was," Howard Fox said. Smalley stung the next pitch and sent it shooting down the left-field line—a triple, in Griffith's opinion . . . until it curved foul. Fox issued a nasty string of obscenities. Two strikes. "Come on, Roy, *in between*, split the field, *split the field*, make 'em run all the way out to the fence and pick it up off the ground. C'mon . . ."

Griffith watched in despair as Smalley's weak grounder hopped out to the mound. McCatty threw to second for one, Fred Stanley threw to first for two, and Calvin Griffith rose from his seat muttering.

He went down to the Twins Room, where newspapermen and club officials and guests gather after the games, and shot the breeze for a while over a vodka-and-tonic with Billy Martin, Tommy Cronin, and his brothers Billy and Jimmy. He watched the final round of the Masters Tournament on a big color TV, but he didn't stay long. For the first time since he had come north from Florida, Griffith was going home this night, instead of to a sports banquet or a party or a TV taping session. Home is a one-bedroom apartment in Edina, about five miles from the ball park, where Griffith has been living alone since he was separated from his wife, in 1974. She's still in the big house they bought when they came to Minnesota, and Griffith misses the place—especially the fishing dock, where he'd while away the afternoons chatting with neighbors and passersby—but the apartment suits him. At the moment, his living room was cluttered with trunks and suitcases from spring training, and he had to get back to unpack so he could pack again the next morning. His winless ball club was going to Seattle, and Griffith always travels with the team on the first road trip of the season.

FATHERS AND SONS: CALVIN AND THE YOUNG TURK

In October of 1941, only weeks after Calvin Griffith came up from the minor leagues to take a place with the Washington Senators, he and his wife, Natalie, had a son. They named him Clark, and when the time came the young Clark Griffith took his place in the family business. Now thirty-nine, he is described by one observer who knows the organization as a "modern-day expert" in the business of baseball. Along with his fellow executive vice president, Bruce Haynes, Clark handled many of the negotiations that led to the domed-stadium deal, and he receives considerable credit in the press for signing Butch Wynegar and Roy Smalley. Clark Griffith is easy to pick out in the Twins offices. Amid the checked pants, wide ties, funny hats, and oversized bellies of Calvin Griffith and his brothers, he looks the part of the 1981 executive, trim, tanned, and tastefully tweedy. In the executive parking row outside the stadium's office door, his Audi 5000 is conspicuous in a line of Pontiac Bonneville, Chevy Caprice Classics, and Oldsmobile Cutlass Supremes. (Calvin Griffith drives a Bonneville Brougham with license plates that read "CALVIN"; the "Reserved" sign in front of his parking space has been altered to read "Revered.")

When I first met Clark Griffith, I asked him if he would be making the upcoming road trip with the team, and he said, "If you think what goes on between the white lines has anything to do with running a baseball team today, you've got a lot to learn." We met a couple of days later to talk baseball and business. Griffith told me he had played amateur ball in Washington, as a third baseman, shortstop, and center fielder. He preferred center field. He couldn't say what had caused the decline in the

Twins' fortunes, but he talked rather expansively on what had not caused it. What had not caused it, he said, was the thing that everyone thought had caused it—the Twins' cash-poor position in a league of millionaire owners. The conventional wisdom has it that the Griffith family, the only owners left in the league who have no assets other than their ball club, have been unable to compete for players, especially since the abolition of the reserve system. According to this reasoning, a millionaire owner such as Gene Autry or George Steinbrenner can reach into his bank account and take a long-term, multimillion-dollar risk on a ballplayer in the hope of someday recouping his investment in bigger crowds or a better TV contract. Even if the crowds never materialize, this owner's franchise presumably will appreciate in value every year; if he can write his baseball losses off against profits from some other source, the tax system will have, in effect, subsidized an enterprise that he can someday sell at a big capital gain. The benefits are multiplied for new owners, because the IRS allows them to depreciate players' contracts, which can account for up to 50 percent of a franchise's purchase price.

Calvin Griffith's son doesn't like this kind of talk. "People don't necessarily write things off against other businesses," he said. "A loss is a loss, and at best you can write only a percentage off. The Yankees, for example, have a very high payroll. The Yankees also take in \$14 million as gross revenues from gate attendance. They spend a little less than half of that on baseball players. We, on the other hand, spend essentially 100 percent of attendance income on baseball players. Players' salaries are not funded by some wealthy individual or group reaching into their pocket; they're not funded through some misunderstood tax laws. Baseball teams are paid for by baseball fans."

The signings of Butch Wynegar and Roy Smalley, Clark Griffith said, were an act of faith on the part of the Twins management, one that he hoped would be reciprocated by fans at the gate. Was it true, I asked, that he had persuaded his father, against the old man's firmly held principles, to take this plunge into the big-money player market? Griffith didn't really answer; he just said, "It wasn't easy." What was his father's objection—simply that he didn't want to spend money that he didn't already have? Yes.

Clark Griffith and I watched a Saturday-afternoon ball game together, and he appeared to be quite interested in what went on between the white lines. Accompanied by his eight-year-old son, Clarkie, and a friend of Clarkie's named Peter, we sat directly behind home plate, among a group of regulars and old-timers with whom Griffith was obviously familiar and friendly. He bought peanuts, joked with his neighbors, and cheered and hollered at the events on the field. The game was dismal—the Twins collected only six hits and went down 3-0—and the day was not much better: gray, cool, and constantly threaten-

ing rain. I asked Clark a few questions about his father, but on this subject he was not very expansive. Could he tell me anything about his parents' separation? "I think there was a basic lack of communication and compatibility there." Did he think his father was a lonely man? "I don't know if he's lonely or not. You know, that might be a choice he makes." What makes him tick? What's the most important thing in his life? "I don't know what makes him tick. If you mean what kind of stuff he thrives on, I think he likes watching baseball games." He's taken a lot of flak over the years . . . "I think he enjoys taking flak." If Clark owned the team, would he be likely to hold on as long and tenaciously as his father has? "I think that there are many things a person can do in life, and I think doing something different might be interesting at some future date—either a different job within the business, or something totally different. I think it would be exhilarating." What about young Clarkie, who was sitting behind us and rapidly losing interest in the game—was it conceivable that someday he would own a baseball team? "No." My face must have expressed surprise at the quickness of his answer. "Well," Clark said, turning in his seat to ruffle his son's hair, "that depends on him. Right?"

A light rain had begun to fall, and young Clarkie, who for several innings had been lobbying for a trip upstairs to the glassed-in boxes, finally got his wish. We took an elevator to the third level of the stadium, and Clark led us into the booth next to his father's. No word or gesture of greeting passed between father and son, or between grandfather and grandson. Clark Griffith chatted with a radio reporter about Mark Funderburk, a young, power-hitting outfielder whom the Twins were bringing along at their AAA farm team in Toledo, and Clarkie and Peter played a rhyming kids' game that ended with the exclamation "Bellyache!" Calvin Griffith, meanwhile, sat in his corner and talked with a couple of boys wearing baseball hats. It was impossible to hear what they were saying through the glass wall that separated the booths, but it was probably something like "We're with you a hundred percent" . . . "Thank you."

"This is a very close-knit family," Calvin Griffith told me the next day. "I imagine you talked to Clark yesterday, and I imagine he may have told you that we don't talk." (He hadn't told me, but he didn't have to.) "He's just like all other young ones, just like I was, you know. I thought I could do a lot of things different from Clark Griffith." I asked if he meant that his relationship with his foster father had been like Clark's relationship with him. "No," he said. "Mine was so admirable you wouldn't believe it. I appreciated what happened to me . . . I hugged him and everything else, thanked him when he did something especially nice for me, something like that . . . I don't know what would have happened to me if it hadn't been for Clark Griffith. I had everything going for me. Not many people are that lucky."

Calvin's son had pushed hard for the new stadium deal, and Calvin had made him look silly by almost backing out—or appearing to almost back out—at the last minute. The two have also disagreed, according to Calvin, on how aggressively the team should be advertised in the local media. When I asked if anything in particular had caused a falling-out, Calvin answered that he thought his son was angry with him over the Smalley and Wynegar signings. He admitted that he had originally opposed the signings, but he resented the notion that his son was leading the Twins out of the Stone Age, and apparently told him so. "I read things in the paper where Clark is taking credit for this and for that, and it's not that I'm jealous or anything like that—I get my name in print fifteen times more than Clark does—but I just hate to be second-guessed. I don't think I should sit back and allow somebody to say they do this and they do that when they don't do it. And I said, Clark, just remember, no matter what you try to tell me, if your father don't think it's justified, I'm not gonna do it. Because I been in this game a whole many years longer than you . . . When the day comes when I get senile, then you can remove me from the office. But I'm not senile and I want to be a fighter to the nth degree, and that's it. I am the boss, and I'm the only one in this organization that can hire and fire people as I desire."

"Clark," he said, "is a person who lives by the credit card, and I am a person who lives by cash. Cash on the barrelhead and that's it."

ROAD TRIP

Seattle was clear and gorgeous when the Twins opened their two-game series there. From their hotel, you could see Mount Rainier thrusting majestically up out of the horizon, and Calvin Griffith remarked on it several times as Howard Fox—who often calls Griffith "Boss" and is his constant companion on the road—drove us downtown to the Kingdome. Even though his team was still seeking its first victory of the year, Griffith was in good humor, carrying on like a kid walking through an amusement park, taking in everything and commenting on as much as possible. It was my first time in Seattle, and it seemed that he didn't want me to miss anything. As we approached the stadium it was late afternoon; the sun was sitting low over Puget Sound, causing a few big white clouds to pop right out of the sky. Griffith, full of enthusiasm for the buds and trees and sparkling air, proclaimed it a beautiful day for a ball game, and we went indoors to see one.

From a box over third base, he watched his players take batting practice on the green rug below while a PA system filled the empty arena with a Top-40 song by Christopher Cross. It was eerie. In the Kingdome's notoriously still air, hits that looked and sounded like pop flies kept falling into the outfield seats. Real pop flies disappeared into the lights and the white ceiling. "I don't



like it myself," Griffith said glumly, contemplating his future in the Hubert H. Humphrey Metrodome, "but what're you gonna do? This'll give us a chance to play eighty-one games in Minnesota, with no rainouts and everything else. We play so many games in Minnesota that we shouldn't play. We shouldn't play a game when it's 40 degrees, but you have to do it because otherwise you'd lose fifteen, twenty games a year." Last year the Twins lost seven games to the Minnesota weather. That figure may not seem excessive, but club officials point out that bad weather is more damaging in sparsely populated Minnesota than it might be elsewhere. They know that a significant number of their fans come, or came, from considerable distances—the Dakotas, Wisconsin, northern Minnesota, even Montana—and they fear that uncertainty over the weather is keeping some of those long-distance fans away: if the game you've driven 150 miles to see is rained out, you might think twice before making the trip again.

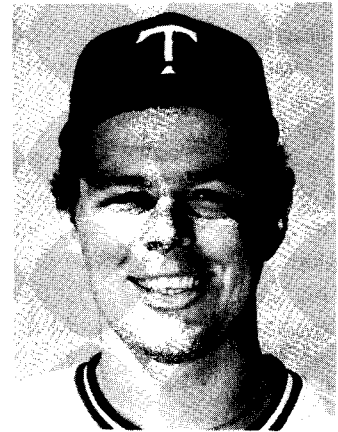
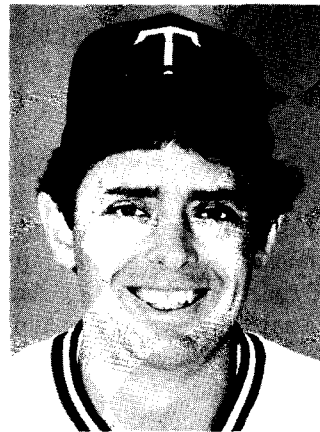
Griffith was sure that the new stadium would help on that score, but he was apprehensive nonetheless. When he moved to Minnesota from Washington, the eager leaders of the Twin Cities area gave him the contract to sell all the beer and bratwurst in Metropolitan Stadium, a right that he had enjoyed in Washington and that had, over the years, pulled the family through more than one lean season. In the new stadium the Twins will receive only 30 percent of the concession profits, and both Griffith and the stadium commission say the Twins will have to draw about 1.4 million fans a year to make a go of it.

Last year they drew 769,206, the lowest attendance in the major leagues. And that's not all Griffith was worried about: as he looked down on the Kingdome playing surface, traversed by ugly seams that can send a ball skipping any which way, he said he had no idea what the physical characteristics of the new stadium would be. Will balls carry well there, as they do in Seattle, or will they die in midair, as they do in Houston's Astrodome, where only forty-eight home runs were hit all last year? Griffith has had his scouts looking for players who will do well on artificial turf—strong arms, "jackrabbits," and boys who "have a lot of cat in 'em"—but if the air in the arena turns out to be hot and light, he'll wish he had signed some home-run hitters instead. Then again, if the Twins draw 700,000 for a couple of years in a row, home runs will be the least of his problems.

Of course, in Seattle, where it rains almost constantly, they love their dome, and on this visit Griffith was encouraged to hear, over and over again, about the benefits of indoor baseball. Perhaps he was also encouraged by the evening's proceedings on the field. Roy Smalley was batting .077 when he stepped up to the plate in the top of the first with a man on second, but the Kingdome is a place where he loves to hit. After taking one strike from the Seattle pitcher Glenn Abbott, he stroked a double down the first-base line to put the Twins ahead 1-0. In the sixth, after the Mariners scored on a double, a single, and a passed ball, Smalley came up again and Griffith said, "C'mon, Smalley, let's get that run back." Smalley hit a home run into the first row of seats in left



Disagreements about money have created problems between Griffith and his son, Clark, seen at far left as a young boy and then in a more recent photograph, and between Griffith and some of his players, such as Rod Carew, left. Before this season, Griffith signed his first expensive, long-term contracts with Roy Smalley and Bruce Wynegar, below.



field, and Griffith beamed. "See, all you have to do is talk to 'em!" The first baseman, Ron Jackson, hit two homers that night—at last, the Twins were beginning to look like hitters—and when it was over Griffith had a 5-4 victory to celebrate.

Smalley hit another homer the next night, but Griffith didn't get nearly as exercised over that as he did when Dave Engle, a young outfielder obtained in the Rod Carew trade, made his first major-league hit, a double, in the eighth. "Get the ball for him, get the ball for him," Griffith muttered as the ball came in from the outfield. When it looked as though the first-base umpire might throw it back to the mound, his voice grew urgent. "Will somebody get the goddamn ball for him!" Finally, the Twins coach Karl Kuehl popped out of the dugout and secured Engle's memento. "Attaboy, Kuehl." The Twins lost, 6-5, and it was on to California.

FATHERS AND SONS:

CALVIN AND THE NATURAL HITTER

In 1964, Calvin Griffith found himself a young man, Rod Carew, who would later, according to both Calvin and his sister Thelma, call him his "second father." Carew was a lonely kid of eighteen at the time. Two years before, he had emigrated with his mother from Panama to New York City. He and his father were not close. Griffith told me about Carew one night as we sat in Anaheim Stadium, which became Carew's baseball home in 1979.

"We have a scout who is a detective in New York City—Herb Stein, still works for us. And he was a subway

detective. And he used to go through all these neighborhoods and everything else, and somebody told him about this kid up there who played stickball. So he went and saw this boy and he liked the action of him and everything else. We were coming into New York, and I even went myself to New York, and I despise New York—but I went to New York on this one trip and we gave the kid a uniform and let him go out there and take batting practice, and he was only up to bat around four or five swings and we said take him in the clubhouse, don't let anybody else see him." Griffith is widely reputed to be one of baseball's most astute judges of raw talent, so I asked him what he saw in the young Carew after only four or five swings. Like many baseball men, he couldn't put it into words. "I just saw the stroke in there, I just saw the stroke that he had . . . He was just a natural hitter. You don't find many like that."

Carew spent about two and a half years in the Twins farm system, and he would have spent more but for Griffith's intervention. After seeing Carew play in spring training in 1967, the Twins manager, Sam Mele, wanted to send him down to the Twins AA farm team in Charlotte, North Carolina. Griffith, who claims he'd done this only once before in his baseball career—with Harmon Killebrew—pulled rank. "I said oh no, you're not gonna send him to Charlotte, you're gonna put him at second base and let him go. I said I think he's a major-league ballplayer and I want to see him get a chance. No experience, the manager said, no experience. I said we'll give him the experience up here in the big show. He made

the All-Star team that year"—and he has been a perennial All-Star since.

Carew evidently did not get along well with all his managers—he was defensive and temperamental by reputation—but Griffith stood by him while he adjusted to notoriety, and for this and other things Carew expressed gratitude on more than one occasion. Today, of course, Carew is the most famous of former Twins and, if the sportswriters are to be believed, also one of Calvin Griffith's most vehement detractors. "Carew, I don't know what happened to him," Griffith says sadly. "If it wasn't for Calvin Griffith I don't know where he'd be today."

One of the causes of the falling-out, certainly, was money. To Griffith, a player's worth as an athlete does not necessarily translate into worth as an employee; if he doesn't bring people into the ball park, he doesn't justify a huge salary. Carew, who was a long time getting the recognition he deserved, was beginning to draw people near the end of his stay in Minnesota, Griffith says, but the team, finishing in third and fourth place through the seventies, never drew enough to pay Carew what he could get elsewhere. Griffith's negotiating style probably didn't help matters any. He dislikes agents intensely, claiming that they mislead their clients and—this seems more important to him—that they deprive him of the one chance he has to talk with his ballplayers face-to-face; often, in his explanation of how he lost this player or that, the agent turns out to be the villain. Griffith is also a very blunt fellow. He remembers things, and he is not the least bit reluctant to bring up a key error or a ninth-inning strikeout in order to squeeze a few extra dollars out of a negotiating session. He calls this habit honesty and says it's the reason players now pay agents to do their negotiating for them. Though he thinks players could benefit from talking over their strengths and weaknesses with an old hand like him, he doesn't think they see it that way. "They don't want to remember the things they didn't do right."

Lately, Howard Fox has been handling most of the Twins player contracts, but Griffith always negotiated with Rod Carew, and Carew received no special treatment; at one point, in order to save a little "do-re-mi," as he would put it, Griffith reportedly pointed out that Carew was just a "singles hitter." As long as the reserve system was still in place, Griffith held the bigger stick in contract negotiations. When Carew's contract came up for renewal in 1975, the player's options were limited: he could accept the Twins' best offer; he could try to get himself traded, which would, of course, have required the club's cooperation; he could take the case to arbitration, which he had done unsuccessfully the year before; or he could quit playing baseball. He signed a three-year contract that Twins sources say was worth an average of \$170,000 a year, and Griffith sweetened the pot with a \$100,000 bonus in 1977, when Carew hit .388 and was

named the American League's most valuable player. By that time, however, the stick had changed hands. As the expiration of Carew's contract approached, it was Griffith who had only three choices: under the new law of baseball, he could accept Carew's terms for a new contract, trade him before his current contract ran out, or watch him play a fourth year—his "option" year—in Minnesota, after which he would be a free agent. In the third case the Twins would lose Carew without even getting a traded player in return, so Griffith really had only two choices.

The situation required delicacy and tact. In September of 1978, Griffith went to speak at a Lions Club function in Waseca, Minnesota, and was quoted as saying that Carew was "a damn fool" for having signed the three-year contract in 1975. The copyrighted story that came out in the *Minneapolis Tribune* three days later, written by Nick Coleman, a reporter who happened to be there, also quoted him on the subject of why he had moved his team to Minnesota: "It was when I found out you only had 15,000 black people here. Black people don't go to ball games, but they'll fill up a rassling ring and put up such a chant it'll scare you to death. It's unbelievable. We came here because you've got good, hardworking white people here."

There followed an uproar, of course, and Griffith has been explaining and apologizing for those remarks ever since. At the time, he claimed that he was quoted unfairly—a claim supported by a couple of the Lions present—and he expressed surprise that the reporter could have distorted his words so thoroughly while using a tape recorder. The reporter replied that he hadn't used a tape recorder. Griffith said—and still says—that he had had a couple of drinks that night and was trying to give his audience a laugh. His reference to Carew, he said, was merely an expression of his belief that long-term contracts are no bargain for ballplayers; he insists that Carew would have done better with the Twins if he had come into his office, sans agent, and negotiated one year at a time. As for the black population of the Twin Cities, he claimed to have said that he was surprised to learn, after coming to Minnesota, that only 15,000 blacks lived there. (Fifteen thousand was a gross underestimate, by the way. But whatever he said, it's worth mentioning that the notion he was referring to—that blacks, as a group, simply don't go to baseball games much, for whatever reason—is not unheard of in baseball circles, though it's by no means common, either. However unfortunately he embellished his reference, Griffith was trying to explain how the Minneapolis metropolitan area, which had a population of about 1.7 million in the 1970 Census, could seem a better place for baseball than the Washington area, with a population of 2.8 million.)

Immediately after the incident, Rod Carew appeared to have written Griffith off completely. In one article he was quoted as saying, "I'm not going to be another nigger



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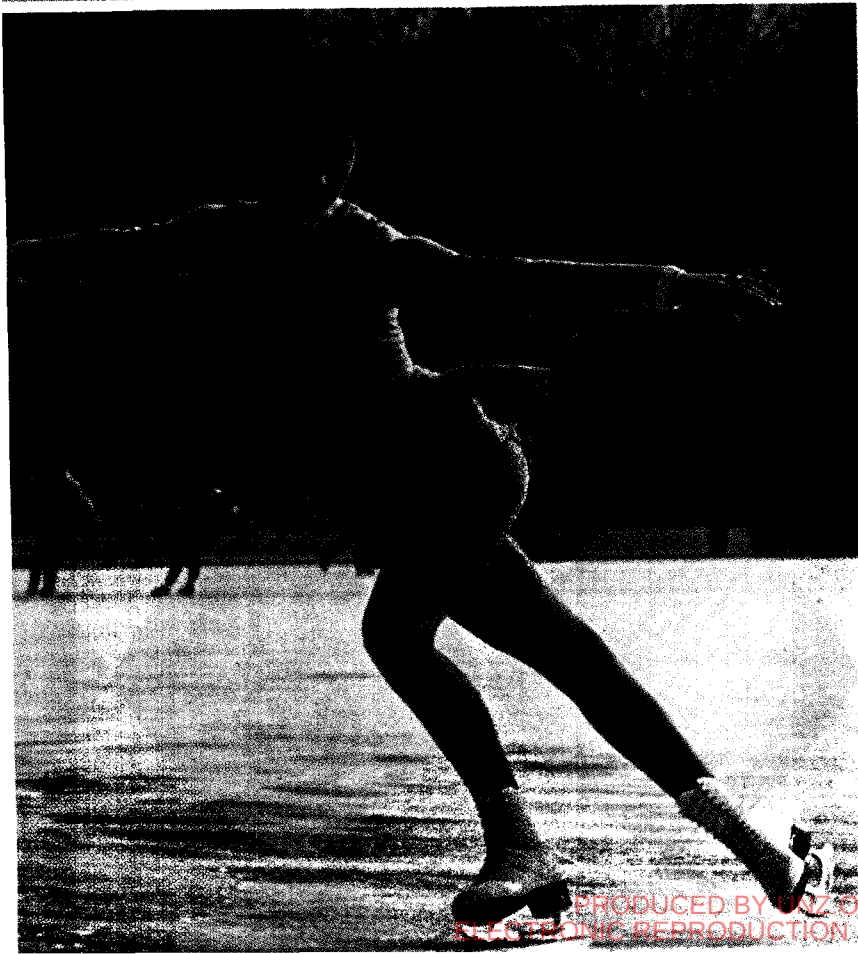
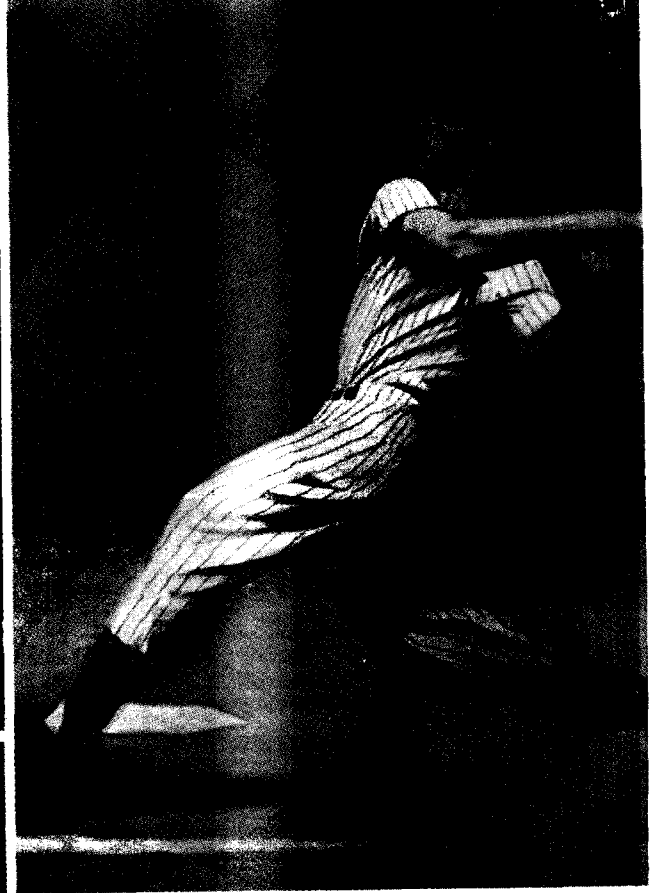
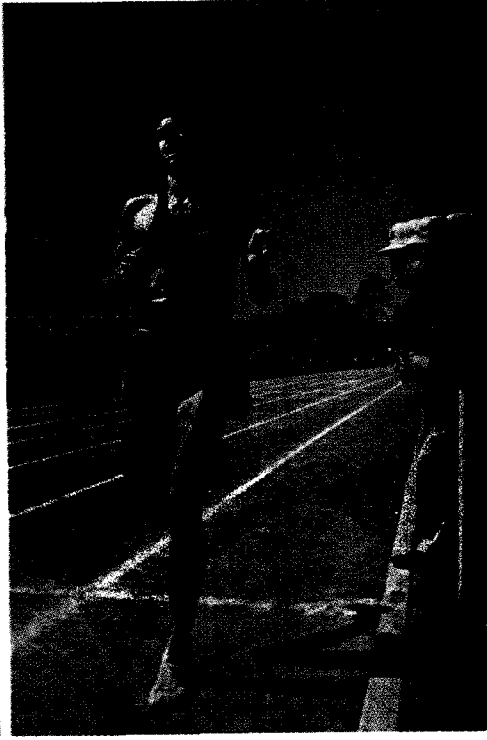
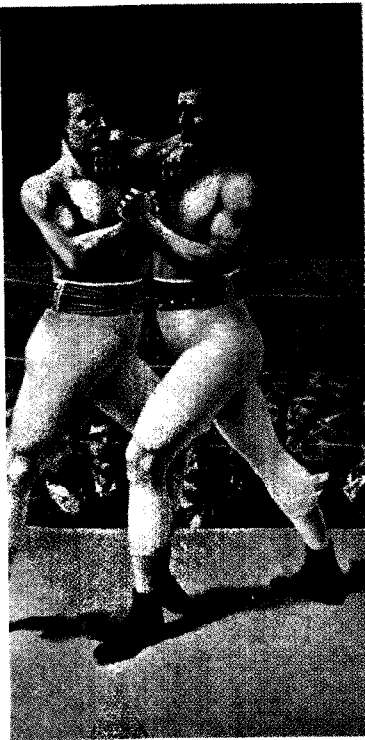
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"Champions of American Sport" organized by The National Portrait Gallery, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, DC. It will appear there June 23 to September 7, 1981 and subsequently travel to Chicago Historical Society, Chicago, IL, October 15 to November 29, 1981; California Museum of Science & Industry, Los Angeles, CA, January 15 to February 28, 1982; and American Museum of Natural History, New York, NY, April 2 to June 27, 1982. The exhibition is sponsored by Philip Morris Incorporated and Miller Brewing Company.

(top left) Giles Litho Company, JAMES J. CORBETT DEFENDING HIS TITLE AGAINST CHARLIE MITCHELL, 1893, Chicago Historical Society; (top center) Photograph of JIM RYUN by RICH CLARKSON, 1966; (top right) Harvey Dinnerstein, THE WIDE SWING, 1975, Capricorn Galleries, Bethesda, Maryland; (bottom left) Photograph of PEGGY FLEMING by John G. Zimmerman, 1968; (bottom center) Photograph of WILT CHAMBERLAIN by WALTER IOOSS, JR., 1972; (bottom right) Miguel Covarrubias, HELEN WILLS, c. 1927, Humanities Research Center, University of Texas at Austin. © Philip Morris Inc. 1981

on his plantation." In another, "He respects nobody and expects nobody to respect him. Spit on Calvin Griffith." Just a few days later, however, he said, "Everybody is trying to get me to rap Calvin . . . I'm through talking about the incident." And in January of 1979, when his contract was being negotiated, Joe Soucheray of the Minneapolis *Tribune* quoted him as saying, "I'm not trying to be another Pete Rose [referring to Rose's recent \$800,000-a-year deal with the Philadelphia Phillies]. I've been underpaid for so many years now that it no longer bothers me . . . I've been willing to make concessions. I've been willing to take less money than people think." It seemed to Soucheray and to at least one other local sportswriter that Carew was beginning to regret the prospect of leaving. Soucheray asked, "What are we to make of Carew's sentimental wavering? Carew is practically crying out for Griffith to take advantage of him." In the end, Carew was traded to California, where he reportedly signed a five-year contract for \$4 million.

On a wet Saturday afternoon in Anaheim, I approached Rod Carew to ask him about the incident. I couldn't claim to know Calvin Griffith well, but I found myself agreeing with the disinterested onlookers who had told me that he couldn't possibly have meant any harm by the things he was supposed to have said—although knowing Calvin, all agreed, it was entirely possible that he had said them. I wondered if Carew could have meant the things that he was supposed to have said. I had in mind his ambivalence about leaving Minnesota, and I suppose I was speculating that it had all been an unfortunate misunderstanding, aggravated into significance by the press and by the contradictory feelings that might pass between a now-mature player and the man he had called his second father. Carew was not very expansive on the subject. "I don't care to talk about the Twins organization," he said. "For some reason everything I say about it gets twisted and turned."

MAYBE NEXT YEAR

When I last spoke with Calvin Griffith, the 1981 baseball season was little more than two months old, and already it had brought setbacks enough to last most owners an entire year. The team was digging itself deeper into the cellar every day, and home attendance, averaging fewer than 8,000 a game, foretold one of the worst seasons, perhaps the worst, in the franchise's history. In mid-May, Griffith had fired the manager, Johnny Goryl, and had replaced him with the third-base coach, Billy Gardner; Goryl, he said, was "just too nice a guy." About

the same time, just a few days after Butch Wynegar had returned to the lineup, Roy Smalley had gone out with a chronic back injury, and on June 12, the Major League Baseball Players Association went on strike, an action that threatened to place the 1981 season in limbo. Through it all, Griffith was hopeful. Hope, and its companion stubbornness, keep the last pure baseball man going in the hostile environment of the new baseball.

Griffith once told a story in which the Yankees owner, George Steinbrenner, pointed a finger at him across a



meeting room: "You can't compete with me," Steinbrenner barked. "How can you? The Yankees gross \$28 million a year and the Twins gross \$5 million." Those numbers might not be scrupulously accurate, but the analysis becomes truer every day. Over the past decade, all of the significant developments in baseball economics have made the rich richer and the poor poorer. The boom in television revenues has skewed income toward the already rich teams in major media markets, where advertisers are willing to pay dearly for commercial time; this year, according to a *Broadcasting* magazine survey, the New York Yankees expected to collect some \$4 million for local

broadcast contracts, while the Kansas City Royals, who beat the Yankees for the American League pennant in 1980, could hope for no more than \$500,000. At the same time, salary arbitration is raising the poorer teams' expenses; last year, an arbitrator virtually forced the pitiful Chicago Cubs to trade their most popular player, the relief pitcher Bruce Sutter, by awarding him an annual salary of \$700,000, a figure presumably based on the salaries paid by richer teams to similarly talented relievers. Increasingly, it seems, the George Steinbrenners are setting the salary standards for the Calvin Griffiths. If these trends are not reversed, baseball will slowly devolve into a withered roster of regional super-teams—fans in Boston will find themselves cheering for, God forbid, the East Coast Yankees.

That day is a long way off, but Griffith's day of reckoning may be close at hand. According to Twins press materials and audit sheets that Griffith read to me, the team lost money consistently through the early 1970s. They made something more than \$1.5 million in the years 1976-1979, but much of that money came from the concession stands and much of it was wiped away by the season of 1980, a debacle that Griffith thought impossible. The Twins brought in about \$3.5 million at the gate in 1980, probably the lowest attendance income of the twenty-six major-league teams, and their local broadcast income was about \$1.25 million, lower than that of thir-

teen others. Even with their scanty player payroll—approximately \$3 million, one of the three or four lowest in the American League—the Griffiths spent about \$1.2 million more than they took in for the season, reducing their cash surplus to less than \$1.5 million. The 1981 season could be worse.

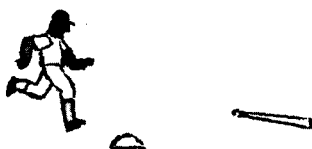
The temptation to get out of the game must visit Griffith often in the night. If he sold out tomorrow, he could transform himself from an anxious, beleaguered scapegoat into a millionaire. He prefers, however, to hang on and hope. He knows that he is uncannily capable of snatching profit from the jaws of disaster—in 1978, for example, he put \$21,000 in the bank on a total attendance of less than 800,000—and he hopes he can stay afloat long enough to see some changes. The domed stadium should be good for attendance, at least until the novelty is gone, and maybe by that time baseball's spendthrift owners, who are currently committing themselves to huge salary expenditures for decades into the future, will realize that they can't go on like that forever. Maybe the boom in cable and subscription TV will produce some cash, and maybe major-league baseball teams will learn someday to share their TV revenues, an arrangement that has worked well to maintain competitive balance in the National Football League.

Maybe the Twins will get hot. Last year, after the manager, Gene Mauch, abandoned the team in late August, it won twenty-three of thirty-six games, including a team-record twelve straight, and rose from fifth place to third in the American League West. This year, the Twins are inept but young, and Griffith thinks they are only two or three players away from being contenders. Maybe he'll find those players in the minors. Griffith has always poured a disproportionate share of his income into his farm system—more than \$2 million last year, which, he says, ranks the Twins higher than all but eight or nine other teams in the majors—and that investment, which has produced such players as Rod Carew, Tony Oliva, Bill Campbell, and Bert Blyleven, is bound to pay off again. Stranger things have happened in baseball. Two years ago, the Oakland A's attracted only 306,763 paying cus-

tomers. Their payroll, less than \$1.3 million, was widely reputed to be the lowest in the league, and their owner, Charlie Finley, was a notorious and much-vilified tightwad. But while his franchise was apparently crumbling around him, Finley was drafting young players wisely and trading shrewdly, and, when the 1981 season opened, the A's terrorized the American League West, setting a major-league record by winning eleven games before losing one. They went on to win eighteen games in April, tying another record, and their home attendance over the first month of the season averaged almost 25,000 a game, a rate that would translate to 1.8 million over a seventy-three-date season. If the Twins could turn around like that, Calvin Griffith could be a hero again. Winning would transform him from a stubborn, gruff, ineloquent anachronism into a persistent, no-nonsense, colorful charmer, a grand old guardian of national tradition.

Of course, there's a twist to the Oakland story. Last winter, before he could enjoy the benefits of his labors, Charlie Finley sold his ball club to a group of blue-jeans magnates. The irony is not lost on Calvin Griffith; he knows the same could happen to him. In the immediate future he can borrow if he has to, and pass the debt on to a new owner if he runs out of time, but the immediate future will not last long. "I don't want to sell," he told me, "but I'm not gonna be a goddamn fool about it, and get involved where the corporation is \$5 million in the hole or something . . . I'm not *that* stubborn. If I see the handwriting on the wall that there's no more future in the game, then we're gonna have to get out."

And what, I asked, would Griffith do if he suddenly found himself without his Twins? I had heard him talk often about fishing and golf and the sunny life in Florida, and I was taken aback by his answer. "Most likely," he said, "crawl into a shell and die." I hope it doesn't happen that way. Whatever his failings, Griffith does a rare job well—he loves baseball—and it's a job that gets harder to do every day. He deserves a nice exit. I hope he goes with a can of Fresca in front of him, his son and his grandson at his side, and men on first and third with nobody out, giving the fans a little thrill. □



THE TIP-TOP CLUB

A STORY BY GARRISON KEILLOR

THE IDEA OF POURING WARM SOAPY WATER INTO overshoes and wearing them around the house to give yourself a relaxing footbath while you work is one that all fans of WLT's *The Tip-Top Club* seem to have remembered over the years, along with the idea that if you're depressed you should sit down and write a letter to yourself praising all of your good qualities, and the idea of puffing cigarette smoke at violets to prevent aphids.

Every evening, Sunday through Thursday, at 10 P.M. ("and now . . . direct from the *Tip-Top* studio in downtown Minneapolis . . ."), WLT played the *Tip-Top* theme song—

Whenever you feel blue, think of something nice to do;
That's the motto of the *Tip-Top* crew.
Don't let it get you down, wear a smile and not a
frown,
And you'll be feeling tip-top too.

—and Bud Swenson came on the air with his friendly greeting: "Good evening, Tip-Toppers, and welcome to *your* show. This is your faithful recording secretary, chief cook and bottle-washer, Bud Swenson, calling the Club to order and waiting to hear from you." And of the hundreds of calls that came in on the *Tip-Top* line (847-8677, or T-I-P-T-O-P-S), and of the fifty or sixty that actually got on the air, many were from listeners who simply wanted Bud to know they were doing fine, feeling good, and enjoying the show. "And—oh, yes," they might add, "we got our boots on," referring to overshoes.

Every night, Bud got at least one request for a copy of the poem a woman had written about writing a letter to yourself. It was called "Dear Me," it was a hundred and eight lines long, WLT mailed out 18,000 copies of it in the six months after it was written (May 18, 1956), and it began:

When I look around these days
And hear blame instead of praise
(For to bless is so much harder than to damn),
It makes me feel much better
To write myself a letter
And tell myself how good I really am.

Dear Me, Sorry it's been
So long since I took pen
In hand and scribbled off a word or two.
I'm busy with my work and such,
But I need to keep in touch
Cause the very closest friend I have is you.

Through times of strife and toil,
You've always remained loyal
And stuck with me when other friends were far,
And because we are so close,
I think of you the most
And of just how near and dear to me you are.

As for puffing smoke at violets, it touched off a debate that lasted for years. For months after it was suggested by an elderly woman, Bud got call after call from listeners who said that smoke-puffing would *not* discourage aphids; that even if it would, there are *better* ways to discourage aphids; and, worse, that it might encourage young people to take up smoking.

The pro-puffers replied hotly that: (1) you don't have to *inhale* in order to *puff* on a plant; (2) the treatment should be given only once a week or so; and (3) anyone who wants to smoke probably will go ahead and do it *anyway*, violets or *no* violets.

As time passed, the issue became confused in the minds of some Tip-Toppers, who came to think that Bud himself was a smoker (he was not). To the very end (November 26, 1969), he got calls from listeners wanting to know if he didn't agree with them that smoking is a filthy habit. (He did.)

At Bud's retirement party, Roy Elmore, Jr., president of WLT, presented him with twenty-five potted violet plants, one for each year of service.

Controversy was the very thing that distinguished *The Tip-Top Club*. It had none. Edgar Elmore, the founder of WLT, abhorred controversy, and the terms of his will bound his heir, Roy, Jr., to abhor it also. Though Edgar never heard Bud's show, having died in 1942, nine years before the Club was formed, he certainly would have enjoyed it very much, as Roy, Jr., told Bud frequently. No conversation about religion or politics was permitted, nor were callers allowed to be pessimistic or moody on the air. If a person started in to be moody, he or she was told firmly and politely to hang up and *listen* to the show and it would cheer him or her up. Few had to be told.

Garrison Keillor is the host of an unusual program called A Prairie Home Companion, which is broadcast live every Saturday night on National Public Radio.

Vacations and pets were favorite *Tip-Top* topics, along with household hints, children, gardening, memories of long ago, favorite foods, great persons, good health and how to keep it, and of course the weather. Even when the weather was bad, even in times of national crisis, the Tip-Toppers always came up with cheerful things to talk about.

One reason for the show's cheery quality and the almost complete absence of crank calls was Bud's phone policy. After the first year he never divulged the *Tip-Top* phone number over the air (nor, for that matter, over the phone). In fact, it was an unlisted number, and one could obtain it only from another Tip-Topper. This tended to limit participation to those who understood the rules and accepted them.

The main reason for the show's cheery quality was Bud himself and his radio personality. His voice wasn't deep but his style of speaking was warm and reassuring, and he always tried to look on the bright side, even as host of *The Ten O'Clock News* (starting July 1, 1944). On the newscast, Bud played up features and human-interest stories and he skimmed over what he called "the grim stuff." He might devote fifteen seconds to a major earthquake and three minutes to a story about a chimpanzee whose fingerpaintings had been exhibited at a New York gallery and fooled all the critics. His approach offended a few listeners ("the New York *Times* crowd," he called them), but most people liked it. Bud pulled in fifty or sixty fan letters a week, more than all other WLT newscasters combined.

After reading a few headlines, he'd say, "Oh, here's something you might be interested in," and he'd tell about a dog that had actually learned to sing and sing on key, or read a story about the world's largest known tomato, or about a three-year-old kid who was a whiz at chess; and then he'd talk about a dog that *he* knew, or a kid *he* knew, or a tomato *he* had seen, and then he'd say, "Well, I don't know. Let me know what *you* think."

At first, some letters said, "What happened to the news?" but they quickly dwindled. ("Anger doesn't last," Roy, Jr., said. "Only love is lasting. Angry people spout off once and then get over it. The people who love you are loyal to the end.") Most of the letters were about a story Bud had read: the letter-writer described a similar experience that *he* had had, or quoted a poem or a saying that the story had reminded *her* of—and Bud made sure to read every one of those letters on the air. One day in the winter of 1950, Roy, Jr., said, "It's time to close down the News. You need a new shingle."

ACCORDING TO BUD, *THE TIP-TOP CLUB* WAS THE IDEA of a woman in St. Paul. "We love your show," she wrote in January, 1951, "and feel that truly it is our show too. When I listen, as I do every night, I feel as if I am among friends and we are all members of a club that gathers around our radios. We share ideas and experiences, we inspire each other with beautiful thoughts, and I only wish I could meet personally every one of the wonderful people who also write to you, for when they write to you, they are truly writing to me also."

Bud read her letter on the air, and listeners responded favorably to the idea of a club. (Since he had often referred to his stories as "News-Toppers," Bud suggested the name *Tip-Top Club* and it stuck.)

Nobody at WLT quite remembers who came up with the phone idea. WLT had been doing remote broadcasts over telephone lines for years, starting with the *WLT Barn Dance and Bean Feed* in 1938; all that needed to be done to put a telephone signal on the air was wrap the bare end of one wire around the bare end of another. One night, Bud's engineer, Harlan, did just that, and a woman's voice came on describing dark thun-

derstorm clouds moving east toward Minneapolis.

"Is it raining there yet?" asked Bud.

"No," she said, "but it will be, any minute now. But I've got my boots on!"

Roy, Jr., was leery of the phone idea from the start. "Every foulmouth in town will be slobbering into his telephone for the chance to get on the air," he told Bud. "Every creep who writes on toilet walls, every dummy, every drunken son-of-a-bitch from hell to breakfast. We'll be running a nuthouse. We'll lose our license in a week."

Then Harlan came forward with his tape loop. Harlan was one who seldom cracked a smile, but when WLT bought its first tape recorders, two big Ampexes, in 1949, he was like a boy with a new toy. He recorded everything on tape, and he played around with it, and his favorite game was to play around with Bud's voice. At first, he got a kick out of playing Bud's voice at a faster speed so he sounded like a hysterical woman; then backward, which sounded like Russian; then slower, so Bud sounded drunk; and then Harlan became fascinated with editing Bud. With a razor blade in hand, Harlan went through thousands of feet of Bud tape, finding a word here and a word there, and a vowel sound here and a consonant there, making new words, and snipping and splicing hundreds of little bits of tape to form a few sentences spoken in Bud's own voice, in which Bud spoke, in his own warm



and reassuring tones, about having carnal relations with dogs, cats, tomatoes, small boys, chimpanzees, overshoes, fruit jars, lawn mowers. It was disgusting, and also an amazing feat of patience. In two years, Harlan assembled just three minutes of Bud.

Harlan solved the problem of loonies by the simple trick of threading a continuous loop of tape through two machines sitting side by side. Bud and his telephone caller could be recorded on the first machine, which fed the tape to the second machine, which played it back on the air three seconds later. If the caller said something not befitting the show, Harlan, listening to the first machine, would have three seconds in which to turn off the second. "Can't beat it," said Harlan. "I hit the button and they die like rats."

Nevertheless, Roy, Jr., was on hand for the first taped show and supervised the Stop button personally. "I trust you," he told Harlan, "but the way you talk, you might not notice profanity until it is too late." Bud explained the tape loop on the air and invited calls as Roy, Jr., hunched over the machine, his finger in position, like a ship's gunner waiting for incoming aircraft. The first caller was a man who wanted to know more about the loop and if it might have useful applications in the home. He got flustered in mid-call and stopped. On his radio at home, he heard his own voice, delayed by tape, saying what he had said three seconds before. "Please turn your radio down," Bud said. It was a line that he was to repeat thousands of times in the next eighteen years.

"This has been an historic event," Roy, Jr., said proudly when the show was over. He had cut off just two calls, the first one after the words "What in hell—" and the second at the mention of the Pope ("Probably nothing, but I wasn't about to take chances," he explained to Harlan).

Most of the calls were about the tape loop, with all callers favoring its use, howbeit with some trepidations that a mechanical failure or employee carelessness might lead to tragedy. Several were worried that certain persons might try to fool Bud, opening their calls with a few innocuous remarks and then slipping in a fast one. ("Thanks for the tip," said Bud. "I'm confident we can handle them.")

Communists, people agreed, might be particularly adept at subverting the tape loop. Communists, one man reported, learned these techniques at special schools, including how to insinuate their beliefs into a conversation without anyone being the wiser. ("Appreciate your concern, sir, and, believe me, we'll be on guard.")

IT WAS THREE WEEKS BEFORE ROY, JR., TURNED OVER the guard duty to Harlan and Alice the switchboard girl. Alice was to screen all callers: no kids, no foreign accents, and nobody who seemed unusually intense or determined to get on the air. Harlan was the second line of defense. Roy, Jr., instructed him to listen carefully to each call and try to anticipate what the caller was driving at; and if the conversation should drift toward deep waters—hit the button. No politics. No religion except

for general belief in the Almighty, thankfulness for His gifts, wonder at His creation, etc. No criticism of others, not even the caller's kith and kin. Roy, Jr., didn't want them to get dragged into family squabbles and maybe have to give equal time to a miffed husband or mother-in-law giving *their* side of it. No promotion of products, services, clubs, fund drives, or events.

"What's left to talk about?" Harlan wondered. "Not a goddamn helluva lot."

And, at first, the Tip-Toppers seemed unsure of what to talk about too. "Just thought I'd call and say Hi," one would say. "Great. What are you doing tonight?" Bud would ask. "Oh, not much," the caller would

reply. "Just sitting here listening to the show."

Gradually, though, they loosened up, and when Bud said to a caller, "Tell me about yourself," the caller generally did. Most Tip-Toppers seemed to be older persons leading quiet lives and keeping busy with hobbies and children and grandchildren, and judging from the interest in household hints their homes were neat as a pin and in good repair. They were unfailingly courteous ("The distinguished gentleman who spoke earlier on cats was very well-informed on most points, but I feel he may have overlooked the fact that cats will not shed if brushed regularly"), and soon Harlan was taking his finger off the button and relaxing in the control room and even leaving for a smoke now and then. The few nuts who called in Alice soon recognized by voice—she enjoyed talking with them, and after a few conversations they always asked for her and not for Bud. They sent her gifts, usually pamphlets or books but occasionally a box of cookies or a cake, which, on Harlan's advice, she did not eat. Three months went by, and not a single nut got past the loop; Roy, Jr., raised Bud's salary and even gave him a contract—six months with an option of renewing for three more.

"It is so pleasant in this day and age when we are subjected to so much dissension and mud-slinging to take a rest and listen to a show that follows the old adage 'If you can't say something nice, don't say anything at all,'"



a woman wrote to Bud. "I am a faithful listener-in and now have a telephone in my bedroom so that I can participate after turning in. I go to sleep listening to the show, and I believe I sleep better knowing it is there."

Sleep was a major item on the *Tip-Top* agenda: how much is needed? how to get it? what position is best? Many scorned the eight-hour quota as wasteful and self-indulgent and said four or five is enough for any adult. "The secret of longevity is to stay out of bed," said one oldster.

Most members disagreed; they felt they needed more sleep, and one call asking for a cure for insomnia would set off an avalanche of sleep tips—warm milk, a hot bath, a brisk walk, a brief prayer, a mild barbiturate—each of which had gotten the caller through some difficult nights. A doctor (he called in often, usually to settle somebody's hash on the value of vitamins, chiropractic medicine, and vegetarian diets) offered the opinion that worry causes 95 percent of all sleeplessness. He suggested that Tip-Toppers who go to bed with restless thoughts should fill their minds instead with pleasant memories and plans for vacations.

As for vacations, there were strong voices in the Club who argued that a Minnesotan's vacation money should be kept at home, not spent abroad. The rest of the world, it was said, could be seen perfectly well in the pages of the *National Geographic*. There was general agreement, however, that the purpose of a vacation is to rest and enjoy yourself and not necessarily to visit family members or to catch up on work around the house.

Housework was important, though, a sure antidote for grief and worry and feeling sorry for yourself. To scrub a floor or paint a wall or make a pie was better than going to a psychiatrist. At the same time, there was no use taking more time than necessary to get the job done, and every job had its shortcuts. "What's a quick way to get bubble gum out of hair?" a woman would ask, and minutes later, a legion of women who had faced that very problem would rally to her side. Give the Club a problem, and in short order the Club solved it, whether it be a wobbly table, a grape-juice stain, or a treacherous stair tread, and then it suggested two or three things you could do in the time you had saved, such as making lovely and useful gifts from egg cartons, Popsicle sticks, and bottle caps.

And then there were hobbies. Bud often asked callers, particularly the shyer ones, to talk about their hobbies. He *never* asked about their occupations, not after the first few times: the answers were always apologetic-sounding—"Oh, I'm just a truck driver," or "Oh, I just work for the Post Office." But ask someone what he did in his spare time and the answer might be good for five or ten minutes.

Club members tended to be collectors. It seemed as if every object of which there was more than one sort, type, shape, brand, color, or configuration was the object of

some collector's affection. "I have matchbook covers from more than thirty-five countries." "Some of my fruit jars have been appraised at ten dollars and more." "I hope someday to open a license-plate museum." "I plan to donate my nails to the historical society."

Bird-watching, a sort of collecting, was also popular, and Bud had to put a damper on the bird people, they were so fanatical. One might call in and say, "I wonder if anyone out there can help me identify a bird I heard this morning. Its call sounded something like this—" and then whistle, "*Twee-twee, twee-twee*," and suddenly Alice was swamped with calls, some identifying the bird, some saying they had heard it too and didn't know what it was either, and others wondering if the bird's call perhaps wasn't more of a "*Twee-it, twee-it*."

FIVE NIGHTS A WEEK, FROM 10 P.M. TO SIGN-OFF, BUD SAT in Studio B behind a table, the earphones clamped on, and scribbled notes on a pad as one Tip-Topper after another poured it out. After the first few months of the tape loop, he quit reading news stories, and after the Club had hit full stride, telephonically speaking, he himself said very little, aside from an occasional question. He became a listener. For eighteen years, from 1951 to 1969, he sat in the same chair, in the same position (slightly hunched, head down and supported with one hand, the other hand writing, feet on the floor), and heard the same stuff, until he seemed to lose whatever personality he had in the beginning. He became neutral. "A goddamn ghost," Harlan said. "When he comes in, I don't even see him anymore. He don't really exist, except on the air."

At the age of sixty-five, he quietly retired. He didn't mention his retirement on *The Tip-Top Club*. Tip-Toppers didn't know he was gone until they tuned in one night and heard Wayne Bargo. Wayne was the only WLT announcer willing to take the show. Others had subbed for Bud before when he took vacations and they noted a certain snideness, a meanness, among the Tip-Toppers, who implied in their conversations that the new man, while adequate, was certainly no Bud. "Bud would *know* that," a caller might say. "Bud wouldn't have said that." "Maybe I'll talk to Bud about it. When is Bud coming back?"

So one night out of the clear blue it was *The Tip-Top Club with Wayne Bargo*, and one can only imagine the shock that Bud's fans felt to hear a new theme song (Simon and Garfunkel's "Sounds of Silence") instead of the old *Tip-Top* song, and then Wayne Bargo delivering a tribute to Bud as if Bud were dead. He called him "an innovator" and "a genius" and "a man who was totally concerned about others." "I loved him," said Wayne. "He was a totally understanding, giving type of man. He was someone I could always talk to about my problems."

"Friends, I know you're as disappointed as I am that

Bud won't be here with us anymore, and let me tell you, I'd give anything if he were, and I want to be honest with you and admit that I've never done this type of show before and I don't know how good I am at talking with people, and maybe some of you will even wonder what I'm doing in the radio business and I have to admit that you may have a point there, but I would rather be honest about this than sit here and pretend that I'm somebody that I'm not, because I think that honesty has a place in radio, I don't think a radio personality has to be some sort of star or an idol or anything, I think he can be a real person, and even if I should fail and would quit this show tomorrow, I'd still be satisfied knowing I had done it my way and not tried to be like somebody else."

The Tip-Toppers heard him out; there was a minute or so of lull at the switchboard (perhaps they were too dazed to dial, or else they were composing carefully what they would say); and then the first wave struck. Even Harlan was surprised by the abuse Wayne got.

First call: "Why wait until tomorrow? Why not quit tonight?" (Wayne: "Thanks for calling.") A man said, "Oh, don't worry that we'll consider you a star, Wayne. Don't worry about that for one minute!" (Wayne: "Okay, I won't.") A woman said it was the worst night of her life. (Wayne: "It's hard for all of us.") "You make me abso-

lutely sick. You're the biggest mistake they've made down there!" ("I appreciate your honesty, sir. I don't necessarily agree with that statement, but I think it's important that you feel you can be honest with me.")

By midnight, Wayne had logged almost a hundred calls, most of them quite brief and most cut off by Harlan. The longest exchange was with a woman who wanted to know where Bud was. Wayne said that Bud had retired.

SHE: Then I'd like his number.

HE: I'm sorry?

SHE: I want Bud's phone number.

HE: I—ma'am, I wish I could give you that but I can't, it's against company policy. We don't give out announcers' home numbers to the general public.

SHE: Well, I'm not the general public. I'm Grace Ritter and he knows me even if you don't.

HE: I'm sorry, but—

SHE: And this is his show, and I think he has a right to know what you're doing to it! (CLICK)

During the midnight newscast, Roy, Jr., called and told Wayne he was doing great. "I knew it'd be tough sledding the first night," he said, "but you stick in there. They're sore about Bud, but in three weeks they'll get tired and give up and all you'll get is flowers."



SLOW MOTION

Her liquid look as dark
as antique honey,
the auburn of her hide
improbably domestic,
the color of a collie or a
Jersey calf, she occupied,
unantlered, a knob-jointed
monument to mild inquiry,

the total sun of that July
mid-morning. Astonishment
sometimes, as it moved
then, moves slowly
to fill up the heart's abruptly
enormous hollow
with stilled cold
as from a well.

Daring her, I stole
a step. One ear
shifted its ponderous
velour to winnow
what my own bare
tympanum merely spilled
and scattered like
a gust of lost pollen.

The meshes of a life
at close attention
went dense; the heaved
limbs upended slowly
as a flow of honey,
the white scut half-
lifted in a lopsided
wigwag, as though
even the wildest of
surmises need be
in no great hurry.

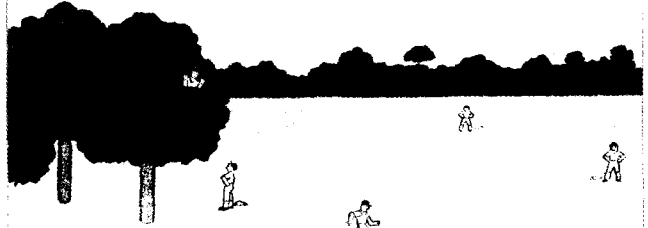
—Amy Clampitt

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THE Atlantic

JAMES FALLOWS / VLADIMIR NABOKOV / V.S. NAIPAUL / GARRISON KEILLOR / JAMES ATLAS



THE LAST OF THE PURE BASEBALL MEN

BY MICHAEL LENEHAN

andrew fletcher

The card in this issue will bring The Atlantic to you at a surprisingly reasonable rate.

IT DIDN'T WORK THAT WAY. FOR ONE THING, WAYNE had little interest in the old *Tip-Top* topics. He was divorced and lived in an efficiency apartment (no lawn to keep up, no maintenance responsibilities) and had no pets or children. His major interest was psychology. "People fascinate me," he said. ("You don't fascinate me," someone said.) He read psychology books and talked about them on the air. He said that he was undergoing therapy, and it had helped him to understand himself better. ("What's to understand?")

His other interests were eating out in foreign restaurants, attending films, and planning a trip to the Far East. ("How about leaving tomorrow?") Occasionally, he got a friendly caller who also liked Szechuan cuisine or Carl Rogers or Woody Allen movies, and he reached out and hung onto that call for dear life. Those calls would last for fifteen, twenty minutes, as if the caller were an old college chum he hadn't heard from in ages, but when he hung up, the Tip-Toppers were waiting, more determined than ever.

THEM: This show is so boring. You talk about stuff that nobody but you is interested in.

HIM: I really think you're mistaken about that, at least I hope you are, but more importantly, I think that I would have no business being here if I *didn't* talk about things that interest me, because, when all is said and done, I do have to be myself.

THEM: That's the problem, Wayne. Yourself. You're dull.

HIM: Well, I grant you I'm not slick or polished, and I'm not a comedian, but that's not my job. Basically, I'm a communicator, and whatever my faults or failures in relating to people, I do try to be positive.

THEM: You're positively boring.

HIM: Well, let's talk about that. Define your terms. What do you mean by "boring"?

What they meant was Wayne Bargy. For all he said about keeping an open mind ("You got a hole in your head, Wayne!") and not condemning others but trying to understand people who may be different from ourselves ("You're different from everybody, Wayne! You're a different species!"), the Club kept a united front against him.

One night, Wayne casually mentioned that it was his first anniversary hosting the show. The switchboard sized. One man said it was time for Club members to take action, and before Harlan could cut him off he announced a time and a place for the meeting.

Word came back that the Tip-Toppers had elected officers and were putting together a mailing list for a

monthly newsletter. It was said the Club was assigning members to "listening squads" with each squad assigned two hours of "Wayne duty" a week. The squad members were responsible for listening to the show and calling in frequently. The newsletter printed a list of things to say.

It was harder on Harlan than on Wayne. Harlan had started to assemble a special Wayne Bargy tape, but he had no time to work on it. What with Wayne giving out the phone number every fifteen minutes, the show was attracting oddballs, in addition to the legions of Tip-Toppers, and Harlan was cutting calls off the air by the dozens. One night, after Wayne had talked about his divorce (he said that he and his wife didn't "relate to each other sexually"), there passed a long half-hour during which no call was fit to broadcast. "I was slapping them down like barnyard flies. We were up to our ears in crazies," said Harlan. "Finally, my fingers got sore, and Alice pulled the plug on the switchboard and her and me sat down and had a cup of coffee and left that poor dumb SOB sit and die by himself."

Wayne talked a long time that night. He said he'd had a typical middle-class upbringing until he went to college, which opened his mind up to new possibilities. He said he had gone into radio because it had tremendous possibilities for creative communication. This show was a tremendous opportunity to get people to open up their minds. He viewed himself as an educator of sorts.

"I'll be honest," he said. "The past year has been rough. There's a lot of anger and violence out there—and I don't say people shouldn't feel that way, but I do feel people should be willing to change. Life is change. We all change. I've changed. Frankly, when I started doing this show, I didn't come off very well. I didn't communicate well. I had a hard time relating to working-class people. I think I've improved. I'm learning. I've put my feelings on the line, and I've benefited from it. I'm going to keep on trying."

He did keep on trying, and the Tip-Toppers kept calling—"We won't go away, Wayne!" they said, and he said, "I don't want you to go away. I want you to stay and let's get to know each other." That summer WLT did a survey that showed that most of the *Tip-Top Club* audience was over forty (72 percent), the least desirable age group to advertisers, and in July the station switched the *Tip-Top* slot to what it called "a modified middle-of-the-road pop-rock format" with a disc jockey who never talked except to give time, temperature, and commercials. His name was Michael Keske, but he never said it on the air. □

An Islamic Journey

AMONG THE BELIEVERS

PAKISTAN

BY V. S. NAIPAUL

THE IDEA OF A SEPARATE INDIAN MOSLEM STATE, once it had been formulated, couldn't have been resisted. The idea was put forward in 1930 by a revered poet, Sir Mohammed Iqbal (1877-1938), in a speech to the All-India Moslem League, the main Moslem political organization in undivided India.

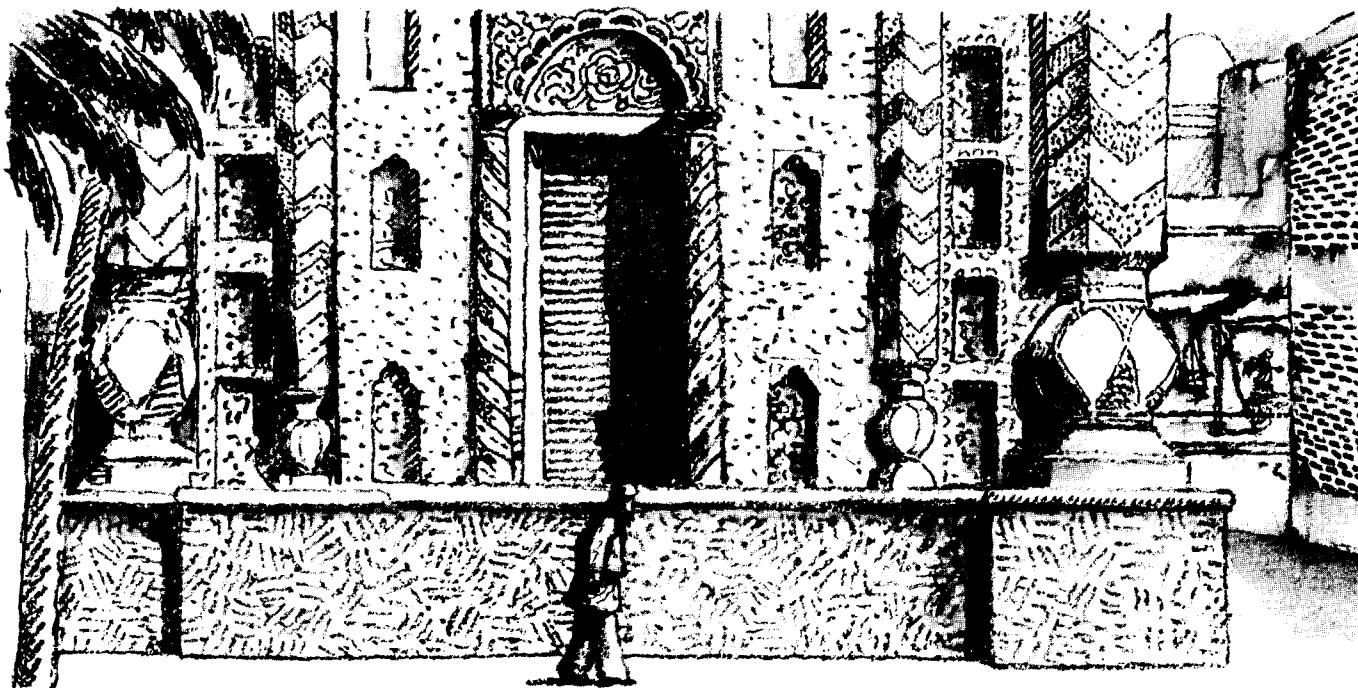
Iqbal's argument was like this. Islam is not only an ethical ideal; it is also "a certain kind of polity." Religion for a Moslem is not a matter of private conscience or private practice, as Christianity can be for the man in Europe. There never was, Iqbal said, a specifically Christian polity; and in Europe after Luther the "universal ethics of Jesus" was "displaced by national systems of ethics and polity." There cannot be a Luther in Islam, because there is no Islamic church order for a Moslem to revolt against. And there is also to be considered "the nature of the Holy Prophet's religious experience, as disclosed in the Koran. . . . It is individual experience creative of a social order."

To accept Islam is to accept certain "legal concepts." These concepts—revelatory, but not to be belittled for that reason—have "civic significance." "The religious

ideal of Islam, therefore, is organically related to the social order which it has created. The rejection of the one will eventually involve the rejection of the other. Therefore, the construction of a polity on national lines, if it means a displacement of the Islamic principle of solidarity, is simply unthinkable to a Moslem."

Iqbal, in fact, was saying in a philosophical way that in an undivided India Islam would be in danger, would go the way of Christianity in Europe and cease to be itself. Moslems, to be true to Islam, need a Moslem polity, a Moslem state. The Moslems of India especially needed such a state, Iqbal suggested, because "India is perhaps the only country in the world where Islam, as a people-building force, has worked at its best." And Iqbal's solution was simple: the Moslem-majority areas of northwest India should be detached and consolidated into a single Moslem state.

Seventeen years later (and nine years after Iqbal's death) it happened—and to the Moslem-majority northwest was added the Moslem-majority eastern half of Bengal, a thousand miles away. But that Moslem state came with a communal holocaust on both sides of the



new borders. Millions were killed and many millions more uprooted. And it was only afterward that it became clear that this plan for the creation of Pakistan, apparently logical, meeting Moslem needs, had a simple, terrible flaw.

Moslem passions were strongest among those Moslems who felt most threatened, and they were in that part of the subcontinent which was to remain Indian. Not all of those Moslems, not a half, not a quarter, could migrate to Pakistan. The most experienced Moslem political organizations were rooted in Indian India rather than in Pakistan. Indian Moslem politicians, campaigners for Pakistan, who went to Pakistan became men who overnight had lost their constituencies. They became men of dwindling appeal and reputation, men without a cause, and they were not willing to risk elections in what had turned out to be a strange country. Political life didn't develop in the new state; institutions and administration remained as they were in British days.

A special word began to be used in Pakistan for the migrants from India: *mohajirs*, "foreigners." In the province of Sind, especially, where Karachi became a *mohajiri* city, local resentment built up into separatist feeling.

In the new state only the armed forces flourished. They were seen at first as the defenders, and possible extenders, of the Islamic state. Then it became apparent that they were the state's only organized group. They became masters, a country within a country. The armed forces were mainly of the northwest, with the cultural prejudices of the northwest; in time they forced the eastern wing of Pakistan into secession as Bangladesh. It was Pakistan's luck then to get a national leader in Mr. Bhutto, a man of Sind and the country's first native leader, as it were. He was a populist; he ruled despotically for nearly six years. Then he was deposed by the army and hanged, and the fragmented country was further riven.

Calamity was added to calamity. The Bengali Moslems had Bangladesh; the people of West Pakistan had Pakistan. The Bihari Moslems had nothing. They had migrated from Bihar in eastern India to Pakistani Bengal. But by language and culture they were closer to the Moslems of the west. When Bangladesh became independent they were wanted neither by Bangladesh nor by Pakistan, and they became a lost community, cast into limbo by their dream of the Moslem polity.

The state withered. But faith didn't. Failure only led back to the faith. The state had been founded as a homeland for Moslems. If the state failed, it wasn't because the dream was flawed, or the faith flawed; it could only be because men had failed the faith. A purer and purer faith began to be called for. And in that quest for the

Islamic absolute—the society of believers, where every action was instinct with worship—men lost sight of the political origins of their state. They forgot the secular ambitions of Mr. Jinnah, the state's political founder, who (less philosophical than Iqbal) wanted only a state where Moslems wouldn't be swamped by non-Moslems. Even Iqbal was laid aside. Extraordinary claims began to be made for Pakistan: it was founded as the land of the pure; it was to be the first truly Islamic state since the days of the Prophet and his close companions.

At the end of my time in Pakistan I met a middle-aged man, a civil servant and a poet. He had sought me out to give me his books. But the condition of his country was closer to him than poetry now. It was of Pakistan that he spoke, with an unfocused rage that took him almost to tears.

"When I was a child in India," he said, "and I heard we had got Pakistan, I cannot tell you what I felt. To me it was like God, this country of Pakistan."

But wasn't that where the failure started? Wouldn't it have been better if the creation of Pakistan had been seen as a political achievement, something to build on, rather than as a victory of the faith, something complete in itself? Wasn't that the flaw in the Iqbal speech? "One lesson I have learned from the history of Moslems," Iqbal said at the end of that speech. "At critical moments in their history it is Islam that has saved Moslems and not vice versa." Wouldn't it have been better for Moslems to trust less to the saving faith and to sit down hard-headedly to work out institutions? Wasn't that an essential part of the history of civilization, after all: the conversion of ethical ideals into institutions?

The poet didn't agree. The Moslem polity should have arisen naturally out of the faith. The feeling that Pakistan was God should have taken the country to the heights.

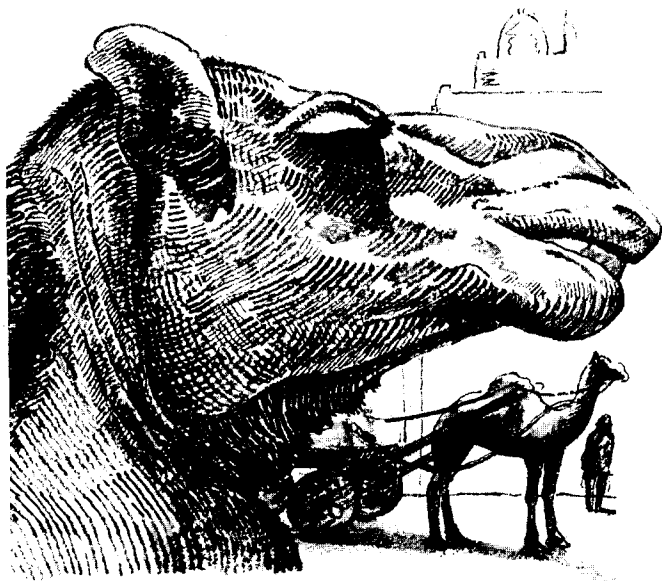
What had gone wrong, then?

Men were bad, he said. They didn't live up to the faith.

In Pakistan that was nearly always where you ended.

THE BRITISH CAME LATE TO THE PROVINCE OF SIND, in 1843, and after a small battle ruled for just about a hundred years. The native towns of Sind were inland, on the Indus River. Karachi in 1843 was a fishing village on the coast. In 1947, when the British left, it was a modern port and the main city of the western half of the new Moslem state of Pakistan. It had a population then of 300,000. One third were Hindus or non-Moslems and had to leave; but there were millions of Indian Moslems waiting to come. Now, more than thirty years later, after the great Indian Moslem migration, and the continuing migration from within Pakistan, the population of Karachi was 5 or 6 million—no one knew the true figure.

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I had seen Karachi before, in 1962, but briefly, and my memories of it were phantasmagoric. I was going to India, my ancestral land, for the first time—and going there in easy stages. I was traveling on a freighter from Alexandria to Bombay, and Karachi was a port of call.

There were Africans on the docks of Karachi, and they were a surprise: descendants of slaves set free after the British annexation in 1843, turned out into the streets, where they had more or less stayed. There were camel carts, the first I had seen, with high, sloping shafts. There was a hotel with two dwarves at the entrance in white uniforms and green turbans.

Africans, camel carts, dwarves in green turbans: they were not memories that could be trusted. They were more like ideas suggested by nerves, my nerves at being in the subcontinent for the first time, my confused unhappiness at the reminders (in buildings, in names) of British rule, nerves and unhappiness given a physical edge by the humid salt heat, from which, after only a couple of hours, I chose to hide in the ship.

Now the floating memories focused, and turned out to be true. There were Africans in Karachi, dock workers. Away from the motor traffic of main roads there were camel carts. The camels trotted with their long heads held high. Their flapping mouths and big, round, cleft hooves, picked up clean, gave each camel a triumphant air, as of a smiling athlete perpetually breasting a tape.

And more than camels. There were the donkeys, which I had forgotten, though they must have been the smallest donkeys I had ever seen, brisk, amiable, and so small that in a playful imagination they became smaller, with the size and character of red setters—almost. Their hind-quarters, scored black with the harness strap, had a dog-like slenderness; their legs were delicate. When they were idle they stood still, in couples, in grassless ground; and, after their amiability on the trot, they looked sad, and sadder because of that forlorn companionship.

And the Metropole Hotel did have two dwarf doormen. They were no longer apparent, but nothing bad had happened to them. They had (I was told) only been taken inside. Club Road, where the Metropole was, was more hectic than in 1962; and the dwarves were not as young as they had been. Time had told on the Metropole, too. It had ceased to be the first hotel of Karachi. It had been overtaken by the Intercontinental. And other hotels of the new age were coming up—the Sheraton, the Hyatt Regency (pressing on Islamically, even after Iran), the Holiday Inn.

It was the city of the 5 million that I wanted to see. But the boy or young man the taxi service gave me had other ideas. He wanted to take me to the Chaukandi tombs, seventeen miles outside Karachi; it was necessary to say no.

He was short and moonfaced, the driver, spoiled and thuggish. He wore an outfit in slate-blue, loose cotton trousers and a full, long-tailed shirt. He gave me a feeling of danger: the dropout, the rustic with urban vanities. But he had undeniable style.

I said, "I think you are a student?"

He liked that. He said, "My story is sad. Because it is sad I will not tell you about it. I will show you the sights of Karachi." And he sighed.

He stopped not far away, in one of the grand residential streets of the older, British-built town. The long wall of the house opposite which we had stopped was lined at the top with barbed wire.

The driver hugged the steering wheel, like a man suddenly weary, and said, "Mr. Bhutto's house."

I would have preferred not to see it, the house of the man hanged four months before, the house where his wife and daughter still were. But it was hard in Pakistan, as I had already found, to stay away from the passion of Mr. Bhutto, the degradations of his long months in prison, the manner of his death. That event was already more than political. It was like the legend of a saint or a martyr, and it was a Moslem legend, with its mixture of piety and anger and its intimations of revenge.

In the jail in Lahore—I had been told—they had put him in a cell where the cruel summer sun fell for much of the day. He asked for his drinking water to be boiled; they brought him a vacuum flask of boiling water; it was evening before the water was cool enough for him to drink. He lived simply, eating one round of unleavened bread a day; but he spent 2,000 rupees, \$200, every day on his fellow prisoners. He washed his own clothes, the man who had been a dandy. At every stage of his legal degradation the quality of his food declined.

In the jail at Rawalpindi—where he was to be hanged—his warders were constantly changed, because they became too sympathetic. But then a warder was found who taunted the condemned man. "Why do you want to read *Time* and *Newsweek*, when in a few days you will be dead?" At the time of his death he weighed

eighty pounds. When they came to put the hanged man's clothes on him he said, "I will wear my own clothes. If any of you want to put that on me, let him try." In one story he walked to the scaffold. When his hands were tied he asked for them to be untied. He said, "It hurts." In another story he was carried to the gallows on a stretcher. In a third story he was killed in his cell; a prisoner, roused early one morning and told to go and wash a hanged man, went to a cell and saw Mr. Bhutto dead, but so cold and stiff that the clothes had to be torn off. All this, just four months before.

The driver, ceasing to hug the steering wheel, said, "I will show you the sights."

We went to the seafront: breakers, breeze, the shining flat beach of a muddy bay, and, at the far end of the bay, the concrete frames of new apartment buildings: money in the midst of economic stringency, a property boom in Karachi. The driver said, "Apartments is the fashion now. No more bungalows."

On the sand there were stalls selling toys and souvenirs. I thought of food. I said, "Are you fasting?"

"No. I am angry with God. You are Moslem?"

"No."

"Moslem people are bad. They lie too much. Too much lies from Moslem people. It is a sad story. I will not tell you about it."

We drove farther along the front. He showed me a big, marble-faced building at the end of the road. "Guess what that is. You guess and tell me."

I said, "It is a hotel."

"Casino. Mr. Bhutto's time."

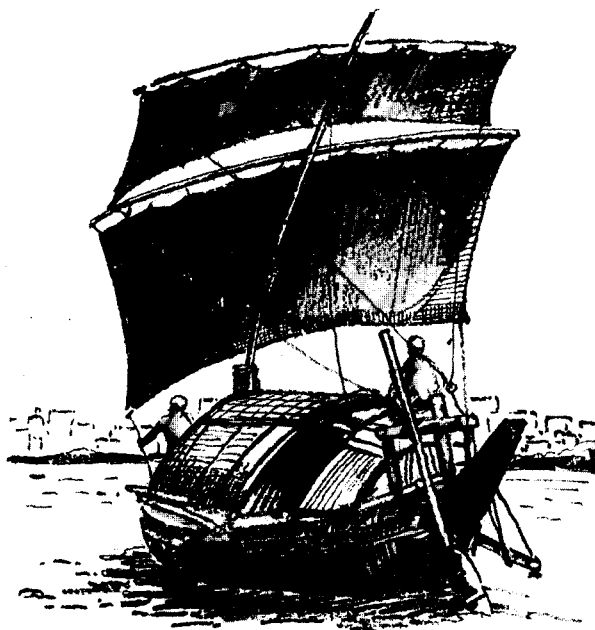
It was unfinished. A smaller concrete frame beside it was also unfinished.

"Staff quarters. Mr. Bhutto's time. No casino now. No gambling. No horse racing. This government is bad. It is against *everything*."

We drove on to a residential area: big plots, gardens, big concrete houses. "Rich people live here. Foreigners, Arabs. Some Pakistanis, too. That house is the house of the king of Abu Dhabi." It was a big house on a big plot, and it had a high wall all around. "Five hundred servants. That whole house is just for one month in the year. The king of Abu Dhabi comes for one month here just to shoot. In Pakistan there are too many of these birds."

The driver stopped at a perfume shop to buy perfume and henna for his sisters for the festival at the end of Ramadan. Henna to redden the girls' palms, a gift for the festival—the family side of the elder son, spoiled by sisters and mother. He told me it was the only shop in Karachi where such things could be bought. He was a long time in the shop; he seemed to know the people.

Africans in workaday Sindhi clothes gave a touch of the Arabian Nights to the street, which was architecturally extravagant, Oriental. They were simple concrete structures, the bazaar buildings of Karachi, but they were fantastically decorated: iron balconies, Saracenic arches,



Corinthian or Doric columns, Gothic or mock-Gothic windows. All the available styles of the late British period were jumbled together in pure delight, as at some once-a-year feast where no delicacy could be left out. The inspiration for the Gothic—at first puzzling—was easy to spot later. It was the British-built Victorian Gothic memorial called the Mereweather Tower, in the middle of commercial Karachi. What was the point of that tower?

The driver said, "It is a *tower*. Like the one in Paris."

And then he took me to see the Mecca-bound pilgrims, in the reception center the government ran for them near the docks. It was like an army camp, with the neatness; and walking up and down the well-swept lanes, like well-groomed stage figures, were elderly men from all the provinces of Pakistan in their provincial dress: Punjabis, Baluchis (with a difference in the turban), Sindhis (with their flat caps), Pathans from the Afghan frontier. The faces were calm, contented. They were men for whom—whatever was happening outside, whoever ruled—heaven was at last within reach.

THE DREAM OF THE MOSLEM HOMELAND HAD HAD strange consequences. And strangest of all was this: the state that had appeared to some as God itself, a complete earthly reward for the faithful, lived not so much by its agricultural exports or by the proceeds of its minor, secondary industries as by the export of its people. The newspaper advertisements called it "man-power-export."

The idea of the Moslem state as God had never converted into anything less exalted, had never converted into political or economic organization. Pakistan—a thousand miles long from the sea to the Himalayas, and with a population of more than 80 million—was a remittance economy. The property boom of Karachi was sustained in part by the remittances of overseas workers,

and they were everywhere, legally and illegally. They were not only in Moslem countries—Arabia, the Gulf states, Libya; they were also in Canada and the United States and in many of the countries of Europe.

The business was organized. Like accountants studying tax laws, the manpower-export experts of Pakistan studied the world's immigration laws and competitively gambled with their emigrant battalions: visitor's visas overstays here (most European countries), dependents shippable there (England), student's visas convertible there (Canada and the United States), political asylum to be asked for there (Austria and West Berlin), still no visas needed here, just below the Arctic Circle (Finland). They went by the planeloads. Karachi airport was equipped for this emigrant traffic. Some got through; some were turned back. *Germans shoot 4 Pakistanis: Illegal entry.* This was an item in the English-language paper *Dawn*, sent from Turkey, on the emigrant route, and it was the delayed story of the humane disabling (men shot in the leg) and capture of one batch.

Abroad, the emigrants threw themselves on the mercy of civil-liberties organizations. They sought the protection of the laws of the countries where the planes had brought them. They or their representatives spoke correct words about the difference between poor countries and rich, South and North. They spoke of the crime of racial discrimination and the brotherhood of man. They appealed to the ideals of the alien civilizations whose virtue they denied at home. And in the eyes of the faithful there was no contradiction. Home was home; home wasn't like outside; ecumenical words spoken outside didn't alter that. The Moslem polity was like God itself, a thing apart, and had ceaselessly to be purified and defended.

PAKISTAN HAD A HIGH REPUTATION IN THE MOSLEM world. It was the twentieth-century Islamic pioneer, and for some time there had been reports of its "experiments" with Islam. Pakistan, it was said, was experimenting with Islamic law, with a Koranic alms-levy that would sustain an Islamic welfare state, and with a banking system that would do away with interest.

I wanted to have a look at these experiments. But after a few days in Karachi it became clear that I needed help, that by myself I would see nothing. Ahmed took me over. He was a high civil servant. His interest in me at first might have been an official interest—there was martial law in Pakistan, and a nervousness about foreigners and Pakistan's nuclear program—but that changed almost as soon as I was taken to his office. Sitting at his desk, facing his subordinates, he looked at me carefully; and I passed his scrutiny.

It would have been reported to him that there was a visitor asking about Islamic institutions. A strange story; but when he found it to be true he became more than

interested. There was a reason. Ahmed, who was in his late fifties, was a penitent. By his own account he had lived loosely as a young man, and was still teased by the flesh. He had come late to religion and was now consumed by it. He was awed by his own faith. He wished not only to talk about it; I believe he also wanted to have a witness to it, someone from the other side, the side he had left behind.

He was well-built, erect and energetic, and still attractive—dark, hooknosed, with a full, curved lower lip. He was a man of Sind, and he said (perhaps over-romantically) that he belonged to the original, pre-Aryan race of Sind, the builders of the great cities of Mohenjodaro and Harappa, the creators of the Indus Valley civilization that the migrating Aryans had overrun in 1500 B.C. Most people in Pakistan, he said, behaved as though the world had begun in 1947, when Pakistan was created. With his Sind ancestry, he had another view of history.

And a feeling for history was at the back of his feeling for Islam. It was the world's youngest great religion and, being the youngest, was the most evolved. He didn't condemn the religions of the past; he saw them as stages in man's spiritual development. Consider the revealed religions. Moses, he said, was all law; that was too harsh. Jesus was all compassion. Ahmed said, "In a world where there are people like Africans and Negroes, that doesn't make sense. If you turn the other cheek to a primitive fellow, it annoys him." The beauty of Islam lay in its mixture of law and compassion. To see Islam at its best, to understand the charity of which it was capable, I should go to some of the old shrines in the interior of Sind—he would arrange it. There was one place, connected with a Moslem saint and mystic, that he especially wanted me to visit. There I would see a brotherhood, among them professional men, who had renounced the world to live in the desert and to serve the poor.

That was how that afternoon, in one gulp, as it were, in one excited outpouring, Ahmed outlined his faith, his attitudes, and his plans for me. He drove me back to the Intercontinental and we talked in the parking lot until just before sunset. At the end, with a tenderness for which I wasn't prepared, he pressed his forefinger to the middle of my forehead. He said, "That is where it gets you. If you were a businessman you would get blood pressure. You're an intellectual. You are concerned with the truth. So it gets you there, in the eyes. You must rest your eyes. You must look at green things."

The next morning a lens fell out of my glasses and broke on the tiled floor of my room. So the first service Ahmed had to do for me was to take me to an oculist.

Our friendship was sudden, but I felt it as real; and while it lasted I leaned on it. My search for Islamic institutions and experiments—the search that had brought me to Ahmed—was still going on; and Ahmed was the rational man to whom I returned after venturing into other men's Islams.

MR. MIRZA HAD BEEN REPRESENTED TO ME AS ONE of the most distinguished men of Pakistan, one of the country's profoundest minds, and someone who would tell me all I wanted to know about the Islamization of institutions. But the man who told me that about Mr. Mirza, and arranged the meeting, was one of Mr. Mirza's lesser relations. And it was as a kind of family suppliant that I was received by the great man in his air-conditioned office, and addressed (when my turn came) as though I were a prayer meeting.

There were many books in the room, faded English political books of the 1930s and 1940s, indicating time spent as a student in England. Two young men, attentive, leaning forward, bright-eyed, were seated in front of Mr. Mirza's desk, and Mr. Mirza said gently that he was exchanging a few words with "young colleagues." I thought the young men were just that, but it was only part of the great man's public humility. The young men, like myself, had been brought to receive wisdom.

And there was no exchange of words: a low, even, unceasing, uninterrupted babble poured out of Mr. Mirza. We were living in a Satanic time; people were not interested in the truth; university professors were not interested in the truth. We had a lot of information now, but too much information was as bad as too little information. No one could foretell the future; the "imponderables" were too many; the Tolstoyan view of history was correct. Was Mr. Mirza the only one interested in truth? Where was all this leading? It was leading back to the Satanic nature of the age, to the need for Islamic belief.

The young men stood up, dazed with pleasure, and Mr. Mirza, with extra gentleness, offered them a good-bye like a benediction. And then I began to get my dose. No Tolstoy for me, though; I got an obscure Arab. "An Arab scholar of the tenth century—he was perhaps the greatest of the Arab philosopher-scholars of the Abbasid period—he died in 1011, so his writing falls at the turn of the century and belongs more to the tenth century rather than the eleventh—he says that prophets are not like other men."

But I hadn't come to hear that from Mr. Mirza. I had come to find out about the applications of Islam to institutions, to government, to law.

"Let me finish," Mr. Mirza said; he couldn't bear to be interrupted. And he went on. Prophets were the ones through whom God expressed his will; Islam was dedicated to the idea that the time would come when prophets would cease to be necessary.

Where had that got us, or Pakistan? It had got us to this point: that the law and institutions of Pakistan, as they were, were not divine. In spite of his reputation and his books, Mr. Mirza had not thought beyond that point. His education was part of his vanity; but he was like the simplest mullah. And in fact, as an Islamizer as pure as any, Mr. Mirza had political ambitions. With the disappearance of Mr. Bhutto and the suppression of Mr. Bhut-

to's party, with an Islamizing military government, Mr. Mirza was hoping to be lifted to the heights.

I said I was going. Mr. Mirza was disappointed; he had more to say to me. He offered me his car. I accepted. Waiting for the car, he attempted to organize his own interview. He said, "I suppose you are thinking that I should be in a monastery and shouldn't be in business."

"I am not thinking that."

"But in Islam, you see, there is no separation. It's a complete way of life."

He took out some prayer beads and began clacking them, muttering. I looked past his left ear and then past his right ear. Clack-clack, went the beads, and he said, "I am God-intoxicated." I looked over his left shoulder and then over his right shoulder. Clack-clack, went the beads; and I let him mutter on until the car came.

MR. SALAHUDDIN, THE NEWSPAPER EDITOR, HAD THE reputation of being an Islamic "hard-liner," like Mr. Mirza. But he was without Mr. Mirza's mystical or intellectual bent, and I preferred his directness.

In Pakistan, with its 15 percent literacy, newspaper circulations were often low. The English-language *Dawn* (a journalist from the rival *Morning News* told me) had a circulation of 30,000; the *Morning News* itself, having dropped to 4,000 in Mr. Bhutto's time, had bounced up again and was now ticking away at 10,000. Mr. Salahuddin, editing an Urdu-language paper with a circulation of 35,000, was a power in the land. The editorial assistant who met me told me that Mr. Salahuddin had spent three years in jail in Mr. Bhutto's time. Mr. Salahuddin, the assistant said, was a man of principle.

The office was at the top of a newish concrete building of four or five stories in central Karachi. A broken, bumpy dirt road off a bazaar street; black-skinned children playing football; a human derelict of some sort left out in the sun in a homemade box-cart. A rubbed, uneven yard, a lift door opening directly on to the yard. Odd, that lift—being just there, slightly surreal.

But it worked. And at the top of the building, in the veranda, as in a parody of a waiting room (and a continuation of the modern urban parody of the street), there were three cane-bottomed chairs, all without bottoms. The rooms were divided by half-partitions into little cubicles, one leading into the other. Doors on either side of the editor's cell opened into offices, in one of which the calligraphers were at work, penning out edited copy onto transparent slips that were later to be offset. Flies buzzed on the panes of the small windows; there was a pencil drawing of Mr. Jinnah on the wall.

Mr. Salahuddin was a small man in his early forties. He had a gray-streaked spade beard, a precise mouth, and bright black eyes. I tried to think of him in jail; I thought jail would not diminish his fire. He was born in India and came to Pakistan when he was twelve.

Moslems were free to worship in India, he said; it wasn't just for the freedom of worship that Pakistan was established. Pakistan was meant to be an Islamic state, run on Islamic principles.

What did that mean? Had there been such a state?

He said, "The state that existed for thirty-two years at the time of the Prophet and the first four caliphs."

So there it was again—the dream not only of the early Islamic state, the creation of the Prophet, but also of the time when Moslems were rightly guided, divinely ruled: a fusion of history and theology, the indestructible alloy of the faith. That pure time could come again; Moslems could live in such purity again. They had only to follow the rules. The rules were there; they could be found in the holy book and the traditions. The many rules of Islam were not handed down for the sake of God, Mr. Salahuddin said; they were for the good of people. Freedom came with obedience; the rules made men free.

And—in his office in Karachi, with men coming in all the time on newspaper business, some of them with bundles of rupees, and with the calligraphers at their long desks in the next room preparing their copy for the press—that was Mr. Salahuddin's cause: the Islamic state, and its special freedom. He had gone to jail in Mr. Bhutto's time; I felt he was ready to go to jail again.

He gave me some booklets to take away. Some were old-fashioned: reissues, I felt, of Moslem missionary publications first put out in the days of European colonialism, when Islam, impoverished and politically null, needed all the European support it could get.

The Koran and Modern Science, by a Frenchman, showed that the Prophet had anticipated many modern European ideas. *Islam—the First and Final Religion* ("an abridged and combined edition of *Charms of Islam* and *Islam Our Choice*") proved that all the other religions, in their holy books, had prophesied the coming of Mohammed. There was also a tribute and a statement of Islamic intent from Napoleon: "I hope the time is not far off when I shall be able to unite all the wise and educated men of all the countries and establish a uniform regime based on the principles of the Koran which alone are true and which alone can lead men to happiness."

After Napoleon, there were comments from Victorian Englishmen, "statesmen and diplomats," all titled, whose names still apparently rang in the Moslem world, but were not as well known at home as they ought to have been: people such as Al-Haj Lord Headley Al-Farooq (1855-?), "Peer, Author and Statesman," an army man, an engineer as well, and also editor of the *Salisbury Journal*; Sir Abdullah Archibald Hamilton (1876-?), "Statesman and Baronet," an army man again ("Lieutenant in the Royal Corp"); Sir Jalaluddin Lauder Brunton (no dates given), "Statesman and Baronet," no career given ("an English Baronet and a public man of wide repute"). To them was added the English scholar Professor Haroun Mustapha Leon, M.A., Ph.D., LL.D., F.S.P., an

"earnest geologist" and an "able philologist," an M.A. from Potomac University (U.S.A.), who accepted Islam in 1882, when he was doing a series of articles on "The Etymology of Man's Language" for the *Isle of Man Examiner*.

The American in this white Moslem lineup was Mohammed Alexander Russel Webb, "Diplomat, Author and Journalist," editor of the *St. Joseph Gazette* and *Missouri Republican*, who was born in 1846 and died at the age of 115 in 1961: a Mark Twain-like figure from "Hudson, Columbia country" who rejected "the drippings, or more properly perhaps the drivelling, of an orthodox Presbyterian pulpit" for Islam and spent his immensely long life in Islamic missionary work.

IT WAS THROUGH MR. SALAHUDDIN THAT I GOT IN touch with Khalid Ishaq. Khalid Ishaq was one of the leading lawyers of Karachi. He was successful enough to give much of his time to public work. He was a member of the Islamic Ideology Council, which met for ten days a month in the capital, trying to work out what should be done in the way of Islamization; he was also a member of a government commission that was looking—somewhat despairingly, I felt—into corruption.

He too was a migrant from India. He was a tall, heavily made man in his early fifties. He had the lawyer's manner, the slow, dry humor, the eye for human quirkiness, the fondness for little anecdotes. The manner went easily with his passion for his faith. Islam, I felt, was more than a private belief for him; to him, a Moslem from the subcontinent, still insecure in Pakistan, Islam was his civilization and culture; it was fundamental to his idea of what he was; it was something that he, as a man and a lawyer, had to serve and protect.

Mr. Salahuddin had told me that Khalid Ishaq had a prodigious library and spent 20,000 rupees a month, \$2,000, on books. This didn't prepare me for what I saw in Khalid Ishaq's house.

I said, as we drove into his yard, that he had a big house. He said in his precise lawyer's way that yes, it was a big house, but it wasn't big enough. And it wasn't. Books filled room after room; case upon case, case in front of case; yards and yards of shelves, and cupboards in front of the shelves. One big room was devoted to many-volumed commentaries on the Koran—hefty Arabic tomes. "And," he added, "commentaries on the commentaries." He bought everything.

Did his devoutness match his collector's zeal? He had a sense of humor: I thought I could put the question to him. He said, "I wouldn't say I am very devout. I haven't missed a prayer for the last thirty-three years." Since 1946, that was, the year before the creation of Pakistan; and he meant the five-times-a-day prayers.

We sat in his office, a clearing in the book stacks, a large room with a large desk and with seating at one end

that would have done for a board meeting. We sat below fans; the whirring muffled the noise of the scooters and scooter-taxis in the street.

His explanation of his Islamic passion was simple. "Our people emotionally reject the West. Materially, we may be dependent on the West. Our people may go abroad to better themselves. But however long they stay, they always want to come back, if only to die." And it was out of that emotional rejection of the outside world that Khalid Ishaq conceived the need for specifically Islamic institutions—institutions not of the West, and not socialist, but institutions in keeping with the people's emotional needs.

To understand those needs, it was necessary to understand the idea of equality in Islam. "The servant here brings us tea and sweets. That is his job. But he also knows that on another occasion we can be men together and he can sit with me." And there was the role of the mosque: every Friday every man, whatever his condition, heard from the mullahs that the laws of men were not to be obeyed if they went against the teachings of the Koran.

So the Islamic enterprise was stupendous: it was the deliberate creation—with only the Koran as a guide—of a state mechanism that would function in the modern world and would be unlike anything else that had evolved. It was a high intellectual enterprise. Did Pakistan have the talent? Was there an intellectual life in Pakistan? Not much, Khalid Ishaq said; books were expensive, and television was putting paid to whatever intellectual life there was in Pakistan.

What had been achieved so far by the Ideology Council? Not much, Khalid Ishaq seemed to indicate. They were still trying to get around the problem of interest in banking. There was an idea they had put up to the government for getting everyone to wear the same clothes and drive the same make of car; but nothing had come of that.

There were difficulties, Khalid Ishaq said. First, there were the "modernists" among the Islamizers. These were people who in old age or for some private reason had turned from secular life to religion. They read a few books about Islam, and thought they knew a lot; but they knew very little. These people were really mystics and knew nothing about institutions. (I thought I detected a criticism there of Mr. Mirza.) And there were the mullahs. It was to the mullahs that the military government had turned when they had decided to Islamize.

"The mullahs really had no idea what was being asked of them. They could only think of 'the good man' or 'the good men' to whom everything should be entrusted. I have met these people and I really think that many of them don't even begin to have an idea of the need for institutions of any kind. They don't know what we are talking about."

I felt, after this, that there were no Islamic experi-

ments for me to see in Pakistan, that the Islamic experiments were things people were waiting for other people to start. The great Islamic enterprise of Pakistan existed, but only as an ideal, at once an expression of the highest faith and an expression of the political insecurity in which Moslems lived in the Moslem homeland.

The poet Mohammed Iqbal had spoken of a Moslem polity or social order as something arising naturally out of the "Islamic principle of solidarity." Such a polity existed in Pakistan. But the Islamic state of which people now spoke was more abstract than Iqbal's. This Islamic state couldn't simply be decreed; it had to be invented, and in that invention faith was of little help. Faith, at the moment, could supply only the simple negatives that answered emotional needs: no alcohol, no feminine immodesty, no interest charged by the banks. But soon in Pakistan these negatives were to be added to: no political parties, no parliament, no dissent, no law courts. So existing institutions were deemed un-Islamic and undermined or undone; the faith was asserted because only the faith seemed to be whole; and in the vacuum only the army could rule.

Khalid Ishaq drove me back to the Intercontinental. When we were on Club Road he turned off into the grounds of the Karachi Gymkhana, the British club of colonial days.

It was late; the lights were dim; it was quiet. There were a few elderly men in the bridge room; but the wide veranda—with an old, dark, uneven wooden floor—that ran the length of the building was empty. The British had built Karachi and the Gymkhana. The club, at this hour, still felt like theirs; but their fantasy, of empire-building, had been absorbed into another.

I PUT TO AHMED KHALID ISHAQ'S POINT ABOUT THE emotional rejection of the West. How much of that rejection was self-deception? Could a civilization so encompassing, a civilization on which people here depended for so much, be truly rejected?

Ahmed was divided. He said he himself didn't like being abroad. He was always "under tension." It was because of "the time factor." When he was abroad, in a big city, he was ruled by the need to be on time. It weighed on him; it tormented him; he ceased to feel master of himself. Then he said, "But when people here talk about the emotional rejection of the West, they usually mean one thing. Women."

On the subject of women Ahmed was touchy. He saw himself as a liberal; but his liberalism was shot through, more than he might have acknowledged, with Moslem anxieties. Having grown devout in middle age, he had become oppressed by the Moslem idea of accountability. I believe he feared some retribution for his own womanizing past; and his daughters, lovely girls, liberally educated, were at the center of his anxieties. During the



Bangladesh crisis, reports that Pakistani soldiers were raping Bengali women had caused him unspeakable anguish. Rape, for a Moslem, was more than a physical assault on a woman; it destroyed her honor, and so destroyed her life; it destroyed the honor of her family. Ahmed said, "For two months, while that was going on, I couldn't sleep."

FORTY MILES EAST OF KARACHI WAS THE LITTLE town of Banbhore, an ancient port site dating back to the first century B.C. Banbhore had become important because excavations there had uncovered the remains of what was thought to be the first mosque in the subcontinent, a mosque built in the first century of Islam, shortly after the conquest of Sind by the Arabs in 712 A.D. Ahmed took me there on the last Friday of Ramadan (the month when Moslems fast from sunrise to sunset), which was also the last day of Ramadan.

The Ramadan month ends, and the Id festival is proclaimed, when the new moon is sighted. Ramadan was expected to end on the Thursday; but the government moon-sighting committee hadn't sighted the moon. So Ramadan in Pakistan lasted an extra day, and Mr. Salahuddin, the newspaper editor, had to hold back his festival supplement and hurry into print a nonfestival editorial. If it had been Id on the Friday, Ahmed would have been busy receiving and paying visits and wouldn't have been able to take me to Banbhore.

We didn't go there right away. We went first to a mosque to find some people Ahmed thought I should meet. They weren't there. We drove around the sprawl of Karachi for a little. Then the time drew near for the noon prayers and Ahmed became restless and decided to drive back to his neighborhood mosque.

I asked him whether he believed literally in the after-life.

He said, "Oh, yes." He widened his eyes and nodded. "Oh, yes. I am curious about it. You see, I'm like a child in some ways." Then he sought to explain his belief. "People die. But they exist in my mind while I remember them. I cannot say they have vanished while I remember them." It was in some such way that he expected to be remembered—but in the spirit—until the remembering agent disappeared. Simpler people had their own ideas: they believed in a paradise that duplicated this world, but with everything put right, and—with the women. But in fact, Ahmed said (or so I understood him to say), the women in paradise were to be without periods: they were to be pure.

I would have liked to hear more of this idea of purity, but I felt that Ahmed, with his sensitivity about women and sex, would have thought the interest prurient. So I didn't press; I thought I would save it for later.

The mosque, in a hot, dusty street, was new, of concrete, and undistinguished, its walls ocher and chocolate. The street outside was spread with rugs for the overflow crowd. It was time for the main Friday prayers; the mullah had finished his Koran reading. Ahmed took his prayer mat from the car and knelt with the crowd in the street, in the sun. I waited in the car.

Later, as we were driving through Karachi, I saw printed posters: *We Sacrificed for Pakistan Not Bangladesh.*

Ahmed didn't tell me what group was responsible. But the posters—with their hint of further divisions and animosities in his country—made him irritable. He said, "They sacrificed nothing. If there was no Pakistan I would have been a third-class clerk. Big jobs came to people like me when we got Pakistan." Later he said, "In 200 years it will be the same here." And still later, the irritation continuing to work on him, turning to a kind of gloom, he said, "When I was a young man I was told that my country was Hindustan and that it was the finest country in the world. The poet Mohammed Iqbal told me that. Then one day in the 1930s I was told that my country was no longer Hindustan and the people I had thought of as my brothers were my enemies. Then I was told that my country was Pakistan. Then I found that that country had shrunk. Now I can feel it shrinking again."

For seven years, until the creation of Pakistan in 1947, Ahmed had served in the Royal Indian Navy, the navy of undivided, British-ruled India. He had taken part in the Bombay naval mutiny of 1946. But, thirty years later, his naval memories were not heroic or political; they were memories of sin. He drank. "Whiskey was three rupees a bottle. Beer was free." And there were the women. "My friends and I used to form cooperatives. And we would buy a woman for the evening and make love to her in turn."

I wanted to hear more of those cooperatives—I liked the word, apart from everything else. But it was the sab-

bath; Ahmed was in a penitential mood, scourging himself for his past and also, it seemed, scourging himself for the state of his country.

I said, "Age takes care of the passions."

"You think so, you think so?"

I liked him for that.

He drove fast; he always did; there was in his driving something of the release and excitability of his speech. Karachi was enormous. The city had spread over the flat desert; there were many housing developments, and some of them looked grand; the remittance economy could suggest a rich country. At last we were out in the desert: the early afternoon heat, the openness, the flat scrub of useless trees. Without the Indus River and the lake reservoirs there could have been no Karachi.

I said, "What were you saying about the cooperatives?"

He said irritably, at once explaining and punishing himself, "We did it more for the wickedness than for the pleasure."

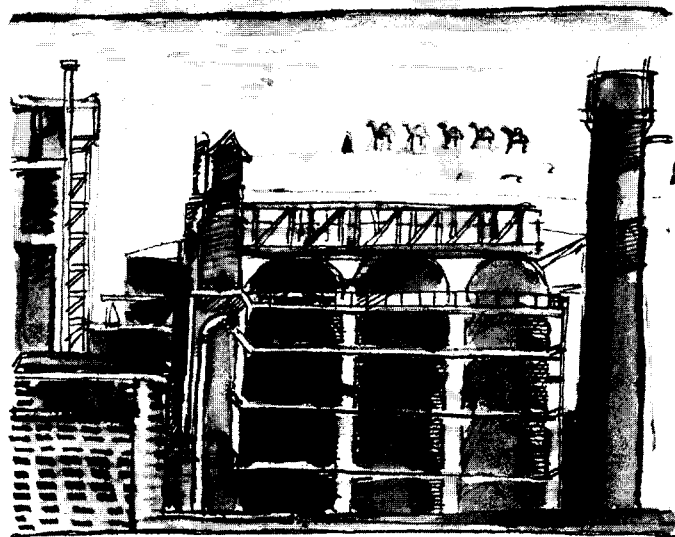
It was clear he was going to say no more. I couldn't ask again, and I wished I had followed my first instinct and saved the matter for another day.

Desert. But the land of Sind was old; seventeen miles from Karachi we came to a necropolis of many acres on an eminence in the wide wasteland: tombs two to four centuries old, of decorated soft stone, block set on block, unmortared, to form little stepped pyramids—a dead tradition, perhaps enshrining older mysteries, but now, in modern Pakistan, just there, in the desert.

Modern Pakistan. The road led past the enormous area reserved for Pakistan Steel, the country's first major industrial project, a steel plant and a new port—a controversial project (as I discovered later), costing millions a day, and possibly in the end uneconomic, since everything would have to be imported. The Russians were building it. On the other side of the road, at some distance, were the apartment blocks for the Russians. But the port was named Qasim, after the Arab commander who had conquered Sind and brought Islam to the land.

After this, still on the road to the ruins of Banbhore, a lesser oddity: a large model village, line upon line of two-roomed huts with concrete walls and red roofs, but absolutely empty, empty since it had been built six years before, and now beginning to crumble. Had the village been built too far from where people were? Hadn't people wanted to live in that bureaucratic fantasy of straight lines and red roofs? Ahmed wasn't precise, and didn't want to say too much. He only said the houses hadn't been "allocated."

They had been built six years before. That would have been in Mr. Bhutto's time; and Ahmed was one of those who hadn't got on with Mr. Bhutto. He had in fact left the government service when Mr. Bhutto came to power in 1971. Mr. Bhutto "carried grudges," and Mr. Bhutto felt he had a score to settle with Ahmed's family. So Ahmed



resigned; he would have been sacked by Mr. Bhutto anyway; his name was on the list of two thousand people Mr. Bhutto wanted to sack. Ahmed said he had only a few rupees when he resigned. He was building his house, and that had taken up most of what he had. He lived on borrowed money for a year, doing a variety of little jobs, until he got a job as adviser to an industrialist.

He advised the industrialist on the procedures of government departments. Previous advisers had claimed to be spending large sums on bribes. Ahmed bribed no one. He used his authority and knowledge of the rules to get the industrialist's work done; and the industrialist was amazed and grateful. Ahmed was soon getting a prodigious salary. He finished building his house; he paid off all his debts. And then, feeling himself near the end of his active life, he thought the time had come for him to think of others. That was why (after Mr. Bhutto's fall) he had gone back to government service, where he earned a quarter of what he had been getting from the industrialist. Ahmed loved and admired the industrialist still. He was a truly religious man, Ahmed said, a devout Moslem who followed the Koranic injunction and set aside a percentage of his wealth for charity.

A sandy track off the main road led to Banbhore. It was a short run, but the track looped and forked between beach vegetation; and Ahmed had to ask the way of a barebacked peasant who was dragging freshly cut branches. To come upon the excavated mound of a walled town with semicircular bastions was suddenly to feel far away: a rough outpost at the eastern limit of the Arab empire, a place of exile.

The town stood on a creek, but was now some little way from the water. The creek opened out, in the distance, into the sea. In the middle of the creek were salt flats; on a whitish spit of land, which looked intolerably hot, were the contemporary houses of the salt workers; on one flat far away were little white pyramids of salt.

It could never have been a rich town. The museum displayed one gold coin; the other coins were shoddy bronze things, cast in honeycomb molds of hard-baked ashy clay. But there was the mosque, or the floor plan of the mosque, modeled on the mosque of Kufa in Iraq: that was the treasure of Banbhore.

Kufa was associated with the rightly guided Moslems at the very beginning of Islam; it was one of the earliest military towns the Arabs established among the conquered peoples north of Arabia; it was from Kufa that Ali, the cousin and son-in-law of the Prophet, ruled as the fourth caliph from 656 to 661 A.D. Conquest first, Islam later: it was the pattern of Arab expansion. So Banbhore, repeating Kufa, and in the first century of Islam, linked Sind and Pakistan to the great days. The Banbhore mosque, if it was what it was said to be, was fabulous. The remains had been made neat; the floor had been retiled around the few old tiles that had survived.

Fragments of decorated pottery lay all over the excavated town site. And everywhere, too, mixed with the earth, and commoner than pottery, were crushed bones, white and clean and sharp. Ahmed said they were human bones. But such a quantity! The bones weren't only on the surface; the excavation trenches showed the mixture of bones and earth all the way down, the bones like a kind of building material. Had the town been built on a cemetery? But why were the bones so crushed? If Ahmed was right, and the bones were human bones, Banbhore held another mystery.

I was keeping the Ramadan fast with Ahmed, and that disturbed him. He said again and again that he should have brought something for me to drink. He said that, but when we left Banbhore he seemed in no hurry to get back to Karachi. He, who normally drove fast, now drove slowly. I thought he might himself have been tired out by the long fasting day, and the sun and salt of Banbhore. Abruptly, after we passed the Pakistan Steel area, Ahmed drove off the road and stopped the car in low bush. I thought he wished to rest. But no: he had only been looking for a place where he could get off the road and pray. He said, "You can't stop on the road. Those fellows in the buses and cars take pleasure in bouncing you."

I passed him his prayer mat. He walked briskly to the edge of the road, erect, military-looking in his gray-blue Pakistani costume, the long shirt and the slack trousers; and, oblivious of the passing traffic, he offered up his prayers for a long time. He said, when he came back, that if he missed a prayer during the day he grew restless in his sleep; his wife would wake him up and he would do the prayer he had missed.

We drove back fast to Karachi after that, not to his house but to the house of the industrialist for whom he had worked. It was in one of the richer housing "societies." There was a wide concrete drive at one side of the big plot. Royal palms lined the front of the lawn, which

went back to a terrace that ran the width of the house.

On this terrace, on an easy chair, lay an elderly man in brown; he was paralyzed. He was the grandfather, the head of the family, and once the head of the firm. Two young boys, his grandsons, were dressed like little Arabs, with the cream gown and the headgear with the black bands. They had just been to Mecca with their father, and it was clear they had done the pilgrimage in style. The father was a tall man, dressed in white, the pilgrim's color, and with a white skullcap. He was soft-featured, soft-voiced. He was as Ahmed had described him: in his pilgrim clothes he seemed as much a man of religion as a man of business.

He, Ahmed, and I sat out on the lawn. For my sake Ahmed asked for some drink to be brought out. The servant brought out three tumblers of a red liquid. I was nervous of the color, let my tongue touch without tasting, and—not wishing to appear to be spurning their hospitality—I asked whether I could have a Coca-Cola instead.

Ahmed was shocked. He said, with distinct irritation, that the red liquid was a delicacy; it was used to ease people off their fast; it was made from special herbs and was very expensive, twenty-three rupees for a small bottle. I would have liked to try it; but I felt, after Ahmed had mentioned the price, that I would have compounded my vulgarity by going back on my choice. So the astonished servant brought out a Coca-Cola. And through all this pother on the lawn about my drink—which I didn't really need—the man in the white skullcap smiled sweetly.

I complimented him on his house. He said it looked much better after Mecca, because of the green. I asked about the hotels of Mecca. I was hoping to hear something about the effects of the new Arab and Moslem money; but he only said that the hotels near the Great Mosque and the Kaaba were more expensive, the ones farther out less expensive.

The family had migrated from Bombay, and a branch was still in business in that city. But Moslems in India were "not encouraged to come up." Some had "come up"; but generally there was no "encouragement." It was easier in Pakistan. Everything was new, just starting; and there were more opportunities; but there was as yet no "infrastructure."

I asked what difference there was for him between being in Bombay and being in Pakistan. He said that for him, as a businessman, there was no difference; business was business. But when you were in India or some other foreign country you were never sure whether the meat had been slaughtered in the correct way; you had to ask and you couldn't always get answers; you had sometimes to go without. In Pakistan there was no such problem. Sometimes when you were abroad you felt like going to a mosque. But mosques weren't always easy to find; you had to ask. Here, at prayer time, he said, gesturing to one

end of the lawn and then to the other, here at prayer time a muezzin called from this side and a muezzin called from that side. There was no problem about finding a mosque in Pakistan.

I had expected someone less serene, more complicated. But Ahmed had spoken of the industrialist less as an industrialist than as a pious man, a good Moslem, someone who followed the rules in deed and heart. The rules made a man free: Mr. Salahuddin, the newspaper editor, had told me that.

And Mr. Salahuddin had also told me that it was possible in Islam for perfection to come to a child: as it seemed to have come to the elder and plumper of the industrialist's sons. The boy, his father said, had already been twice on the pilgrimage to Mecca; during this month of Ramadan, now about to end, he had kept the rest of them up to mark by his extraordinary strictness. He, the dimpled boy in Arab clothes, pretended not to know that he was being talked about. Standing on the edge of the terrace, bending a length of black rubber tubing in childish sport, he went grave and withdrawn, frowning slightly, just minding his own business, being a little Arab.

It was nearly seven. Other members of the family, women, began to come out of the house onto the terrace, gathering around the paralyzed grandfather on the easy chair. It was fast-breaking time, and time for us to leave.

IT WAS STRANGE, THE ARAB TILT OF PAKISTAN: THE little boy in Arab clothes, the Pakistan Steel project given the name of the Arab conqueror. The poet Iqbal had said that the Islam of India was special, "a people-building force . . . at its best." "I therefore demand the formation of a consolidated Moslem state in the best interests of India and Islam," Iqbal had said. "For India, it means security and peace . . . ; for Islam, an opportunity to rid itself of the stamp that Arabian imperialism was forced to give it."

But the world had changed since 1930; Arabia had some say in the world again. Pakistan had changed since 1947. Seeking more than Iqbal's Moslem polity now, seeking in failure an impossibly pure faith, it called up its Arabian origins, mystical but at the same time real. At Banbhore, a remote outpost of the earliest Arab empires, you walked on human bones.

IN HYDERABAD, A TOWN IN THE INTERIOR OF SIND, WITHIN one of the mud-walled forts built by the last Moslem amirs, or princes, of the province, there was a shrine where the mentally disturbed went to be cured.

It was up a flight of marble steps. At the bottom were pathetic shrunken women, one with a little baby boy, waiting for alms; two or three steps up a man was beating a drum and singing. At the top were two small build-

ings separated by a narrow paved lane. In the building to the left the saint had meditated; in the building to the right he was buried. The tomb was barred around, and the guardian of the shrine, a fat and friendly little man, sat amid a companionable swarm of flies on the tiled floor of the pillared porch in front. To people looking for health he must have seemed as a sweet-shop owner, seems to children, the man who had it all. He was exchanging gossip with a demented, red-eyed man, and while they talked they also appeared to be bartering or exchanging beans of some sort.

One or two people came and made the circuit of the tomb, passing slowly in the lane between the two buildings to get the emanations from both sacred places at once. They held the silver-painted iron rails of the tomb with a rubbing gesture, and then rested their heads on the metal.

At the back, two young girls with covered heads were facing the tomb. They were not ill; they were just using the shrine as a meeting place, having a little Hyderabad chat and giggle. But a man was there with a real *djinn*, or spirit, on him, a young man, dark, physically wasted, his mind half gone. It was this man that the guardian of the shrine presently rose to deal with. The flies swarmed up a few inches, then settled down again.

The guardian could be heard shouting at the back. "*Come on!*" The *djinn* in the man howled, suffering from the sacred emanations. But the guardian, like a man standing no nonsense from any *djinn*, led the man on, shouting roughly all the while at the *djinn*; and the man with the *djinn* pretended to pull back. For all his distress he knew what was expected of him. And in this very ill man there was still a remnant of vanity. He knew he was a case so bad that he had to be brought to the shrine; and he looked back at us, his only audience, to make sure that we were seeing how strong the *djinn* was that possessed him, how the *djinn* howled and resisted going nearer the emanations of the saint. But there he had to go, in the lane between the two buildings; there he would stay until he was pronounced cured. "*You sit here! You hear me!*" the guardian shouted. After a little resistance the *djinn* quieted down, and the guardian, jolly once more, returned to his beans and his flies, which swarmed up six inches to greet him, and then settled down again.

An African—*sidi* was the local word that caused no offense—came. His hair was neatly dressed; he didn't look unwell. He sat beside the barred window of the meditation place, next to the man with the *djinn*, who was now pacific, even remote. And in a short while the African's face altered; his eyes glazed, his cheeks hollowed, his pain became apparent. A small woman came with a child on her hip. She was pregnant again. And then I saw that she was herself hardly more than a child, twelve or thirteen, but excited at the idea of already being adult enough to experience important needs. Everyone was acting (though the man with the *djinn*, after his flash of

vanity, seemed a little too far away); everyone knew his role. But was it acting when the whole world, or the world you knew, was in the play?

IN ISLAM, AND ESPECIALLY THE ISLAM OF THE FUNDAMENTALISTS, precedent is all. The principles of the Prophet—as divined from the Koran and the approved traditions—are for all time. They can be extended to cover all disciplines. The Prophet was reported to have said that the best Moslems were going to be his contemporaries, the second best the generation after, and so on, the decline continuing till the end of time. Can that be read as a condemnation of “Darwinism”? It is what the new, educated fundamentalists say. And it is at once sound faith and part of their rage against the civilization that encircles them and which they as a community despair of mastering.

In the fundamentalist scheme the world constantly decays and has constantly to be re-created. The only function of intellect is to assist that re-creation. It reinterprets the texts; it re-establishes divine precedent. So history has to serve theology, law is separated from the idea of equity, and learning is separated from learning. The doctrine has its attractions. To a student from Karachi University, from perhaps a provincial or peasant background, the old faith comes more easily than any newfangled academic discipline. So fundamentalism takes root in the universities, and to deny education can become the approved educated act. In the days of Moslem glory Islam opened itself to the learning of the world. Now fundamentalism provides an intellectual thermostat, set low. It equalizes, comforts, shelters, and preserves.

In this way the faith pervades everything, and it is possible to understand what the fundamentalists mean when they say that Islam is a complete way of life. But what is said about Islam is true, and perhaps truer, of other religions—such as Hinduism or Buddhism or lesser tribal faiths—that at an early stage in their history were also complete cultures, self-contained and more or less isolated, with institutions, manners, and beliefs making a whole.

The Islamic fundamentalists’ wish is to work back to such a whole, for them a God-given whole, but with the tool of faith alone—belief, religious practices, and rituals. It is like a wish—with intellect suppressed or limited, the historical sense falsified—to work back from the abstract to the concrete, and to set up the tribal walls

again. It is to seek to re-create something like a tribal or a city state that, except in theological fantasy, never was. The Koran is not the statute book of a settled golden age; it is the mystical or oracular record of an extended upheaval, widening out from the Prophet to his tribe to Arabia. Arabia was full of movement; Islam, with all its Jewish and Christian elements, was always mixed, eclectic, developing. Almost as soon as the Prophet made his community secure he sought to subdue his enemies. Many of the revelations of the Koran come from this time of war.

The West, or the universal civilization it leads, is emotionally rejected. It undermines; it threatens. But at the same time it is needed, for its machines, goods, medicines, war planes, the remittances from the emigrants, the hospitals that might have a cure for calcium deficiency, the universities that will provide master’s degrees in mass media. All the rejection of the West is contained within the assumption that there will always exist out there a living, creative civilization, oddly neutral, open to all to appeal to. Rejection, therefore, is not absolute rejection. It is also, for the community as a whole, a way of ceasing to strive intellectually. It is to be parasitic; parasitism is one of the unacknowledged fruits of fundamentalism. And the emigrants pour out from the land of the faith: 30,000 Pakistanis shipped by the manpower-export experts to West Berlin alone, to claim the political asylum meant for the people of East Germany.

The patron saint of the Islamic fundamentalists in Pakistan was Maulana Maudoodi. He opposed the idea of a separate Indian Moslem state, because he felt that the Moslems were not pure enough for such a state. He felt that God should be the law-giver; and, offering ecstasy of this sort rather than a practical program, he became the focus of millenarian passion. He campaigned for Islamic laws without stating what those laws should be.

He died while I was in Pakistan. But he didn’t die in Pakistan: the news of his death came from Boston. At the end of his long and cantankerous life the Maulana had gone against all his high principles. He had gone to a Boston hospital to look for health; he had at the very end entrusted himself to the skill and science of the civilization he had tried to shield his followers from. He had sought, as someone said to me (not all Pakistanis are fundamentalists) to reap where he had not wanted his people to sow. Of the Maulana it might be said that he had gone to his well-deserved place in heaven by way of Boston; and that he went at least part of the way by Boeing. □

An anti-doomsday view

WORLD POPULATION GROWTH

BY JULIAN L. SIMON

EVERY SCHOOLCHILD SEEMS TO "KNOW" THAT THE natural environment is deteriorating and that food is in increasingly short supply. The children's books leave no doubt that population size and growth are the villains. In the *Golden Stamp Book of Earth and Ecology* we read: "If the population continues to explode, many people will starve. About half of the world's population is underfed now, with many approaching starvation. . . . All of the major environmental problems can be traced to people—more specifically, to too many people." But these facts, which are reported to children with so much assurance, are either unproven or wrong.

The demographic facts, to the extent that they are known, are indeed frightening, at first glance. The human population appears to be expanding with self-generated natural force at an exponential rate, restrained only by starvation and disease. It seems that, without some drastic intervention to check this geometric growth, there will soon be "standing room only."

Worry about population growth is not new. Euripides, Polybius, Plato, and Tertullian are on record as citizens who feared that population growth would cause food shortages and environmental degradation. Malthus did "standing room only" arithmetic. In 1802, a Dutch colonial official wrote that Java, which had a population of 4 million, was "overcrowded with unemployed." Now most of Indonesia's 125 million people live in Java, and again the country is said to be overcrowded.

The common view of population growth—especially of population growth in poor countries—is that people breed "naturally." That is, poor people are assumed to have sexual intercourse without concern for the possible consequences. In the words of the environmentalist William Vogt, whose book *Road to Survival* (1948) sold millions of copies, population growth in Asia is the result of "untrammeled copulation" by Moslems, Sikhs, Hindus, and the rest of "the backward billion." A. J. Carlson, a physician, wrote in a 1955 issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, "If we breed like rabbits, in the long run we have to live and die like rabbits." This idea goes hand in hand with the view that population

growth will increase geometrically until starvation or disease halts it.

The idea of "natural breeding," "natural fertility," or "untrammeled copulation" has been buttressed by experiments in animal ecology, which some biologists say can serve as models of human population growth. The analogies that have been proposed include John B. Calhoun's famous observations of Norwegian rats in a pen, the putative behavior of flies in a bottle or of germs in a bucket, and the proclivities of meadow mice and cotton rats—creatures that keep multiplying until they die for lack of sustenance. But as Malthus himself acknowledged in the revised edition of his *Essay on Population*, human beings are very different from flies or rats. When faced with a bottle-like situation, people are capable of foresight and may abstain from having children for "fear of misery." That is, people can choose a level of fertility to fit the resources that will be available. Malthus wrote, "Impelled to the increase of his species by an equally powerful instinct, reason interrupts his career, and asks him whether he may not bring beings into the world, for whom he cannot provide the means of support."

Demographic history offers evidence that people can also alter the limit—expand the bottle. That is, they can increase resources when they need to. Population growth seems not to have been at all constant or steady over the long sweep of time. The broadest picture of the past million years shows three momentous and sudden changes, according to the paleo-ecologist Edward Deevey. The first such change, a rapid increase in population around 1 million B.C., followed the innovations of tool-using and tool-making. Deevey speculates that the aid of various tools "gave the food gatherer and hunter access to the widest range of environments." But when the new power from the use of primitive tools had been exploited, the rate of population growth fell and population size became almost stable.

The next rapid jump in population started perhaps 10,000 years ago, when men began to keep herds and to plow and plant the earth, rather than simply foraging for the plants and game that grew naturally. Once again, the rate of population growth abated after the initial productivity gains from the new technology had been exploited, and again population size became nearly stable in comparison with the rapid growth previously experienced.

These two episodes of a sharp rise and a subsequent fall in the rate of population growth suggest that the

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present rapid growth—which began in the West between 250 and 350 years ago—may also slow down when, or if, the new industrial and agricultural knowledge that followed the Industrial Revolution begins to yield fewer innovations. Of course, the current knowledge revolution may continue without foreseeable end. Either way, over the long term, population size can be seen to adjust to productive conditions, contrary to the popular belief in constant geometric growth. In this view, population growth represents economic success and human triumph, rather than social failure.

Deevey's account of population history still leaves us with the impression that population growth has an irresistible, self-reinforcing logic of its own. That perspective is so broad, however, that it can be misleading. For example, the demographers Colin Clark and Margaret Haswell have shown in their book *The Economics of Subsistence Agriculture* that even in as large an area as Europe, where local ups and downs might be expected to cancel each other out, population from 14 A.D. to 1800 did not grow at a constant rate, nor did it always grow. Instead, there were advances and reverses, provoked by a variety of forces; famine and epidemic were not the only checks.

Income has a decisive effect on population. Along with a temporary jump in fertility as income rises in poor countries comes a fall in child mortality, because of better nutrition, better sanitation, and better health care (though in the twentieth century mortality has declined in some poor countries without a rise in income). As people see that fewer births are necessary to achieve a given family size, they adjust fertility downward. Increased income also brings education and contraception within reach of more people, makes children more expensive to raise, and perhaps influences the desire to have children. It usually initiates a trend toward city living; in the city, children cost more and produce less income for the family than they do in the country.

The process by which these effects of economic development reduce fertility in the long run is called the "demographic transition." We see clearly in the excellent historical data for Sweden that the deathrate began to fall *before* the birthrate fell. We can see the same relationship between income and birthrate in many other countries. At present, the birthrate is far below replacement—that is, below zero population growth—for a number of the largest countries in Europe. Fertility has been falling in many developing countries as well. For example, the birthrate per thousand people declined in Cuba and Singapore from 1965 to 1975 by 40 percent; in Hong Kong by 36 percent; in South Korea by 32 percent; in Costa Rica by 29 percent; in Taiwan by 20 percent; in China by 24 percent; in India by 16 percent. I think we can be reasonably sure that the European pattern of demographic transition is being repeated now in other parts of the world as mortality falls and income rises.

WHEN LOOKING AT THE DEMOGRAPHIC FACTS WITH an eye to judging what ought to be done about population, we want to know what the future holds, how great the "pressures" of population size and growth will be. However, the history of demographic predictions gives us reason to be humble about turning forecasts into policy. In the 1930s, most Western countries expected and feared a decline in their populations. The most extensive investigation of the matter was undertaken in Sweden, in 1935, by some of the world's best social scientists. All four of their projections predicted that the number of Swedes would decline by as much as 2 million by 1985. But all of their hypotheses about the future—intended to bracket all of the conceivable possibilities—turned out to be far below the actual course of population, which has instead grown by about 2 million. That is, the future turned out far better, from the point of view of those scientists, than any of them guessed it might. If the Swedes had introduced fertility-increasing programs, as the demographers advised, the results would have been contrary to what they *now* want.

The Swedes were not alone in making inaccurate, pessimistic forecasts. A research committee of eminent scientists appointed by Herbert Hoover in 1933 reported that "we shall probably attain a population between 145 and 150 million during the present century." None of a variety of forecasts made in the 1930s and 1940s by America's greatest demographic experts predicted a population as large as 200 million people even for the year 2000, but the U.S. reached a population of 200 million sometime around the year 1969, and is far beyond that now. A good many of the forecasters actually predicted a decline in population before the year 2000, which at the present time we know is impossible unless there is a holocaust.

There is no reason to believe that contemporary forecasting methods are better than older ones. We have seen great variety in forecasts of world population through the 1970s. For example, in 1976, "the best demographic estimates" of world population for the year 2000 set it at "nearly 7 billion," according to the executive director of the United Nations Fund for Population Activities (UNFPA), Raphael Salas. By 1979, Mr. Salas spoke of nearly 6 billion people by 2000. Thus, in three years, Mr. Salas's figures declined by almost a billion people, or nearly one seventh.

In the U.S., as recently as 1972, the President's Commission on Population Growth forecast that "even if the family size drops gradually—to the two-child average—there will be no year in the next two decades in which the absolute number of births will be less than in 1970." How did it turn out? In 1971—the year *before* this forecast was transmitted to the President and then published—the absolute number of births (not the birthrate) was already less than in 1970. By 1975, the absolute number of births was barely higher than in 1920, and the number of

white births was actually lower than in most years between 1914 and 1924. In this case, the commission did not even backcast correctly, let alone forecast well. Embarrassing mistakes like this ought to make us think twice before we take demographic predictions to heart.

Making forecasts of population size requires making assumptions about people's choices; such assumptions have proven wrong in the past, as we have seen. We can expect that income will continue to rise, but how much of it will people expect a child to cost them? What other activities will compete with child-rearing for parents' interest and time? Such hard-to-predict judgments are likely to be the main determinants of population growth. We can at least say confidently, however, that the growth of population during the past few centuries is no proof that population will continue to grow straight upward toward infinity and doom.

ALTHOUGH NO ONE KNOWS WHAT POPULATION SIZE OR rate of growth the future holds in store, one often hears that zero population growth, or ZPG, is the only tolerable state. Classical economic theory bolsters this conviction. It purports to show that population growth inevitably reduces the standard of living. The heart of all economic theory of population, from Malthus to *The Limits to Growth*, can be stated in a single sentence: The more people using a stock of resources, the lower the income per person, if all else remains equal. This proposition derives from what economists have called the law of diminishing returns. Two men cannot use the same tool, or farm the same piece of land, without producing less than they would if they did not have to share. A related idea is that two people cannot nourish themselves as well as one person can from a given stock of food. The age distribution that results from a high birthrate reinforces this effect: the number of children in proportion to workers will be larger. Also, the more children women have, the less chance they have to work outside the home, so the work force is diminished further.

According to this reasoning, both sheer numbers of people and the age distribution that occurs in the process of getting to the higher numbers ought to have the effect of a smaller per capita product. But the evidence does not confirm the conventional theory. It suggests that population growth almost certainly does not hinder, and perhaps even helps, economic growth.

One piece of historical evidence is the concurrent explosion of population and economic development in Europe from 1650 onward. Further evidence comes from a comparison of the rates of population growth and output per capita in those developed countries for which data are available for the past century. No strong relationship between the two variables appears. For exam-

ple, population has grown six times faster in the United States than in France, but the rate of increase in output per capita has been about the same. The populations of Great Britain and Norway grew at the same pace for the past century, but the rate of Norway's output per capita was about a third faster. Australia, on the other hand, had a very fast rate of population growth, but its rate of increase in output per capita was quite slow.

Studies of recent rates of population growth and economic growth are another source of evidence. In less-developed countries, per capita income has been growing as fast as or faster than in the developed countries, according to a World Bank survey for the years 1950 to 1975, despite the fact that population has grown faster in developing countries than in developed countries.

Such evidence does not show that fast population growth in developed countries *increases* per capita income. But it does contradict the belief that population growth inevitably *decreases* economic growth. The lack of a cause-and-effect relationship between population and economic growth has a number of explanations, as follows:

- People make special efforts when they perceive a special need. For example, American fathers work extra, the equivalent of two to five weeks a year, for each additional child. In the long run, this yearly 4 to 10 percent increase in work may fully (or more than fully) balance the temporary loss of labor by the mother. (The other side of this coin is that people may slack off when population growth slows and demand lessens.)

- The larger proportion of young people in the labor force which results from population growth has advantages. Young workers produce more in relation to what they consume than older workers, largely because the older workers receive increases in pay with seniority, regardless of productivity. And because each generation enters the labor force with more education than the previous generation, the average worker becomes more and more knowledgeable.

- Population growth creates business opportunities and facilitates change. It makes expansion investment and new ventures more attractive, by reducing risk and by increasing total demand. For example, if housing is overbuilt or excess capacity is created in an industry, a growing population can take up the slack and remedy the error.

- More job opportunities and more young people working mean that there will be more mobility within the labor force. And mobility greatly enhances the efficient allocation of resources: the best matching of people to jobs.

- Population growth promotes "economies of scale": the greater efficiency of larger-scale production. Through this mechanism, the more people, the larger the market, and therefore the greater the need for bigger and more efficient machinery, division of labor, and improved transportation and communication. Hollis B. Chenery, an economist, compared manufacturing in less-developed

countries and found that, all else being equal, if one country is twice as populous as another, output per worker is 20 percent larger. It is an established economic truth that the faster an industry grows, the faster its efficiency improves. One study, which compared the output of selected industries in the U.S. with the output of those same industries in the United Kingdom and Canada, showed that if you quadruple the size of an industry, you may expect to double the output per worker and per unit of capital employed. This should hold true for the developed world in general.

A larger population also provides economies of scale for many expensive social investments that would not be profitable otherwise—for example, railroads, irrigation systems, and ports. And public services, such as fire protection, can also be provided at lower cost per person when the population is larger.

ALL OF THE EXPLANATIONS JUST SUMMARIZED HAVE economic force, but the most important benefit that population growth confers on an economy is that people increase the stock of useful knowledge. It is your mind that matters economically, as much as or more than your mouth or hands. In the long run, the contributions people make to knowledge are great enough to overcome all the costs of population growth. This is a strong statement, but the evidence for it seems strong as well.

The importance of technological knowledge has clearly emerged in two famous studies, by Robert Solow in 1957 and by Edward Denison in 1962. Using different methods, both calculated the extent to which the growth of physical capital and of the labor force could account for economic growth in the U.S. Denison made the same calculations for Europe. They found that even after capital and labor are allowed for, much of the economic growth cannot be explained by any factor other than improvement in technological practice (including improved organization). Economies of scale as a result of larger factories do not appear to be very important from this point of view, though technology improves more rapidly in large, fast-growing industries than in small, slow-growing ones. This improvement in productivity doesn't come for free; much of it is bought with investments in research and development. But that does not alter its importance.

What is the connection between innovation and population size and growth? Since ideas come from people, it seems reasonable that the number of improvements depends on the number of people using their heads. This is not a new idea. William Petty wrote in 1683 that "it is more likely that one ingenious curious man may rather be found out amongst 4 millions than 400 persons." Hans Bethe, who won the Nobel Prize for physics in 1967, has said that the prospects for nuclear fusion would be rosier

if the population of scientists were larger. Bethe said, "Money is not the limiting factor. . . . Progress is limited rather by the availability of highly trained workers."

Even a casual consideration of history shows that as population has grown in the last century, there have been many more discoveries and a faster rate of growth in productivity than in previous centuries. In prehistoric times, progress was agonizingly slow. For example, whereas routinely we develop new materials—say, plastics and metals—millennia passed between the invention of copper metallurgy and of iron metallurgy. If population had been larger, technological discoveries would surely have come along faster. Ancient Greece and Rome have often been suggested as examples contrary to this line of reasoning. Therefore, I plotted the numbers of great discoveries, as recorded by historians of science who have made such lists, against Greek and Roman populations in various centuries. This comparison showed that an increase in population or its rate of growth (or both) was associated with an increase in scientific activity, and population decline with a decrease.

In modern times, there is some fairly strong evidence to confirm the positive effect of population growth on science and technology: in countries at the same level of income, scientific output is proportional to population size. For example, the standard of living in the U.S. and in Sweden is roughly the same, but the U.S. is much larger than Sweden and it produces much more scientific knowledge. A consideration of the references used in Swedish and U.S. scientific papers and of the number of patented processes that Sweden licenses from the U.S. bears this out.

Why isn't populous India a prosperous and advanced country? I have not argued that a large population will by itself overcome all the other variables in a society—its climate, culture, history, political structure. I have said only that there is no evidence to prove that a large population *creates* poverty and underdevelopment. India is poor and underdeveloped for many reasons, and it might be even more so if it had a smaller population. The proper comparison is not India and the United States but India and other poor countries, and the fact is that India has one of the largest scientific establishments in the Third World—perhaps in part because of its large population.

It cannot be emphasized too strongly that "technological and scientific advance" does not mean only sophisticated research, and geniuses are not the only source of knowledge. Much technological advance comes from people who are neither well-educated nor well-paid: the dispatcher who develops a slightly better way of deploying the taxis in his ten-taxi fleet, the shipper who discovers that garbage cans make excellent cheap containers, the supermarket manager who finds a way to display more merchandise in a given space, the clerk who finds a quicker way to stamp prices on cans, and so on.

Population growth spurs the adoption of existing tech-

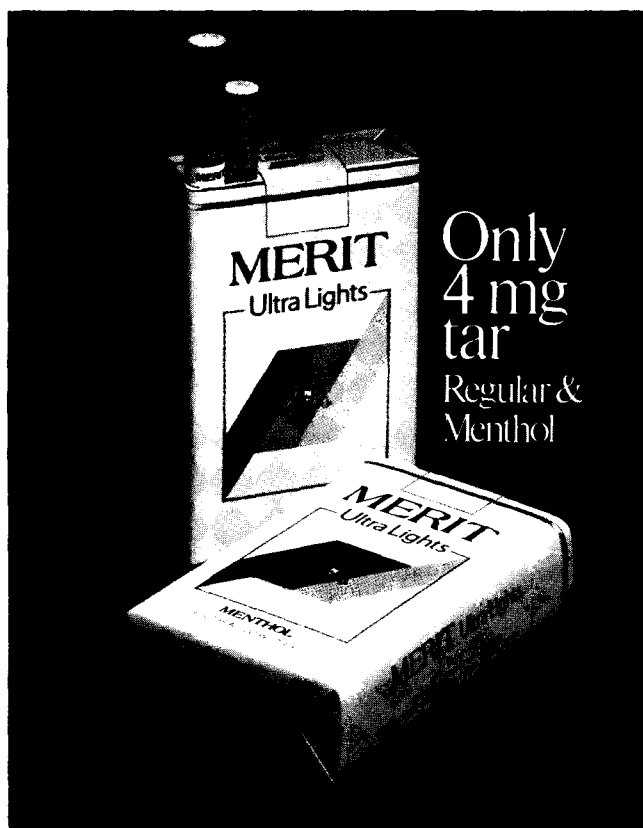
nology as well as the invention of new technology. This has been well documented in agriculture, where people turn to successively more "advanced" but more laborious methods of getting food as population density increases—methods that may have been known but were ignored because they weren't needed. For example, hunting and gathering—which require very few hours of work a week to provide a full diet—give way to migratory slash-and-burn agriculture, and that yields to settled, long-fallow agriculture, and that to short-fallow agriculture. Eventually fertilizer, irrigation, and multiple cropping are adopted. Though each stage initially requires more labor than the one before, the end point is a more efficient and productive system.

This phenomenon also explains why the advance of civilization is not a race between technology and population, each progressing independently of the other. Contrary to the Malthusian view, there is no direct link between each food-increasing invention and increased production of food. Some inventions, such as a better calendar for planting, may be adopted as soon as they prove successful, because they will increase production with no more labor. Others, such as settled agriculture or irrigated multicropping, require more labor, and thus will not be adopted until there is demand.

The fact that people learn by doing is a key to the improvement of productivity in particular industries, and in the economies of nations. The idea is simple: the bigger the population, the more of everything that is produced. With a greater volume come more chances for people to improve their skills and to devise better methods. Industrial engineers have understood this process for many decades, but economists first grasped its importance when they examined the production of airplanes during World War II. They discovered that when twice as many airplanes are produced, the labor required per plane is reduced by 20 percent. That is, if the first airplane requires 1,000 units of labor, the second will require 800 units, and so on, though after some time the gains from increased efficiency level off. Similar "progress ratios" describe the production of lathes, machine tools, textile machines, and ships. The effect of learning by doing can also be seen in the progressive reduction in price of new consumer devices in the years following their introduction to the market—room air-conditioners and color television sets, for example.

WE HAVE SEEN THAT POPULATION SIZE AND GROWTH have a variety of economic effects. Economists must take account of the size and importance of all these effects, and of their influences. They do so by constructing a model that integrates the important elements of an economy and using it to compare the per capita incomes that result at various rates of population growth.

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Whether mathematical or verbal, simple or complex, computerized or not, conventional models of the effect of additional people on the standard of living have first-edition Malthus as a common root. If, however, we add to the Malthusian model another fundamental fact of economic growth—the increase in productivity that results from people's creative powers—we arrive at a very different result. Such a model does not treat human beings simply as human capital, a commodity that is essentially plastic and inert like physical capital. Rather, it treats people as people, who respond to their economic needs with physical and mental efforts up to and including the creative spark. Imagination and creativity are not concepts commonly included in economic models, but let us recognize their importance without embarrassment, and give them their due.

I studied the economic effects of different rates of population growth—zero growth, one-percent growth a year, and two-percent growth a year, among others—on the developed world, using a model designed to take account of the contributions of additional people to technological advance. Under every set of conditions, the hypothetical economies subjected to faster population growth come to have higher per-worker income than is yielded by economies subjected to slower population growth, in eighty years at most. Under some conditions, the higher fertility rates overtake the one-percent growth rate in output per worker after only thirty years—that is, only about ten years after the first additional child enters the work force. Furthermore, economic effects of the various rates of population growth do not differ much, by any absolute measure, in the short run. It is the long-run differences that are large.

It is true that thirty to eighty years is a long way off. But we ought to remember that our future will be someone else's present, just as our present was someone else's future. Some measure of unselfishness should compel us to remember this as we make decisions about population policy. For example, readers might check the conclusions drawn from this model with their intuitions about whether the U.S. would be better off today if the population in 1830 had been reduced by half. To me it seems reasonably plain that our ancestors bestowed upon us the benefits of knowledge and economies of scale, and if we did not have as many ancestors our legacy would have been smaller.

For developing countries, the conventional economic models are even more baleful about population growth than they are for developed countries. A model by Ansley J. Coale and Edgar M. Hoover has had decisive effect on demographic thinking and on government policy for more than twenty years. "The Coale-Hoover thesis eventually provided the justification for birth control as a part of U.S. foreign aid policy," according to Phyllis Pio-

trow, in her book *World Population Crisis: The United States' Response*. Coale and Hoover simply assumed that the total national product in a developing country will not be increased by population growth for the thirty-year period of their model, either by a larger labor force or by additional productive efforts. Therefore, their arithmetic boils down to the ratio of output divided by consumers; an increase in the number of consumers decreases the per-capita consumption, no matter what.

There are other influences to be accounted for, however: the positive effect of increased demand on business and agricultural investment; the propensity of people to devote more hours to work when family size increases; the shift in labor from agriculture to industry; economies of scale in public works; and the larger number of workers. When these elements are included, and when reasonable assumptions are made about the likely behavior of the economies of developing countries, the results are nothing like the dark predictions we've grown accustomed to hearing. According to my model, a population that grows slowly or not at all has slightly higher output per capita than more rapidly growing populations for about the first sixty years. But thereafter (120 to 180 years), moderate population growth produces considerably better economic performance. A declining population does very badly in the long run.

Therefore, for developing countries, as for developed countries, our judgment of population growth depends on how we value the present as compared with the future. If we pay attention only to the present, then additional children are a burden on the economies of developing countries. But if we can be as concerned about the welfare of future generations as we are about our own, then we will consider additional children a benefit. Given the economic analysis outlined here, anyone who takes a long-range view of the world should prefer a growing population to one that is stationary or declining.

In the short run, all resources are limited: the pulpwood that went into making this magazine, the pages the magazine will allow me, and the attention the reader will devote to what I say. The longer run, however, is a different story. The standard of living has risen along with the size of the world's population since the beginning of recorded time. There is no convincing economic reason why these trends toward a better life should not continue indefinitely. Adding more people causes problems, but people are also the means to solve these problems. The main fuel to speed the world's progress is our stock of knowledge, and the brake is our lack of imagination. The ultimate resource is people—skilled, spirited, and hopeful people—who will exert their wills and imaginations for their own benefit, and so, inevitably, for the benefit of us all. □

PARTLY CLOUDY

BY ELEANOR PERÉNYI



THE DROUGHT IS serious, the corn crop is threatened, lawns are burning up and water restrictions forbid us to water them. Turn to the evening weather forecast and there is a grinning young man surrounded with weather maps and radarscopes to assure us we haven't a worry in the world: "The threat of shower activity has passed and it looks like a gorgeous weekend." Or it is winter and a snowfall is in prospect. Panic: "It could be as much as four inches and travelers' warnings are out for the metropolitan area and eastern Long Island." Nightly, some variation on these themes is enacted in the grotesque ritual called a weather forecast but more accurately described as pandering to infantilism. It is a frightening revelation of how insulated we have become from the natural world.

I assume that in those parts of the country where sufficient rain is still a life-and-death matter the forecasters show a little more sensitivity, though I wouldn't bet on it; and surely the states whose economies depend on snow to activate the ski resorts don't allow an imminent storm to be forecast as though it were a plague of locusts. Elsewhere, the weather is treated as something between a threat and a joke. The "meteorologist," having read out the figures we can see for ourselves on the screen and relayed predictions that come to him from computers at the National Weather Service as though they were his own, then engages in heavy banter with the fellow who broadcasts the news: "Don't give us any more of the white stuff, Bill." "I'll do my best, Jim." Thus is the power once attributed to Jove and his thunderbolts transferred to a man in a sports jacket—a quaint conceit indeed in a scientific age, and one with disturbing implications that the viewer is a child on perpetual holiday, his only interest in going out to play.

But, of course, the chief sin of the forecasters is unreliability. Many years ago, my father believed there would be a revolution in forecasting as soon as

Arctic weather stations and an efficient system of radio communication were established at various points across the globe. A Navy man, he had a particular interest in the subject, especially as it applied to military operations like the Normandy landings—which, it will be recalled, nearly foundered on account of an unforeseen storm. He died before the invention of weather satellites and all the recent advances in computer technology, which would have given him even higher hopes. What would have been his feelings to learn, thirty years later, that during the attempt to rescue our hostages our military weathermen in the Arabian Sea were unaware of a vast sandstorm hovering over the Iranian plateau—a locality where such storms are common at that time of year?

Is it reasonable to expect the little chap on the TV screen, who gets his information from a less vitally concerned source, to do better? I would rather trust the farmer who holds his finger to the wind—anyone, indeed, who lives outside the technological cocoon. I remember that when my father was in charge of a naval station on a West Indian island in the 1920s, he had received no official word of an approaching hurricane. It was the inhabitants who gave him warning of the need to take precautions. Reading the motion of the sea, the clouds, feeling in the barometer of their bones a sudden drop a thousand miles away, they muttered for days, "Hurricane coming, hurricane coming." They were right. A couple of hours after the official warning arrived, the storm struck the island like a sandblasting machine and nearly blew us off the map.

Such skills have largely been lost. Hence, in part, the inordinate fear of weather and the dependence on the idiot box to feed the dream of eternal sun-

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL C. WITTE



shine or the nightmare of a couple of inches of snow. In our civilization, if that is what it is, only farmers and gardeners are free of these fantasies. We don't care if your weekend is ruined by the rain we need. We curse the wind the Sunday sailor wants for his outing (it dries up our peas, just coming to perfection) and bless the snow that blocks your roads but keeps our plants and the winter wheat safe. We must collaborate with nature whether we like it or not, and perhaps need a special weather service of our own.

SOMETHING OF THE sort exists, and I don't mean the old black magic—not that I don't rely on it on occasion, and in the short run. Rain really is imminent when the leaves turn their backs to the wind, smoke goes to ground, and the earthworms rise to the surface. It may not be true that if St. Martin's Day is fair and cold the winter will be short, but I would give it a try. A Mexican-Indian gardener once told me at the beginning of the dry season in October that it would rain heavily for three days in February—I forget which saint's fiesta was involved and anyway the saint was undoubtedly a thinly disguised Aztec god—and not thereafter for three months. The prediction was correct, which amazed me at the time. It doesn't amaze me now. It never pays to underestimate folk wisdom, but neither does it pay to overestimate it. What I seek is a scientific approach that takes into account information gathered down the ages by observant human beings and goes on from there.

Such a minor discipline is at hand, in a development called phenology: the study of the growth stages of plants, which can be used to predict the approach of spring and all that implies

about planting dates, the emergence of insects, and other data vital to farmers and gardeners. The name is modern, the practice as old as the hills. The Chinese and the ancient Romans were using phenological calendars a couple of thousand years ago, and real farmers, as opposed to those engaged in mass agriculture, have always been aware of the principle—which simply consists in noting the dates when one or more plants known as “indicators” burst into leaf or bloom. Given this information, one can then predict other events, such as the warming of the soil, the likelihood of one area remaining persistently colder than another, and so on. It has long been understood that plants are sensitive weather instruments, registering temperature and humidity. Indicator plants are simply more reliable than others. The common lilac, for instance, won't open its buds until it is safe to do so (which is why the flowering can vary by as much as three weeks from one season to another), and the farmer or gardener who takes phenology for his guide will watch for this flowering rather than go by the books and perform certain tasks at a fixed date.

In Montana, the blooming of the lilacs tells farmers they have ten days to cut the alfalfa and eliminate the first brood of alfalfa weevils. Truck farmers on Long Island count on the flowering forsythia to signal the arrival of the cabbage-root maggot. In New England, we used to plant our corn when the elm leaves were the size of a squirrel's ear, knowing the ground would then be warm enough for the seed to germinate. The elms are nearly gone, but oak or maple will do as well. Using the lilac, or the dogwood—another indicator plant—it should also be possible to

locate the best place on a property to plant a tender fruit tree such as an apricot. Where either of these flowered consistently earlier than others of their kind would be a warm spot, which could save the fruit buds from late freezes.

A number of countries in Europe maintain networks to gather phenological information as part of their national weather services. We don't. Such a network was established here in 1904 by the Weather Bureau but abandoned for lack of funds. Now, however, there seems to be a revival of interest. A few states are developing programs, and the Department of Agriculture is collaborating with some of them. Phenological maps have been compiled. But it will be a long time before the nightly forecast includes the latest word on lilac time. Meanwhile, there is nothing to stop the amateur from making his own observations. I scored a minor success, though not with phenology, in long-range forecasting in the fall of 1979, when we had an exceptionally early snowfall, one that took place while the roses were still in bloom and the leaves green on the trees. That, I announced grandly, meant we would have no more snow until February and an exceptionally dry winter. This forecast was based on nothing more than notes in my garden log, which recorded two similarly premature snowfalls in the early 1970s, both followed by dry winters.

It may well have been coincidence, but I turned out to be right. On the number of times I have been wrong, misled by the behavior of squirrels with nuts and the amount of moss on the north sides of trees, time-honored omens, I naturally don't enlarge. But then I notice that those who predict weather on television rarely mention, or apologize for, their failures either. □

BOOKS

IN PRAISE OF DISPRAISE

*Invective is an art form like any other,
but it has gone out of style*

BY JAMES ATLAS



FRANCIS JEFFREY, FAMOUS in the early nineteenth century as the editor of the influential *Edinburgh Review*, is now remembered—if he is remembered at all—as the critic who began his review of Wordsworth's *Excursion* with the curt announcement: "This will not do." John Wilson Croker, an eminent critic in his day, achieved posthumous notoriety by deriding Keats as a poet of the Cockney School. Charles A. Dana, the managing editor of Horace Greeley's *Tribune*, declared *Leaves of Grass* "uncouth and grotesque"—words quoted by every biographer of Whitman.

What hapless men we consider these critics now (though others since Croker have fallen asleep over *Endymion*). Their foolish judgments serve to vindicate the axiom that we can never know in our own time what will endure and what will be forgotten. And they further cheapen the dubious prestige accorded literary critics, whose verdicts on the work of their contemporaries can always be dismissed as mere opinion, the babble of ignorant journalists. Let history judge. "I shall not pollute my fingers with touching his book," Wordsworth proclaimed of Jeffrey—a sentiment echoed by many another writer making that unbelievable claim "I never read my reviews."

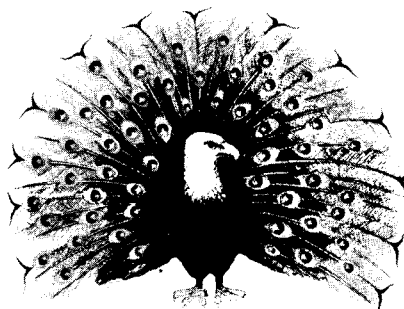
But even critics are right on occasion, and there have been reviews that altered a reputation forever—generally for the worse. A lively negative review tends to stay in the mind. The language of disparagement is simply more vivid than the language of praise. Henry James's description of Russian novels as "large loose baggy monsters" is worth pages of his panegyrics to George Eliot and Balzac. One can read Randall Jarrell's fifty-page advertisement for *The Man Who Loved Children* without

encountering a single phrase as memorable as his succinct description of Karl Shapiro's *Trial of a Poet* as "a sort of bobby-soxer's *Maunderley*." It is the dismissive review that we remember, the clever deflation, the impudent reappraisal of an honored name—not Dr. Johnson's encomium to Pope but his observation of *Paradise Lost* that "none ever wished it longer."

Why is a stern critical denunciation so invigorating? It appeals, I think, to the punitive, grudging, envious impulses we generally suppress in our daily social transactions, gives expression to hostile, aggressive instincts through a sanctioned mode of discourse. Like jokes, negative reviews can articulate forbidden wishes—for revenge, for superiority over a victim, for the subversion of authority. "Parody and travesty," Freud noted in *Wit and Its Relation to the Unconscious*, "accomplish the degradation of the exalted"—and so does a good negative review. Its candor is a fugitive from the unconscious, which scorns polite revision.

Invective is an art like any other; when brought under rigorous aesthetic control, it can be persuasive even if the reviewer's animus is clear. Norman Mailer, flailing about in a meditation on what he called "the talent in the room" in *Cannibals and Christians*, managed to land a few punches because of his insolent, vigorous prose. William Styron's *Set This House on Fire* was "the magnum opus of a fat spoiled rich boy," "a bad maggotty novel" in which "four or five half-great short stories were buried like pullulating organs in a corpse of fecal matter." (It was pretty bad.) John Updike's *Rabbit, Run* was spoiled by "imprecise, flatulent, wry-necked, precious, overpreened, self-indulgent, tortured sentences." Mary McCarthy's *The Group* featured "piss-out characters with their cultivated banalities, their lack of variety or ambition, perversion, simple greed, or depth of feeling." Hardly well-mannered as-

August report on

ATLANTIC MONTHLY
PRESS BOOKS

Is this a peagle or an eacock?

A century ago a tribe of Pacific Indians used to bankrupt itself by the ritual gift of heaps of Hudson's Bay blankets. Today, for the sake of being conspicuous (for "no woman can be too thin or too rich"), our young women starve themselves to the point of death from *anorexia nervosa*.

The apparently absurd devices that Veblen ascribed to the leisure class a century ago have become even more absurd as we have concocted more magnificent refinements on the ruffles and flourishes of consumption and display.

JOHN BROOKS, often and perilously exposed to the behavior of money in his researches for writing *The Go-Go Years*, *Once in Golconda*, *Telephone*, and other books, good humoredly reports on his recent findings in **SHOWING OFF IN AMERICA: From Conspicuous Consumption to Parody Display**. His book contains, as Russell Baker of the *New York Times* says, "the most comprehensive catalog of national idiocies this side of the Federal budget, and [is] a lot more fun to read."

SHOWING OFF IN AMERICA

by John Brooks

\$12.95 at your bookstore

LITTLE, BROWN

James Atlas is an associate editor of The Atlantic and author of Delmore Schwartz: The Life of an American Poet.

sessments; but they have a brutal, gangsterish authority.

MORE CHILLING is the dismissal foisted by no apparent grievance, in which the critic appears to go calmly and coldly about his work—a gravedigger bent to his gruesome but necessary task (and as the gravedigger in *Hamlet* says, “the houses that he makes last till doomsday”). I know of no more damaging instance of this efficient, hand-rubbing method than Stanley Edgar Hyman’s essay on Edmund Wilson in *The Armed Vision*. The innocuous subtitle, “Translation in Criticism,” gives no clue to what lies ahead, and his introductory remarks have a deceptively neutral, even generous tone. (Shaken by the critical devastation Hyman wrought on Wilson’s career, I returned to these opening paragraphs like a detective in the Loeb and Leopold case trying to figure out what made such nice boys do it, and came away bewildered by Hyman’s geniality.) There are, to be sure, references to the “novice reader” presumed to be Wilson’s audience; but these condescending asides are muffled by the recital of Wilson’s virtues: his talents as a popularizer, his erudition, his “formidable qualifications for exegesis.”

Only when Hyman labels Wilson “a writer of epistles to the philistines,” and slips in a reference to his “skillful use of other men’s researches and insights, sometimes without credit,” do we begin to suspect that what we have before us is hardly an *hommage*. It isn’t long before Wilson is faulted for “sniping at” poetry and “booming” Edgar Allan Poe—verbs that resonate with ill-concealed contempt. In this bristling atmosphere, even Wilson’s modest explanation of his strategy—“first to get books for review or reporting assignments to cover on subjects in which I happened to be interested; then, later, to use the scattered articles for writing general studies of these subjects; and finally to bring out a book in which groups of these essays were revised and combined”—seems dishearteningly lame.

Like a mob emboldened by its own lawlessness to ever more daring acts, Hyman then ventures to suggest that Wilson’s enthusiasm for Poe indicates “some form of personal identification”—in other words, Wilson was a neurotic like Poe. Appropriating a theo-

ry formulated in *The Wound and the Bow*, where Wilson speculated on the connection between creativity and some crippling psychic disorder, Hyman rudely surveys Wilson’s own work in search of such a connection, and comes up with a good deal of embarrassing evidence: the crude, clinical treatment of sex in *I Thought of Daisy*; the misogyny that flickers through *Europe Without Baedeker*; the querulous arrogance of his self-interviews. “If any of this applies to Wilson himself,” the relentless Hyman concludes, “and if the wound-and-bow theory makes any correlation between the extent of the wound and the power of the bow, we are reduced to wondering why Edmund



Wilson is not the foremost artist of our time.” By this point, any admirer of Wilson must be thoroughly flustered.

But the ordeal isn’t over yet. Having cornered his victim and pawed him over, Hyman is prepared to finish him off. Modulating his voice toward unctuous sympathy, he observes that Wilson’s later work is suffused with nostalgia for a vanished era—an era, Hyman notes with sudden malice, “when Edmund Wilson was a young writer fresh out of college and full of promise.” The implication, of course, is that Wilson is washed up. Referring to a passage in *Europe Without Baedeker* where Wilson lamented that one of his favorite magic tricks had failed to interest some young Athenians, Hyman concludes with remorseless acerbity: “Even the children seem to have grown tired of seeing that pocket handkerchief turn into a mouse.” No wonder that when Hyman’s name came up in conversation with Brendan Gill, Wilson muttered, “That fellow Hyman is bad news.”

What could provoke such a merciless

appraisal? Can a review that goes to such great lengths to destroy a writer’s reputation properly be called objective? Hyman works hard to produce an impression of reasoned argument, reluctant disapproval (“I’m only doing my job”), yet there are moments of gleeful jocularly that verge on insult: the taunt that Wilson’s essays on Russian literature “held the literary world tense with the revelation that the Russian language has all sorts of interesting words and sounds”; the derisory observation that *To the Finland Station* was so basic “it might have been called Men Who Made Our Marxism and sold to the Junior Literary Guild.” Could it be that Hyman was jealous? Wilson was, after all, the most eminent critic of his day (though Hyman thought his reputation “abnormally inflated”); and it clearly annoyed him that Wilson was a celebrity in England—which Hyman attributed to “the fact that almost all of his books of criticism have been published in England” (unlike Hyman’s). Moreover, Hyman considered himself the better scholar (as he demonstrated in an elaborate digression about the history of criticism from antiquity to our own day, working in such household names as Anaximander, Stesimbrotus, and Fulgentius), forced to labor away in academic obscurity while the worldly, privileged (non-Jewish?) Wilson made a name for himself.

THAT HYMAN FELT competitive with Wilson doesn’t invalidate his criticism. Indeed, the most exhilarating negative reviews—those forceful, unsparing cross-examinations that question a writer’s whole achievement—are usually prompted by some latent resentment, some inspirational abrasion. Irritated by the success of James Gould Cozzens, whose truculent, reactionary attitudes could hardly have been more at odds with his own progressive ardor, Dwight Macdonald set about demolishing what was then a considerable reputation with such ferocity that Cozzens never recovered. What Macdonald accomplished in his review of *By Love Possessed*, the number-one best seller of 1957, wasn’t criticism; it was a sustained display of rage, a methodical dismantling of Cozzens’s pretensions to literature provoked by the fear that he was “getting away with it.”

Where Hyman edged up to Wilson with faint praise, Macdonald declared

in his first sentence that Cozzens's triumph was "the most alarming literary news in years." The main character was "a brute," "a prig," "a club bore" capable of musing: "I've often wondered how far anyone can see into what goes on in someone else. I've read somewhere that it would pose the acutest head to draw forth and discover what is lodged in the heart." ("Now where could he have read that?" Macdonald wondered.) And the prose was lamentable: a sex scene was said to involve "the disposings of accustomed practice, the preparations of purpose and consent, the familiar mute motions of furtherance," "moist manipulative reception" and "the mutual heat of pumped bloods" (an image Macdonald likened to "a *Fortune* description of an industrial process"). Cozzens was guilty of pointless inversions ("Owned and operated by Noah's father was a busy grist mill"); melodrama ("Deaf as yesterday to all representations of right, he purposed further perfidy"); and impossible dialogue that reminded Macdonald of "two grunt-and-groan wrestlers heaving their ponderous bulks around without ever getting a grip on each other." From the distance of twenty-four years, Macdonald's demolition of this "tongue-tied Dr. Johnson" scarcely seems worth the trouble.

Yet *By Love Possessed*, hard as it is to believe after reading this review, won virtually unanimous acclaim. Malcolm Cowley and Brendan Gill raved; *Time* put Cozzens on the cover; newspapers across the land were ecstatic. Macdonald's quotations from the critics were as damaging to this country's literary culture as his quotations from the novel were to Cozzens. "He is not a literary man, he is a writer," admonished Bernard De Voto; Whitney Balliett spoke of his "dark, supernal intelligence"; Granville Hicks lauded his "great eloquence and even poetic power." And the provincial reviewers were quick—in the words of Carl Victor Little in the *Houston Press*—to "ditto the dithyrambs."

What is it about these exultant reviews that is so unsettling? They are at once ephemeral and emblematic of an American tradition. One can pick up a magazine or newspaper any day of the week and find the same words applied to some new book. Our reviewers love to praise; enthusiasm is a national trait. To weigh in with an unfavorable verdict is considered rude, unsporting, like not

standing up for the national anthem. There is something truculent about the tributes to Cozzens; they have a patriot's bullying tone. "Critics and the kind of readers who start fashionable cults have been markedly cool toward him," insisted Brendan Gill; and John Fischer, in *Harper's*, castigated "the magisterial critics whose encyclicals appear in the literary quarterlies and academic journals" for their failure to appreciate *By Love Possessed*. The message was clear: Be a Booster.

It was just this sort of condescension toward intellectuals that Macdonald had inveighed against in his famous essay "Masscult & Midcult" and in his polemics against The Revised Stan-



dard Version of the Bible and Mortimer Adler's Great Books. Indeed, the leveling effect of our democratic culture, its obsequious regard for whatever appeals to the just-plain-folks mentality, has been Macdonald's great theme. The success of *By Love Possessed* happened to illustrate that theme, to concentrate its various elements—the contempt for culture, the philistinism of our society, the poverty of literary discourse—in one event. Thus emerged a great negative review, brought about by the convergence of a critic's obsession and a work that embodied it (though was it really necessary, as Macdonald confided he had done, when he reprinted the essay in *Against the American Grain*, to send Cozzens a copy of his review?).

IMBUED WITH THE righteous moral fervor of a revolutionary, the negativist—to introduce a new literary type—is more persuasive than the encomiast, who tends to resort to the bland, formulaic language of praise. There is an

urgency about the eloquent negative review, a prosecutorial zeal. Thus Gore Vidal, in a famous essay in *The New York Review of Books* ("American Plastic: The Matter of Fiction," July 15, 1976), managed to devalue Donald Barthelme, William Gass, John Barth, and Thomas Pynchon by means of his voice alone: clever, insouciant, yet charged with the vehemence of Baron Corvo boasting of one of his enemies that he would "flick that gentleman with my satire." Yet Vidal never fulminates; he goes about his work with supercilious ease. Over the years, he confides, he has been in the habit of ignoring Barthelme's stories in *The New Yorker* and looking for S. J. Perelman. "I was not aware that I was *not* reading one who is described as, 'according to Philip Stevick 'the most imitated fictionist in the United States today.''" This is pretty dispiriting stuff (Vidal is quoting Joe David Bellamy in *The New Fiction*); it conveys that writing about Barthelme is a dreary business without quite coming out and saying so. Vidal is brusque, no-nonsense; let's get on with the chore, imply his brief, Barthelme-like sentences. Of the collection *Sadness*, he writes: "More stories. More graphics. The pictures are getting better all the time. There is a good one of a volcano in eruption."

What is so notable about Vidal's method is its apparent evenhandedness; he rarely employs a discouraging word ("somewhat plodding" is the most opprobrious reference I can find to Barthelme's style), preferring a flat, non-committal manner that condemns by inference. "There are funny names and cute names," he writes of Barthelme's characters; but his bored adjectives warn us off finding them funny or cute. And he is a master at quoting Barthelme against himself. "I have trouble reading, in these days," Barthelme says to an interviewer. "I would rather drink, talk or listen to music. . . . I now listen to rock constantly." To which Vidal appends a single laconic word: "Yes." Finally, there is the tactic of grudging praise, the tyrant's charitable gesture that reminds the populace of his essential humanity. "There is no doubt that beneath the mannerisms, the infantile chic, the ill-digested culture of an alien world, Barthelme does have a talent for, of all things in this era, writing. Shall I quote an example? I think not." So much for him.

When it comes to Barth and Pynchon, Vidal is more blunt. *The Sotweed Factor*, he announces, is "an astonishingly dull book" and *V.* is "pretty bad." It is the Jeffrey method: This will not do. Admitting that he literally couldn't finish the work under review, Vidal declares: "I stopped at page 412 with 407 pages yet to go." But the point here is that one needn't read such works all the way through; it is enough to get the hang of them, to quote a damning passage or two of eighteenth-century pastiche (" 'Tis not that which distresses me; 'tis Andrew's notion that I had vicious designs on the girl'"), and to relegate *The Sotweed Factor* to some lowly category devised by the reviewer: Barth is an academic novelist, a Creative Writing writer. Here, then, is an efficient negative review; it manages to clear away a good deal of contemporary American literature with such resonant authority that we needn't feel troubled about not reading it.

IS IT FAIR OF Vidal to go about his work this way, dismissing authors without even bothering to say what their novels are about? Without even reading them? Hardly. But as President Kennedy reminded us, life is unfair. The most persuasive negative reviews are seldom sporting. I have read Edmund Wilson's curmudgeonly polemic against the Modern Language Association more often than my favorite novels; "The Fruits of the MLA" is an immensely satisfying work. (I'll bet even Stanley Edgar Hyman liked it.) I confess that it plays into the hands of my own prejudice against academics, but I suspect its appeal is the appeal of any vivid satire; the spectacle of professors entrapped in the web of their own ludicrous pedantry affords the reader that furtive satisfaction derived from the public embarrassment of others.

Wilson's assault on the editions of the American classics put out by the Modern Language Association was by no means disinterested, as he himself confessed; it was a vendetta provoked by his having been beaten to the punch in his own efforts to get such a project under way. Still, none of this invalidated his annoyance with "the ineptitude of its pretensions"—which he revealed by quoting from the heated correspondence his initial letter to *The New York Review of Books* had elicited and examining the texts issued under

the MLA aegis. Here is one letter he paraphrases to great effect:

A long epistle from a "Center for Textual Studies" by a man whom I have never met and of whom I have never heard begins with what I suppose to be meant as a propitiatory paragraph, in which he professes to envy me my enjoyment of spring on Cape Cod—which is actually rather bleak—since the part of the Middle West to which he is at present condemned cannot be said to have a spring. The roses, he says, do not bloom out there nor have the lilies any fragrance. Yet his favorite locality, he says, is not Cape Cod but Plum Island off Newburyport.

In this way, through judicious quotation, is the man of whom Wilson has never heard discredited by his own fatuity. Another sly device of Wilson's was to give in full his correspondents' titles ("Mr. Richard M. Fletcher of the English Department of Edinboro State College, Pennsylvania") or to put them in quotations ("Mr. Ronald Gottesman of Indiana University, the 'Textual Editor'"), belittling their credentials in his fastidious attempts to get them right.

But of course none of these strategies of diminution would be effective were it not for Wilson's case against his scholarly foes. He had on his side the one component essential to the negativist: the facts. For all the MLA editors' nearly fetishistic obsession with how words should be hyphenated at the end of a line, their devotion to gratuitous textual emendations and Hinman collating machines, Wilson caught them out. He was "gratified to be able to note," he taunted the scrupulous but fallible editors, that "on page 202 'romantic' has been printed for 'romantic,' and that on page 339 'You're vain of it' has been printed 'You've vain of it.'" Few literary experiences are as gladdening as that sudden triumphant rush when a reviewer looking for trouble happens upon an error.

What is it about a verified error that pleases us? It is no longer in the realm of opinion but beyond debate, like a mathematical proof. When John Simon, reviewing George Steiner's *The Death of Tragedy*, points out that Schiller couldn't possibly have influenced the art historian Winckelmann, as Steiner claimed, because he was only nine years old when Winckelmann died, or that

"Mr. Steiner refers throughout to one Macauley [sic]"—these aren't the rebukes of a notoriously intemperate critic but errors of fact, the sort one can never see corrected in print without imagining the author's wince.

Of course, there is something a little unseemly about this remorseless hunting down of others' mistakes, an aggressiveness that verges on antisocial behavior. When Simon notes that Steiner, in equating *marshal* with *martial*, "has hit upon a new discipline," he exceeds the bounds of literary etiquette. It is rude enough to correct another's error; to gloat over it is to violate unwritten rules of decorum. Yet it is that very willingness to go beyond what is acceptable, to behave in the literary equivalent of a boorish, pushing manner, that makes for the great negativist. I still read Macaulay's assault on Croker's edition of Boswell's life of Johnson every once in a while just to savor his magisterial disparagement of a work he judged "ill-compiled, ill-arranged, ill-expressed, and ill-printed"—a variant on the leg of mutton Dr. Johnson once pronounced "as bad as bad could be; ill-fed, ill-killed, ill-kept, and ill-dressed."

For column after dense column of print, Macaulay worries the inept Croker, recording with furious energy his errors of chronology, wrongly identified people, misattributed quotations, potted history, hopeless ignorance of Greek and Latin, and a host of other "monstrous blunders." And when he comes to the "want of perspicacity" revealed in Croker's notes, Macaulay outdoes himself. Croker "is perpetually telling us that he cannot understand something in the text which is as plain as language can make it," he complains; patiently explaining some obvious reference, he marvels that it was "in human dulness" to miss the point. He chides Croker for interrupting the text with inane interpolations: "They remind us of nothing so much as of those profound and interesting annotations which are pencilled by sempstresses and apothecaries' boys on the dog-eared margins of novels borrowed from circulating libraries—'How beautiful'—'cursed prosy'—'I don't like Sir Reginald Malcolm at all.'—'I think Pelham is a sad dandy.'" It is all, as Macaulay says, "very amusing indeed."

This sort of high-spirited vituperation has gone out of style. How rarely one finds in a journal now the fierce,

infuriating reviews that were so common in the nineteenth century. Of course, a good many of those reviews were ignorant, ill-tempered diatribes, less clever than merely insulting, and some of them did a good deal of damage; to read Lockhart's vicious animadversions on the "imperturbable driveling idiocy" of Keats or the anonymous reviewer who called *Endymion* "a monstrously droll poem" is hardly an edifying experience. But insult and invective were once habitual in literature. From Swift's *A Tale of a Tub* to Pope's *Dunciad*, from Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* to Carlyle's objurgations against just about everything, literature has a long history of satire, gossip, and even revenge. Good manners are the sign of a dull literary era.

"Under what gardener's cloche," Alexandre Dumas fils wrote of Gustave Courbet, "with the help of what manure, as a result of what mixture of wine, beer, corrosive mucus and flatulent swellings can have grown this sonorous and hairy pumpkin, this aesthetic belly, this imbecilic and impotent incarnation of the Self?" As I glance through the advertisements in a typical *New York Times Book Review*, glossing over the hectic blurbs—"irresistible," "haunting," "the kind of book one wants to read over and over again"—I wonder how many critics in our own time have the literary verve or moral conviction to produce such a grand, lip-curling sentence. □

MALONE'S JEFFERSON CONCLUDED

BY MARVIN MEYERS

THE SAGE OF MONTICELLO:
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by Dumas Malone.
Little, Brown, \$19.95.



IN THE WINTER of his last year, crushed by debt and growing weary (as an old man once said to him) of pulling off his shoes and stockings at night, and putting them on again in the morning, Thomas Jefferson cried out to James Madison, his trusted friend of half a century: "Take care of me when dead,

and be assured that I shall leave with you my last affections." As always, Madison gladly took care of Jefferson's good name and cause—in his own fashion. The Tory ghosts with republican false faces that haunted Monticello were not the renegades Madison most feared on the eve of nullification.

A century later, Dumas Malone must have heard the same compelling call. Then teaching history at the university that Jefferson had created, Mr. Malone resolved "to write a big book about Thomas Jefferson someday." In 1943, already past fifty, he made this brave plan his life's work. Five years later, the first volume of *Jefferson and His Time* appeared in print, with a promise of three further volumes. As the successive books filled our shelves, reaching five by the close of the presidency, readers of all degrees and kinds recognized that *Jefferson and His Time* would be the standard biography of the man without whom little can be understood of American beginnings and ends. This was to be another sort of Jefferson Memorial: rich in learning, generous in scale, comprehensive in scope, paced evenly by the calendar of a man's life. Consistently, the volumes would be plain and neat in style, cautious in judgment, gently critical yet deeply sympathetic in spirit. Through all the varied years and pages, human freedom and enlightenment prudently adapted to historical necessity would define a common theme for Malone's Jefferson.

On July 4 of this year, the day commemorating both Independence and Jefferson's death in 1826, the sixth and final sturdy volume, *The Sage of Monticello*, was released. If Jefferson meant exactly what he often said, and repeated in his charge to Madison—that unadorned historical truth would be enough to vindicate his life and work to posterity—then Mr. Malone has taken good care of Mr. Jefferson. There have been many Jeffersons, reflecting every turn of the American mind, as Merrill Peterson's fine study of the Jefferson image has revealed, and there will no doubt be many more. This tall man of restless thought and quiet action, perched between flights on his little mountain in Virginia, touched everything and everyone that mattered in a revolutionary age, and he has left us not a direct path to his character and meaning but a wonderfully intricate maze of possibilities.

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Forty years or more of Mr. Malone's patient, professional, and loving labors, completed in defiance of failing vision at the age of eighty-nine, have given us at last a sure footing in Jefferson country if not a final map.

THREE WISE MEN of the new republic spanned a century of American history in their own lives: John Adams (1735-1826), Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826), James Madison (1751-1836). In their distinctive, sometimes conflicting ways, they helped to create a nation such as the world had never seen, and left a permanent mark upon its character. Beyond long tours of public duty (some forty years for Jefferson), each employed a vigorous old age to relearn the ways of private life, explore libraries of learning, and sustain a correspondence that threatened to consume their days. They composed their records for posterity, cast a penetrating, often quizzical eye on the changing world they had made, and, like old war-horses, answered the political trumpets even as they protested their devotion to the peace and quiet of well-earned retirement.

The Sage of Monticello is a full-length portrait of Jefferson in retirement, by far the closest study that I know of the second life, or afterlife, of a notable American. Remarkably abundant sources of every kind, from the gloomy records of ruinous debt to the bright chatter of a dozen grandchildren in family letters, inform the story of these years. Above all, Mr. Malone has at his fingertips that mountain of correspondence, now reduced to microfilm, so faithfully copied and filed for history by a demigod who knew his weight and worth. Only rarely and reluctantly must the author guess what Jefferson was thinking and doing from dawn to candlelight through the better part of seventeen years.

When in doubt, he might, like any chance visitor, commune with the spirit of the master in the classically graceful yet ingeniously modern little world that Jefferson created piece by piece on his Virginia hilltop—or in the neighboring “academical village” with its

free yet faithful version of the Roman Pantheon and its surprising serpentine walls—that Jefferson designed and, hovering over the workmen, brought to life in his last decade. And, of course, Mr. Jefferson from his mid-sixties to eighty-three, full of thoughts and projects almost to the very end, must be the summation of the lives that he and, through him, his biographer have led, year by year and page by page.

I can't imagine that Mr. Malone would be offended by my noting something else—the narrow gap between living memory and biography in this final volume. Jefferson's granddaughter, Septimia, one of the dozen who had played games with the old gentleman at Monticello and shared his warm affections, died but five years before Dumas Malone was born a good way south in Coldwater, Mississippi. Happily for him and us, the conscientious nineteenth-century biographer Henry S. Randall had crossed that gap, recording the impressions and recollections provided by members of the intimate Jefferson circle.

Everything about the author and his project, then, suggests that *The Sage of Monticello* should complete the life of Jefferson, at once concluding his earthly business, summing up his past, and pointing toward his legacy. That is perhaps part of what Mr. Malone meant when he wrote in the introduction to his first volume that the last should be “the richest of them all” in intellectual and spiritual content. The very method of narrative biography that he first projected, and has followed faithfully to the end, should, he said in 1948, reveal the essential Jefferson, whose mind and character matured yet never changed their nature as he adapted flexibly to every test of time and task. In modest tones, allowing for some unforeseen complexities and limitations in Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Malone told a recent interviewer that his early hopes for the final volume had been substantially fulfilled.

Free at last from the cruel grind of public life, Mr. Malone proposes, Jefferson had all the space and time he needed to think through the great questions of his liberal, republican, enlightened philosophy in leisurely letters to the swarm of friends and strangers who demanded his wisdom or, more often, his endorsement of their wisdom. As his mind soared, so his heart revealed

itself through the unguarded letters to the grandchildren who raced across his lawn and delighted in his choice gifts: a fig, a silk dress, a watch, a word. Thus the philosophical Jefferson, heir of all his ages, and the private Jefferson—the mind and the heart of the gentle sage—would open freely to biographer and reader.

THAT IS NOT quite the way that things work out, I fear. Minds and hearts, complex ideas and subtle feelings, are not Mr. Malone's special points of strength as a biographer self-bound to the frame of tight chronology and straight description. Still, only a perverse critic could fail to learn much from him on any Jeffersonian subject that he touches in this volume: the mounting debts Jefferson could not pay or the marvelous library he had to sell to Congress to keep afloat; the curse of slavery that he could not lift either for himself or for his country or the blessings of education that he did bestow abundantly; prized Greek authors he kept who sat beside his bed or the hated Tories, priests, and speculators who filled the shadows of his mind.

There are long answers, packed with interesting detail, to every imaginable question. How does Jefferson's garden grow? (With meticulous care, perpetual experiment, and true love.) How should granddaughter Anne deal with an alcoholic and abusive husband? (Patience, the old man counsels, and then more patience.) If daughter Martha must run the Monticello home, and her son Thomas Jefferson Randolph must be the ever-loyal steward of the plantation, and all the grandchildren seem to focus their love and admiration on Jefferson, where does this leave Martha's intelligent, moody, touchy husband, particularly when he suspects that Jefferson favors the other son-in-law? (Sore, and almost but not quite ready to decamp.)

There are larger questions, too, with answers too long to abbreviate. What strategy and tactics (and connections) could persuade a skeptical state legislature in close touch with a more skeptical constituency to finance Jefferson's visionary university, miles from anywhere (except Monticello), and a greater distance still from conventional notions of the higher learning and its fitting home? How would Jefferson conduct Mr. Madison's War or formulate

Marvin Meyers, author of *Sources of the Political Thought of James Madison*, is chairman of the graduate program in the history of American civilization at Brandeis University.

Mr. Monroe's Doctrine? What are his prescriptions for chronic agricultural depression (a most painful question for the hard-pressed master of 10,000 acres and more than 200 slaves) and for a careening banking system (equally urgent for a man who was endlessly juggling loans)? Again and again, what shall be done when we have the wolf of slavery by the ears, as Jefferson put it, and can neither hold it with justice nor safely let it go? (Here, a summary answer: Profess the eternal principles of human freedom in private; treat slaves as decently as possible, buying and selling souls only on necessity; keep the question out of national politics for fear of provoking sectional conflict; patiently endure the evil, hoping always for a miraculous change of heart and mind among the masters.)

Coming down to final things and days, Mr. Malone recalls for us Jefferson's ultimate questions and answers. On the brink of (hypothetical) eternity, what wise reflections did the Sage of Monticello leave to his country and the world? Political fire and brimstone: The Glorious Fourth must be "the signal of arousing men to burst the chains under which monkish ignorance and superstition had persuaded them to bind themselves, and to assume the blessings and security of self-government." And at the very last, as Jefferson slipped in and out of a terminal coma, what dying words did he mumble? As if to preclude any pious confusion of the hand of God with indomitable human purpose, Jefferson asked Dr. Dunglison, about seven o'clock of the evening of July 3: "Is it the Fourth?" Of course he made it, with hours to spare, and thus joined John Adams in a double death scene that his favorite Greek dramatists would not have dared to imagine. The Sage of Monticello? These final strokes of Mr. Malone's pen, intentionally or not, seem to create a man who will not rest quietly within his ink-on-marble monument.

NOT ALL OF Mr. Malone's answers will be new to scholars or readers of history, for Jefferson has hardly been a neglected American notable in our time. Yet Mr. Malone always adds solidity, accuracy, significant detail, to everything he touches, and, no less important, he touches everything that has entered Jefferson's life and papers through these retirement years.



So why carp at such handsome gifts? Sheer respect for Mr. Malone's large achievement in *Jefferson and His Time* and in this final volume compels one to take his work seriously, and therefore critically.

The main point is safely settled. This is and will remain the authoritative life of Jefferson, at least until the complete *Papers of Thomas Jefferson*—now in their nineteenth stout volume, with a long, long way to go from 1791—invite some master scholar lacking Mr. Malone's unique courage, patience, and constitution to traverse his vast ground once again with all the aids and comforts that expert modern editors can provide.

In the meantime, one must still try to find a way through the Jeffersonian maze. Knowing from Mr. Malone far more than ever before of the who, what, when, where, and how of Jefferson's life

and time, one cannot help but search further for the missing why.

Jefferson the humanist, for example, a leading character in this and previous volumes of Mr. Malone's biography, dwells familiarly among his noble Greeks, yet finds great Plato a pernicious mystagogue largely responsible for the corruptions of Christianity, and barely notices the teachings of mighty Aristotle. To be reminded that Jefferson the humanist disputed with the first masters of classical politics is no shock. But dismissing them out of hand—that calls for some hard thought. Moreover, Jefferson unequivocally makes Bacon, Newton, and Locke—potent sappers and miners of ancient tradition—his holy trinity for all the ages, and he stridently declares the natural right of the living generation to cut off the dead hand of the past which weighs so heavily on society, politics, and thought. History, the humanist's treasury of ancient wisdom and virtue and beauty, serves Jefferson's republican education chiefly by detecting the dirty tricks of kings, nobles, priests, and tyrants of all breeds, with their low hirelings, in every guise and age. Latin and Greek literature is useful to advanced students chiefly as good mental exercise, a model of style, and a source of private moral precepts, although it also adorns the cautionary tale of tyrants.

Mr. Malone senses some difficulties of interpretation in all of this elusive and paradoxical discussion of humanistic values, yet the snarls rarely disturb his historical calm. Here is the story; make of it what you can. In particularly puzzling cases, he gives his highest praise for Jefferson's refusal to be trapped within any rigid, abstract system, as if the sage's own unshakable Enlightenment philosophy and faith prescribed no imperious system of its own. In brief, the problems of understanding the mind of Jefferson remain about where Mr. Malone found them, undefined and unresolved, although he makes it easier to locate them along the course of Jefferson's life.

IN POLITICS, AND politics still mattered greatly to the Sage of Monticello, Mr. Malone again notes the knots and tangles and eases by them. Whatever may be wrong with Henry Adams's ironic interpretation of Jeffersonian politics (plenty, every learned friend of the Vir-

ginia Republicans will tell you), that great-grandson of honest, ornery John and grandson of mordant, merciless John Quincy had not lost the family gift for probing moral and political simplicities and duplicities. Certainly grant Jefferson the right to a more sympathetic, evenhanded judge. Mr. Malone allows him very much more. He documents but does not ponder, for example, the case of a genuinely great patriot, a joint creator of his country and its spirit, who in retirement grows narrower and testier and jumpier with every passing year, although the nation is governed (so far as presidents and cabinets and party leaders govern) by his handpicked Republican friends and heirs for sixteen of his seventeen retirement years. A national bank, a protective tariff, or a plan for internal improvements, each with substantial popular and legislative support, can be opposed by Jefferson not simply as bad policy or bad law but rather as the subtle approaches of a Tory-monarchist conspiracy aiming at counter-revolution. Jefferson—Mr. Malone's serene sage of large vision, good hope, and pragmatic flexibility—summoned old thoughts of nullification from the black days of the 1790s and pondered the inevitability of secession as the last resort for a desperate South.

Consider further Jefferson's response to the Missouri crisis of 1819-1821. Mr. Malone tells the story fully, fairly—and with no great concern for what it reveals of Jefferson's mind and character in his late years. The crisis would seem to have something to do with the expansion of slavery in America, whatever meaner calculations of political profit might have been involved. The famous compromise that resulted, excluding slavery from a large part of the Louisiana Territory which Jefferson himself had purchased as President, and invoking the precedent set by Jefferson's own liberal territorial plan of 1784, might well be called the last great national act to limit human bondage before the Civil War. Incredibly, Jefferson saw nothing in the controversy but a dark and dirty stratagem to seize power for Washington, undermine state control of domestic institutions (including slavery, of course), and lure innocent northern Republicans with anti-slavery sentiments into the Tory-monarchist wolf-den. He even managed to convince himself that the

westward expansion of slavery would improve the lot of the bondsmen and hasten the end of the—Jefferson still insisted—evil institution.

A GAIN, EMPHATICALLY, Mr. Malone conceals nothing of this side of Jefferson. He simply tells us what the evidence reveals, allowing Jefferson to make his own excuses. Perhaps we should be grateful, at least, that he chooses not to preach yet another sermon from a safe historical distance, teaching poor, benighted Jefferson the obvious answers to a tragic dilemma. What is missing from Mr. Malone's life-story, I humbly suggest, is a serious effort to put the pieces of Jefferson together and sum them up by any art or science that the author knows. Working by short stretches of the calendar, fragmenting closely and intricately connected themes, avoiding rigorous analysis like the plague, softening judgment to a near approximation of apology, Mr. Malone insists here as elsewhere in his work that the real Jefferson will be revealed only in the daily and yearly progression of his acts and thoughts, each adding its own line and shading to the rest. (He quotes Henry Adams roughly to that effect, although I think something is lost in the translation.)

Through the earlier volumes of *Jefferson and His Time*, paced by the rhythms of public life, that honorably old-fashioned narrative design has much virtue, and it certainly has given full play to Mr. Malone's distinctive strengths. Any curious reader can always find whatever he wants to know about Jefferson in its proper place, follow the story of an intrinsically fascinating life without distraction from an author's fancy schemes and notions, count on complete authenticity, and follow clear directions to the sources when curiosity remains unsatisfied. Many of the same virtues and utilities mark *The Sage of Monticello*. It does complete the indispensable biography of Jefferson for our time.

After learning so much of the truth about Jefferson from Mr. Malone's six volumes in all their length and breadth, one can wait patiently for the master who will look deeper into the mind and character of Jefferson and portray him whole. In the meantime, and probably for a very long time, I must repeat, Mr. Malone has taken good care of Mr. Jefferson. □

SHORT REVIEWS



THE HERALD by Michael Shaara. McGraw-Hill, \$11.95. Mr. Shaara's novel about a mysterious and fatal plague is not exactly science fiction nor exactly a suspense thriller, although it has elements of both genres. It is fantasy—at least, so far—and it is frightening. It takes the widespread dream of return to a lost Eden, drags it into practical daylight, and shows it for what it really is—a dream of mass murder in which the reader is enticed to become an accomplice.

THE LAST LAUGH by S. J. Perelman. Simon and Schuster, \$12.95. The late S. J. Perelman was a subtle stylist and a very, very funny man, as this posthumous collection of pieces, which includes some autobiographical fragments lumped together as "The Hindsight Saga," proves all over again in case anyone has any doubts in the matter. Which is unlikely.

THE HISTORY OF HAUTE COUTURE by Diana de Marly. Holmes & Meier, \$38.00. Haute couture (that is, the construction of elaborate and costly garments for royalty, nobility, millionaires' wives, famous actresses, and expensive courtesans) came and went in a century, but while it lasted it was a remarkable mixture of art and commerce. Ms. de Marly's history covers the great designers from Worth to Chanel, their overworked and underpaid help, their meek or maddening clients, their professional feuds, and the shifting social attitudes that underlay major changes in costume. As she points out, "The female body has managed to move in some astonishing creations . . ." The illustrations indicate that this is an understatement. Eight color plates, 143 black-and-white, notes, index.

A SUMMER IN THE TWENTIES by Peter Dickinson. Pantheon, \$10.95. Mr. Dickinson's novel concerns a young English aristocrat who becomes a railroad engineer during the general strike of 1926, a summary that implies serious inten-

tions on the author's part. Not so. With its cast of ridiculous undergraduates, chatterbox young women, an eccentric clergyman, and a mess of trains, the tale would have made excellent, if slightly daring, hammock reading in 1927.

WILL'S BOY by Wright Morris. Harper & Row, \$11.95. The author's widower father was an American version of Mr. Micawber—optimistic, incompetent, and footloose. It was his vague ambition to find his son a second mother, and his persistent conviction that he could make a fortune in the egg-and-chicken business—a chimera that has lured all too many innocents to ruin. Will drifted from Nebraska to Chicago to California and back to Chicago through a succession of absurd confusions and disasters, all of which his son observed and accepted as the normal way of things.

Mr. Morris's recollection of this unsettled boyhood is occasionally touching, often wildly funny, and exceptionally interesting because the author has included, along with what really happened, bits from his novels to show the fictional use that he later made of the events. This is an unusual and delightful memoir.

SAKI by A. J. Langguth. Simon and Schuster, \$14.95. Hector Hugh Munro, whose champagne-and-cyanide satires on Edwardian society have long outlasted their target, had an adoring sister. She did Saki no known harm while he lived, but after his death in World War I (with an unsuitable surge of military ancestry to the head, he had fairly browbeaten his way into combat at the age of forty-five), she destroyed every document that had made her brother appear less than a saint and a martyr. Since Saki was a homosexual with a waspish pen, all record of his personal attachments and probably much private opinion vanished. His biographer, consequently, has had to work with limited, decidedly sanitized material, but has done wonders in creating a believable human being from the available fragments.

He has tracked down Munro's work as a foreign correspondent in the Balkans and Eastern Europe, and accounts for his ambiguous position on the fringes of the London literary world, which had recently had more than

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enough trouble with Oscar Wilde. Mr. Langguth has also surmounted the problem that confronts any biographer of a writer like Saki. Without appearing to compete with his subject, he writes cleverly enough to hold his own against copious quotation from that witty subject's work.

Six stories not previously collected (and not the best Saki, either), illustrations, notes, index.

THE GLITTER DOME by Joseph Wambaugh. *Morrow*, \$12.95. Mr. Wambaugh's latest novel about the Los Angeles police provides a bit of everything—the bawdy, the grotesque, the farcical, the satirical, the brutal, the pitiful, and even the colossal in a small way: there is a maliciously convincing scene of two detectives adrift at a Hollywood party. The mix is held together by its underlying theme of the crippling psychological effects of police work and by what turns out to be a neat, well-organized plot in the best murder-mystery style.

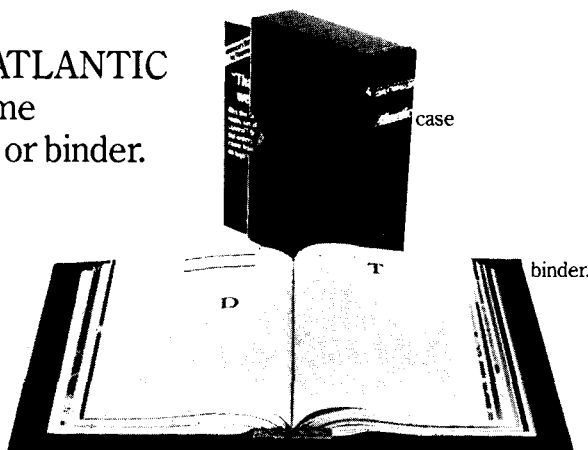
SCOTLAND by Graham and Anna Ritchie. *Thames and Hudson*, \$19.95. The subtitle is "Archaeology and Early History," and that is precisely what the authors have, in briskly factual prose, covered. They begin with the surviving traces of early, nameless inhabitants and end with Picts, who qualify as prehistoric because what little remains of their language has defied interpretation. A useful book for readers interested in the subject and for travelers in search of brochs and stone circles. Generous illustrations, bibliography, index.

JOSEPH CONRAD by Roger Tennant. *Atheneum*, \$16.95. There have been so many books about Conrad that one wonders why Mr. Tennant should write yet another, and after reading this biography, one still wonders, for he has clearly drawn most of his information and many of his opinions from his predecessors. The answer, no doubt, is that he is fascinated by Conrad, a condition too normal to deserve reproach. Illustrations, bibliography, index.

NATIONAL DEFENSE by James Fallows. *Random House*, \$12.95. Portions of this book originally appeared in *The Atlantic*, in somewhat different form.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

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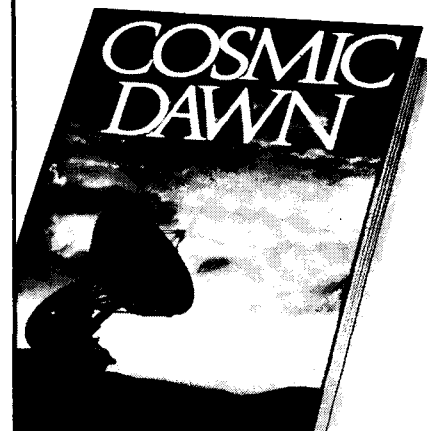
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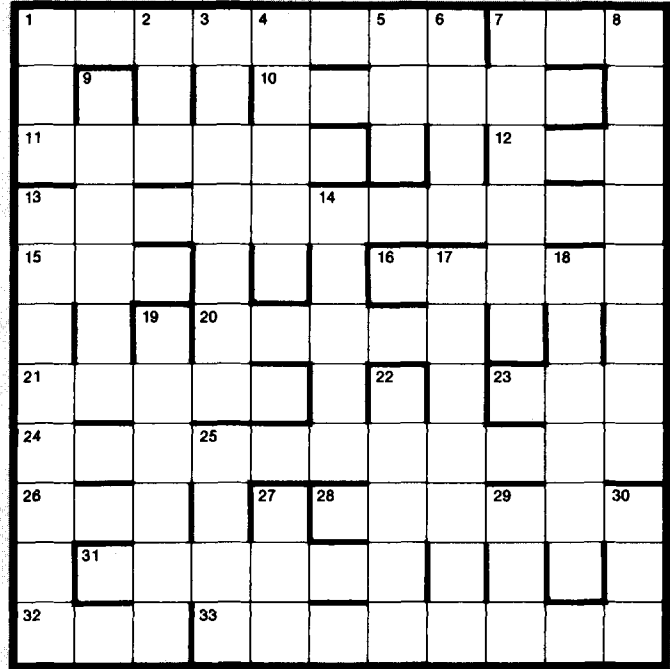
BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

TWO IN ONE

(Acknowledgments to Sabre of
The Listener)

All clue answers are too long for the spaces provided in the diagram; to make them fit, solvers will have to put two letters in some of the squares. Whenever two words cross on a two-letter square, both letters naturally appear in both words—but not necessarily in the same order. For example, if the upper left-hand square contains the letters A and M, 1 Across may be AMUSING while 1 Down is MADDENING. Unchecked squares always contain just one letter. Answers include six proper words; 29D is unfamiliar; a variant spelling is involved in 13D. Punctuation may be used deceptively.

*The solution to last month's
Puzzler appears on page 88.*



ACROSS

1. Identical place does best being occupied by one or two stuck together? (12) (*two words*)
7. Garner is featured in rare appearance (4)
10. Parades with a noblewoman in Italy (8)
11. Big hit by #1 catcher is epical, in a way (7)
12. Pull at the front of Eskimo's sled (4)
13. Jingle can list eating place where you might spend the night (16)
15. Course traveled by manpowered boat in sound (4)
16. Smashed matron's window (7)
20. Yule is observed, strangely, on the 5th of December in heaven (7)
21. Runs from British city in Yorkshire (6)
23. Back of the study is a perfect place (4)

24. Divorced partner goes with judge on recess in court case—demonstrating alienation? (16)
26. Fellow getting draft classification exhibits hysteria (5)
28. Fuzz seizing runaway GI at party in a suit (8)
31. Wearing nothing in Love-in (7)
32. Count one missing from track & field event (4)
33. Winning's urgent when apprehending band of armed men (13)

DOWN

1. Long view cut short (4)
2. Insignificant old pond (4)
3. Dribbled and raced around arena with Bulls' center (9)
4. Getting together for a time in China after drink (7)
5. Scratch—the Devil (4)
6. Ursula Andress movie'll bomb (5)
7. Following Moslem leader with wet clothing (9)
8. Extraordinary chum bearing male name (10)
9. Make a game-ending chess move, keeping in control (8)
13. Russian money and part of message concealed by recipient agitator (12)
14. Railing is in jest (8)
17. In a fog, resistance freezes and fighting halts (10)
18. A GI's job—not one for forming bonds (9)
19. Third attempt makes prisoner of irate punk (8)
22. "Sheep" rewritten in Morse (7)
25. Act upset with a leading storyteller (5)
27. Exhaust from part of a car (4)
29. Magnetic field unit of vapor around us (5)
30. Raised bug bite (4)

Note: The instructions above are the special instructions for this month's puzzle. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, write to The Atlantic Reprint Department, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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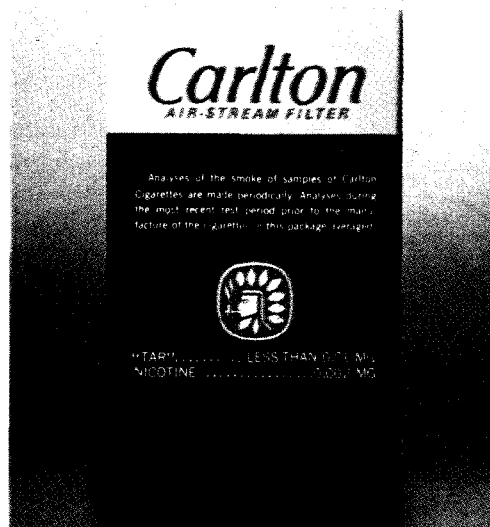
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